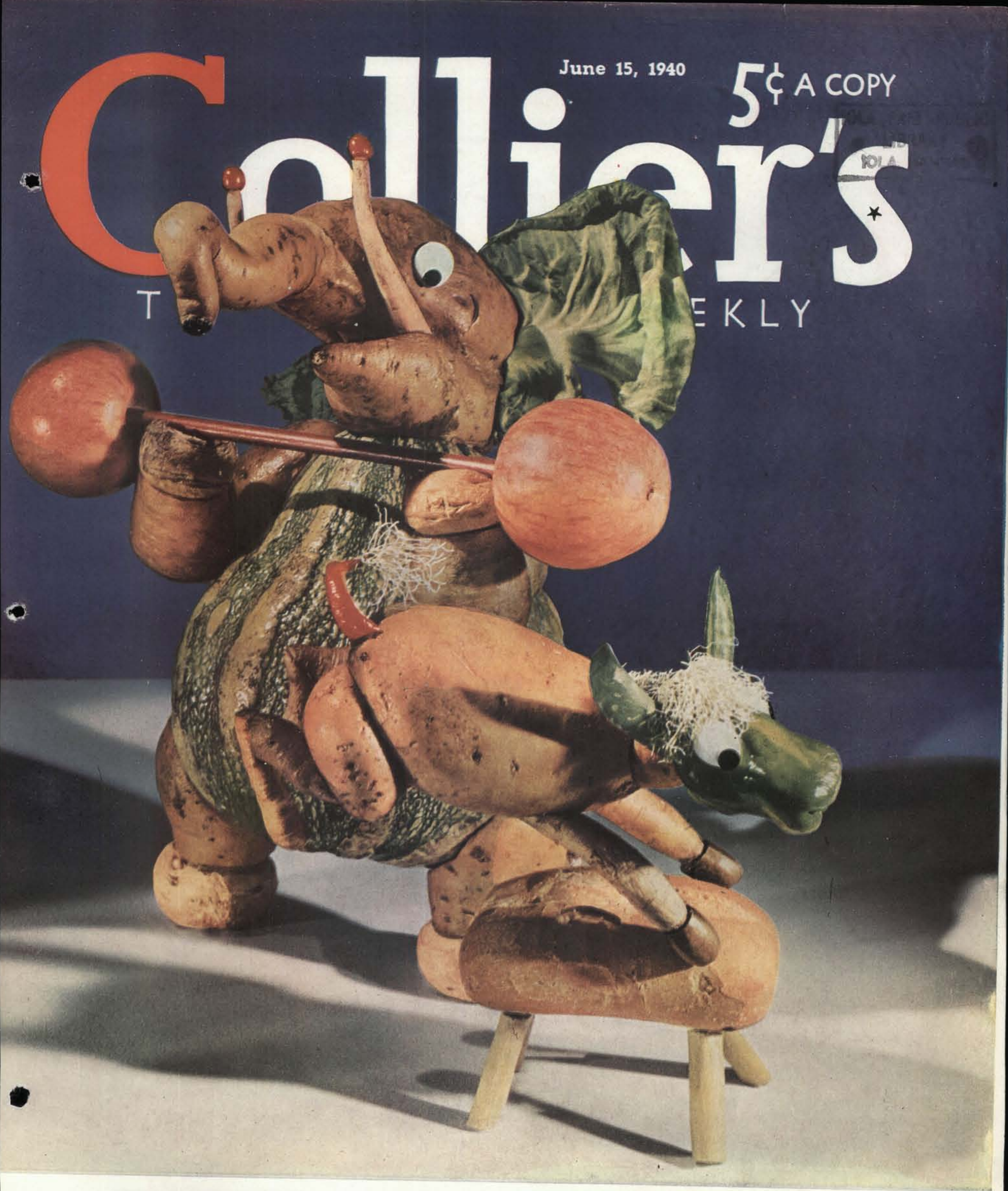
Collier's
T
EKLY
June 15, 1940
5¢ A COPY

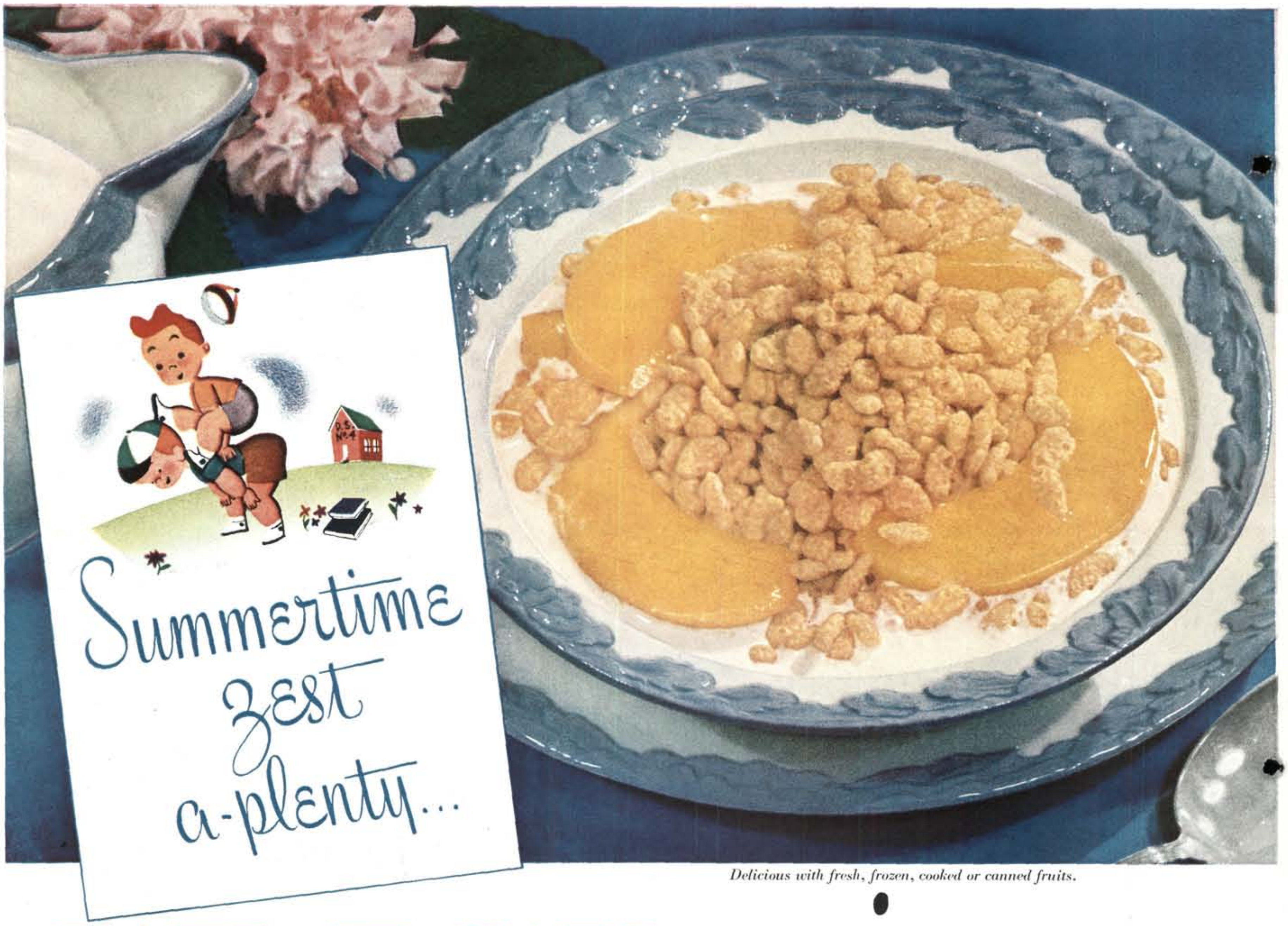
IOLA



PALESTINE—MUCH PROMISED LAND
BY FRANK GERVASI

© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

NE 15, 1940


Summertime zest a-plenty...
D.S. No 4

Delicious with fresh, frozen, cooked or canned fruits.

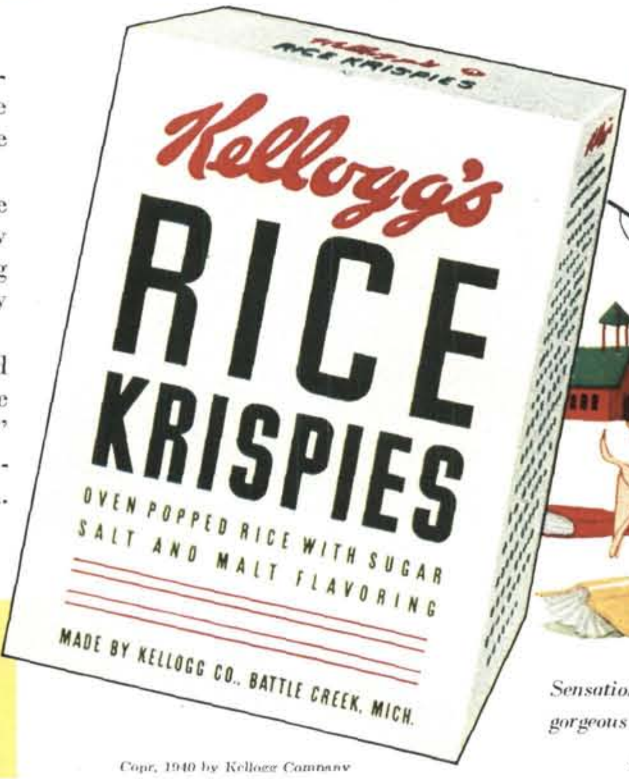
CRISP—crisp, every spoonful!

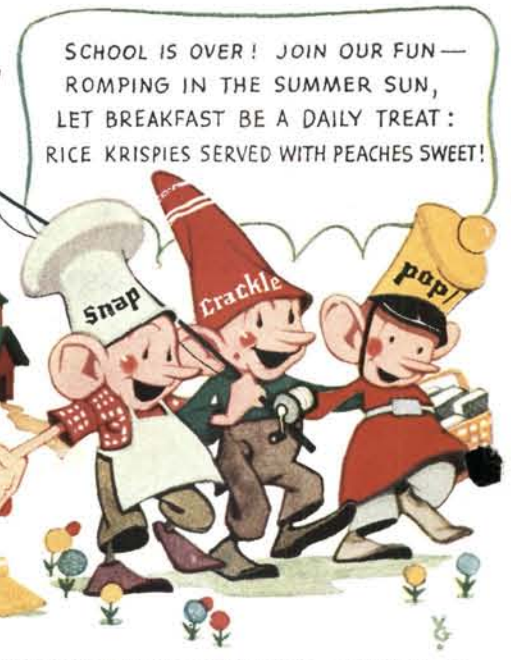
Stumped for a breakfast dish that's really got life to it? Surprise your family tomorrow morning with Kellogg's Rice Krispies . . . and get the surprise of *your* life when you see how fast they gobble them up!

There's no other cereal quite like Rice Krispies. They're flavored to Kellogg's unique recipe, "popped" a special way in ovens, then toasted to a rich, golden-brown. They sing out their lasting crispness with a snap! crackle! pop! as they float on milk or cream.

Ask your grocer for Kellogg's Rice Krispies today . . . and take a bow at breakfast tomorrow. Rice Krispies are made only from premium quality, American-grown "Blue Rose" rice. Their crunchy crispness is protected by Kellogg's exclusive innerwrap, "Waxtite" heat-sealed at *both* top and bottom.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK


Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES
Kellogg's
RICE KRISPIES
OVEN POPPED RICE WITH SUGAR SALT AND MALT FLAVORING
MADE BY KELLOGG CO., BATTLE CREEK, MICH.


SCHOOL IS OVER! JOIN OUR FUN—
ROMPING IN THE SUMMER SUN,
LET BREAKFAST BE A DAILY TREAT:
RICE KRISPIES SERVED WITH PEACHES SWEET!
Snap
Crackle
Pop!

Sensational offer! Attractive, nursery-rhyme wall plaques in gorgeous colors. Proper size for grouping. Six different subjects. See back of Rice Krispies package.

KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES

"OVEN-POPPED" Rice Krispies float for hours in milk or cream. The name "Rice Krispies" is Kellogg's trade-mark (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) for oven-popped rice.

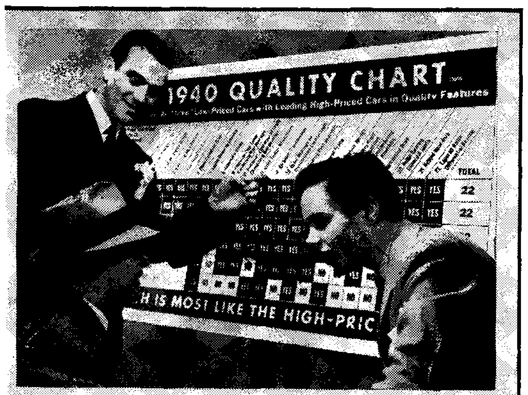
Copr. 1940 by Kellogg Company

SURE-FIRE METHOD FOR SIZING UP CAR VALUES

YOU CAN PUT YOUR FINGER ON THE BEST BUY OF "ALL THREE" LOW-PRICED CARS IN QUICK, EASY FASHION...

1 See the 1940 Quality Chart. It tells you what each of "All 3" low-priced cars gives you in size, comfort, safety... in quality features.

2 Take the wheel of a 1940 Plymouth and let this car's delightful Luxury Ride reveal the new motoring enjoyment low price now buys!



1940 QUALITY CHART
H IS MOST LIKE THE HIGH-PRIC

1. SEE THE QUALITY CHART FOR FACTS

2. TAKE THE LUXURY RIDE FOR PROOF

OF 22 IMPORTANT FEATURES FOUND IN HIGH-PRICED CARS—

Plymouth has 21... Car "2" has 11... Car "3" has 8

N BUYING YOUR NEW CAR, there's an easy way to sure you get the greatest size, comfort, *econ- ny*...the finest engineering.

The Quality Chart shows that Plymouth is the only ne of "All 3" *low-priced* cars that gives you a ma- rity of the 22 big features found in *high-priced* cars!

It shows that Plymouth *alone* gives you a 117-inch wheelbase...coil springs on all models...a big, economical, Floating Power "L-head" engine.

See the 1940 Quality Chart at your nearby Plymouth dealer's...then take Plymouth's great Luxury Ride. This is the *sure way* to get your best buy in 1940! PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES, C. B. S., THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P.M., E.D.S.T.
SEE THE NEW, LOW-PRICED 1940 PLYMOUTH COMMERCIAL CARS!

PLYMOUTH

COUPES START AT	SEDANS START AT
$645	$699

DELIVERED IN DETROIT, MICH., including front and rear bumpers, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam, ash-tray front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (21.6 cubic feet). Prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included.

EASY TO BUY

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
MAX WILKINSON Fiction

WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
HENRY L. JACKSON Fine Feathers
GURNEY WILLIAMS Humor
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
CLARENCE H. ROY Syntax

W. B. COURTNEY Germany
FRANK GERVASI Mediterranean
MARTHA GELLHORN Scandinavia
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
WM. HILLMAN European Manager
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

THIS WEEK

JUNE 15, 1940

SHORT STORIES

JOHN LLEWELYN RHYS
England is My Village. A British pilot meets some old comrades. Page 9

ROBERT McLAUGHLIN
Tony's Girl. That's what she was, boss or no boss. Page 14

FRANK CONDON
Land of Milk and Honey. Omar Gill has his day. Page 18

ERNEST HAYCOX
Some Were Brave. Pioneer classic. Page 74

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Curtain Call, by Richard English. Page 72

SERIAL STORIES

KATHLEEN NORRIS
The Secret of the Marshbanks. The tenth of twelve parts. Love letters mean suspicion. Page 15

JOHN AUGUST
Rain Before Seven. The fourth of ten parts. Fugitive's return. Page 24

ARTICLES

HENRY L. JACKSON
Dad Has His Day. What to do about Father's Day. Page 12

RUTH CARSON
Collier's House of Ideas. We build a house to learn how to live—the first of a series of articles. Page 16

FRANK GERVASI
Palestine—Much Promised Land. Britain's promises come home to roost. Page 20

W. B. COURTNEY
We're Losing No Time Here. The Army is going to have pilots aplenty. Page 22

DAN PARKER
Change for the Bettor. The vanishing bookmaker. Page 52

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
Insuring Democracy. What we must do for our children. Page 70

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page 6

EDITORIALS
Best Job Prospects Since '29.
Let's Have Plan After Plan.
Civil Liberty vs. Criminal Libel. Page 90

COVER CARL BURGER

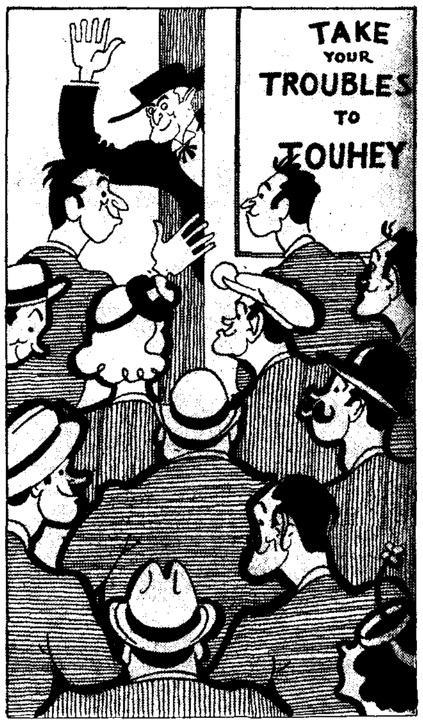
ANY WEEK

WE'VE been in Ottawa where a waiter assigned himself to the none too easy task of making us eat cheese. The only thing we have against cheese is that we aren't an addict, although we've been urged cheeseward by better-trained palates than ours, and even by dietitians. Our waiter, too, wanted us to be sensible, telling us that we didn't know what we were missing. He was particularly lyrical about Canadian cheese, going so far as to begin to tell us just how much cheese Canada made in a year. When he came to the tonnage figures he hesitated, thought hard for several minutes, excused himself and went to his captain. The captain and he pondered, gave up, and the waiter tried the headwaiter. That too was a flop. So our waiter came back, smiled reassuringly, snapped his fingers and said: "What the hell. It wouldn't taste no better if we knew how much. Anyway, it's a hell of a lot of good cheese and you better have some." So we took the easy way out. We ate cheese.

IN THE meantime Canada, not forgetting *incidentally that she's at war* with Germany, is counting on tourists spending $300,000,000 within her provinces this year. Of course the overwhelming majority of these dollars will come from the United States, they told us, and they will come in rather handy. Canadian tourist authorities said that they're spreading the propaganda that Americans are really splendid people and that Canadians will be doing a patriotic service by being more than usually courteous to the American tourist, who is, after all, they continue, a brother. A lady in Victoria listened to this comradely ballyhoo one evening and said: "Of course. We all know that these are not times to pick and choose. Mother England is suffering inconveniences. Why shouldn't we?"

HOWEVER, it will be necessary only for European politicians to tune in on Philadelphia and Chicago during the conventions to find out how to conduct whatever it may be they're engaged in at the moment. This is the ripe opinion of Mr. Brent Holloway of Charleston, West Virginia, who adds that he wonders how many votes "any candidate for any office would get if he campaigned on the issue that it might be good business for the United States to get into the war to prevent Hitler from rearranging the world and telling us what countries our manufactures and agricultural products might or might not enter. I've half a mind to try the experiment myself just to prove my point. I don't want to be elected to any office."

THERE'S an odor of defeatism in Mr. Holloway's letter that we don't like. We have a much more cheerful one from Mr. Manny Glick of Seattle, Washington. Mr. Glick is the manager of several prize fighters who, due to no fault of Mr. Glick, seem unable to win. "My boys can fight," writes Mr. Glick. "The only trouble is that they ain't met the right guys yet. My boys would like a little encouraging publicity and I was thinking maybe my good friend Quent Reynolds would write a piece about them saying that they may be bums but maybe they won't always be bums. I ain't asking anything for myself. You can leave my name out if you want to. But maybe if my bums get a little recognition they would snap out of it and maybe see the end of a fight standing up."



OTHER evidences of fine unselfishness lie before us. We are notified, for example, that a gentleman named Touhey is about to come to the aid of the downtrodden by running for Congress from Illinois. His banner bears the heartening notice that "You Can Always Touch Touhey." He wants it clearly understood that if he's elected, as he confidently expects to be, any man or woman who hasn't a fair share of the good things of life "regardless of race, creed or color" of course, will be welcome in Congressman Touhey's office in Washington, where "Touhey will tend to it." Of course Mr. Touhey, while a little more forthright, is not promising more than most of the other presidential aspirants are. Mr. Touhey doesn't stop there. He assures us that "Touhey can be tough" and that it's going to be just too bad for any foreign nation—Germany, Italy, England, France, Russia or Japan—that gets tough with Touhey. But anybody else, so long as he has no intentions of acting tough, has but to remember to "Take Your Troubles to Touhey."

WE HAD in mind to write something reassuring about what's happening in Europe. But they fight faster than we can write. Every time we settle down to an idea that seems to have durability, our radio ruins it. Therefore we rather weakly bid you be calm and hope you're making a better job of it than we are. We might tell you, however, that Mr. D. H. Dubrowsky, who has told you in these pages "How Stalin Steals our Money," has reason to feel a trifle encouraged. A bill has been introduced into the United States Senate, as a result of his articles, stopping payments to American war veterans living outside the continental limits of the United States. Mr. Stalin may not approve of this but we can't help that. As Mr. Dubrowsky told you, he was getting a considerable pile of American dollars for those veterans. And there was nothing the ex-service men could do about it. We still feel that this is a poor substitute for something reassuring about the war. But, like the veterans whose grants Mr. Stalin snatched, we don't seem to be able to do anything about it.

MOREOVER, we're pretty excited about a hot-dog bun recently invented by Miss Thelma Berns of Dallas, Texas. Miss Berns advises us that it won't leak, that the hot dog won't slip and that you can work on it in the middle of a seventh-inning rally or a home run with the bases full and suffer no messy consequences. In fact, even the ballplayers can eat them, fully loaded, while chasing flies or running bases without worrying about losing the frankfurter. It's all very simple too. The center of the bun is merely reamed out, the hot dog lying in a cradle, bedded in mustard.

MISS BERNS proposes to take her new doghouse idea to the two political conventions, hoping to have it endorsed by one or both of the party platforms. This will not be easy because Dr. Jonas Bretzheimer of Los Angeles, California, has found that the vast majority of delegates and spectators at national conventions are equipped with nervous store teeth. Dr. Bretzheimer finds more false teeth at Republican conventions than at Democratic. This is due, he says, to greater Republican affluence and a pride in Republican personal appearance. He suggests that we watch carefully at Philadelphia and Chicago. "Watch for full lower set shooters during the keynote speeches," advises the doctor. "As the orator warms up his listeners press their tongues against their lowers with spectacular effect. During the nominating speeches the uppers get the forward shove. I hope to discover the reason for this and will be glad to let you know."

EVEN platforms have them. . . . W. D.

Vol. 105, No. 24. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1940, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by *postal or express money order or check* in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

One of the Loneliest Moments of a Woman's Life

When Mary Harrison left the house to drive downtown, there wasn't a cloud in her sky.

Five minutes later she could hardly speak for the fear that was in her voice. She had driven into another car. A man was hurt.

And as Mary 'phoned her husband, she suddenly felt terribly *alone*. Nothing he could do would change the fact that it was *her* accident. There would be questions, lawyers, doctors. She might be sued and have to go to court. And nobody could take her place.

But she was wrong. Somebody did take her place. A local man she had never seen stepped into the picture and did what no husband, no friend could have done. He took complete charge—found and interviewed witnesses, forgot no detail, stayed on the job until the claim was settled *out of court.* He was a Liberty Mutual claims man.

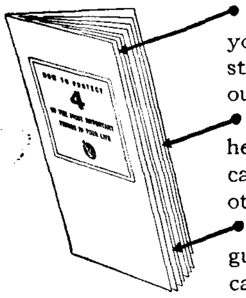
When her husband had taken out car insurance with Liberty Mutual some years before, he was looking for complete protection at the minimum cost. It took an accident like Mary's to make him realize what his policy really meant.

You'll never find the words "peace of mind" in a car insurance policy. The nearest thing to them is "Liberty Mutual." For we were organized by and for insurance buyers. Naturally we look at things from our policyholders' point of view.

If you have an accident, we *want* to give you the benefit of highly skilled, friendly claims adjusters, from coast to coast, trained in investigating and adjusting automobile accidents . . . we *want* to keep you out of court and out of trouble . . . we *want* to serve you by paying fair claims against you promptly and by resisting dishonest or exaggerated claims to the limit. We *want* to advise you wisely on the coverages you need through full-time salaried men who staff our local offices. We *want* to save you money with special discounts in states where laws permit and with cash dividends in *all* states. We *want* to do these things, and we *do* them, because the moment your name goes on a Liberty Mutual policy, your interests become ours.

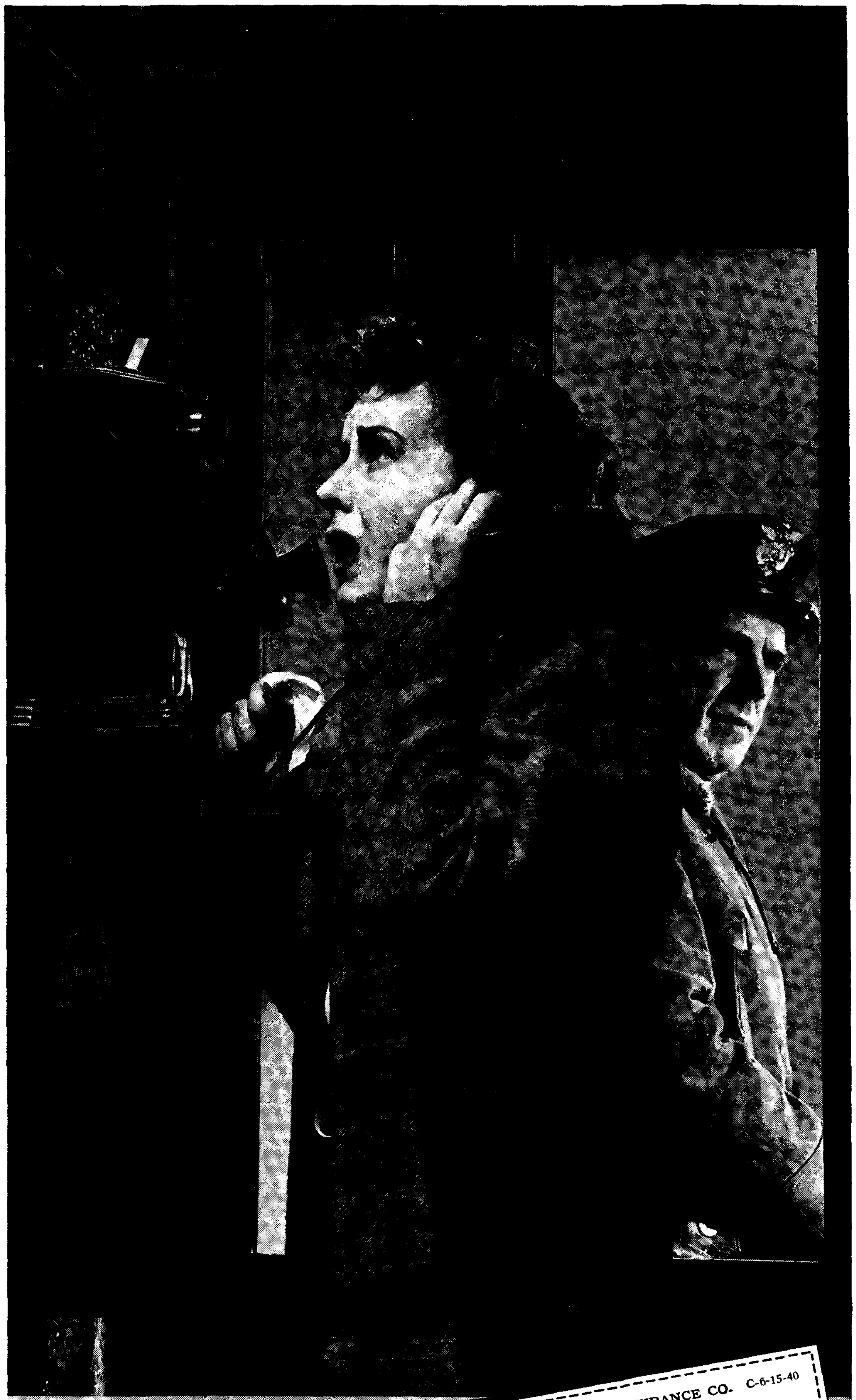
IMPORTANT NEW BOOKLET

Before you buy or renew your car insurance, send for Liberty Mutual's new booklet. It is filled with facts every car owner should know. For example:


HOW TO PROTECT
4
OF THE MOST IMPORTANT THINGS IN YOUR LIFE

- Even though an accident is *not* your fault, under what two circumstances can a damage suit be dangerous? See pages 2 and 3.
- What does Liberty Mutual do to help policyholders avoid accidents caused by the reckless driving of others? See page 12.
- What four serious losses must you guard against when you drive your car? See pages 4 and 5.

Send the coupon for this new booklet today. We will include without cost or obligation an estimate of the money you may save with Liberty Mutual.



LIBERTY MUTUAL
INSURANCE COMPANY
Home Office : Boston
85 *offices*
COAST-TO-COAST SERVICE

LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE CO. C-6-15-40
175 Berkeley Street, Boston, Mass.
Without obligation, please send me your free illustrated booklet: "How to Protect 4 of the Most Important Things in Your Life."

Name
Business Address
City and State
Town where car is kept
Make of car Year

When you have to watch pennies you sure welcome

the Big tube

that lasts 3 months!

Cleveland, Ohio—Careful planning makes it possible for many working girls to buy themselves small luxuries they wouldn't otherwise be able to afford, according to Catherine Church, a local stenographer. "For instance, I know a fine, economical dentifrice," says Miss Church, "I get Listerine Tooth Paste, because it lasts me 3 months . . . and costs me less than 14¢ a month."

YES, SIR! When day-to-day expenses empty that pay envelope almost before you open it . . . when buying some little luxury means scrimping on necessities . . . you certainly do appreciate that big economy tube of Listerine Tooth Paste.

Just think of it! The 40¢ tube lasts three whole months . . . even when you use a full ¾ inch of paste per day . . . still longer if you use less!

The secret of this economy? Well, one important factor is a new-type ingredient in Listerine Tooth Paste—Luster-Foam detergent. This wonderful new laboratory achievement makes possible a real tooth cleansing and polishing job with only a small amount of paste.

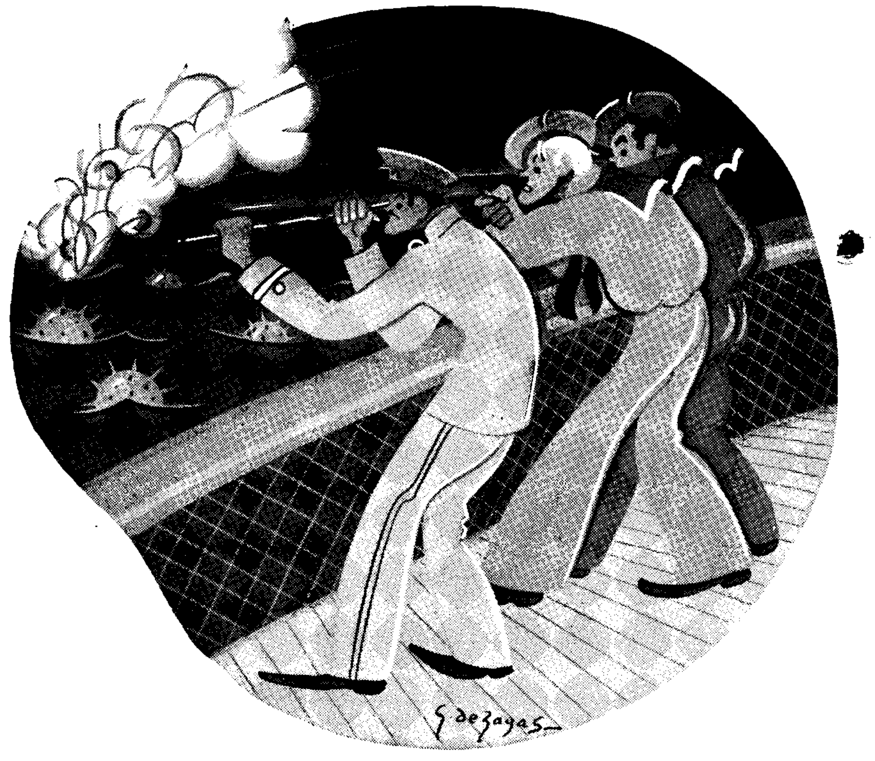
Luster-Foam quickly sweeps tooth surfaces clean of food particles and other loose deposits. Then this wonderful new-type ingredient rushes to get after many of those tiny crevices where, according to some authorities, more than 75% of decay starts. And at the same time the paste polishes your teeth and helps to bring out the gleam and flash of their natural brilliance.

Remember, this grand new dentifrice is a Lambert product. That means you economize without any compromise on quality. So start with the New Listerine Tooth Paste, containing Luster-Foam detergent, today. Ask at any drug counter for the big 40¢ tube. Use as much as ¾ of an inch a day, and it will last you three whole months!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

DOUBLE SIZE 40¢

Costs you less than ½¢ a day!



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Crews of the mine sweepers in the North Sea disable mines by puncturing them with rifle bullets. Sometimes as many as five hundred shots are fired before a sufficient number of holes have been made in the casing of a mine for water to enter and sink it.

Fourteen states and the District of Columbia have laws that either limit or prohibit bequests of money or property to religious or charitable institutions and societies.—*By Larston D. Farrar, Jackson, Mississippi.*

Of the nine standard patterns of fingerprints, as many as five have been found on the fingers of one man.

Many orthodox Brahmans of India are so fearful of pollution by animal flesh that they take a purifying bath even after receiving a letter from a meat-eating country. *By Paxton Haddow, Mexico City, Mexico.*

Postal laws prohibit the signing of a fictitious name to a business reply card and the dunning of a debtor on a post card, the latter offense carrying a maximum penalty of a $5,000 fine and a five year prison term.

A broadcasting company in New York City has, in its twenty-six studios, a total of 195 electric clocks, all of which are checked for accuracy on an average of every twelve hours.—*By Cyrus H. Biscardi, Brooklyn, New York.*

One of the most careless mistakes made in the counterfeiting of rare postage stamps is the failure to space correctly the perforations along the edges.—*By Marian Atkins, Princeton, New Jersey.*

Several Americans pay a larger federal income tax than is collected from all persons in any one of about twelve states.

The brightest lights ever created by man are the 800,000,000-candlepower carbon-arc searchlights that are owned by the United States Army. Their beams, when directed vertically into the night sky, can be seen for a distance of two hundred miles.

There are no such things as a double joint in a human being, a revolver silencer outside of fiction or a blood test through which it is possible to determine whether an unknown parent of a child is of the white or Negro race.

Intense sound waves are visible and can be photographed by spark photography against a white surface.—*By Lottice Howell, New York, New York.*

Scientists have found single plants of crested wheatgrass the total length of whose roots was 319 miles.—*By Gunnar O. Fagerlund, Yorktown, Virginia.*

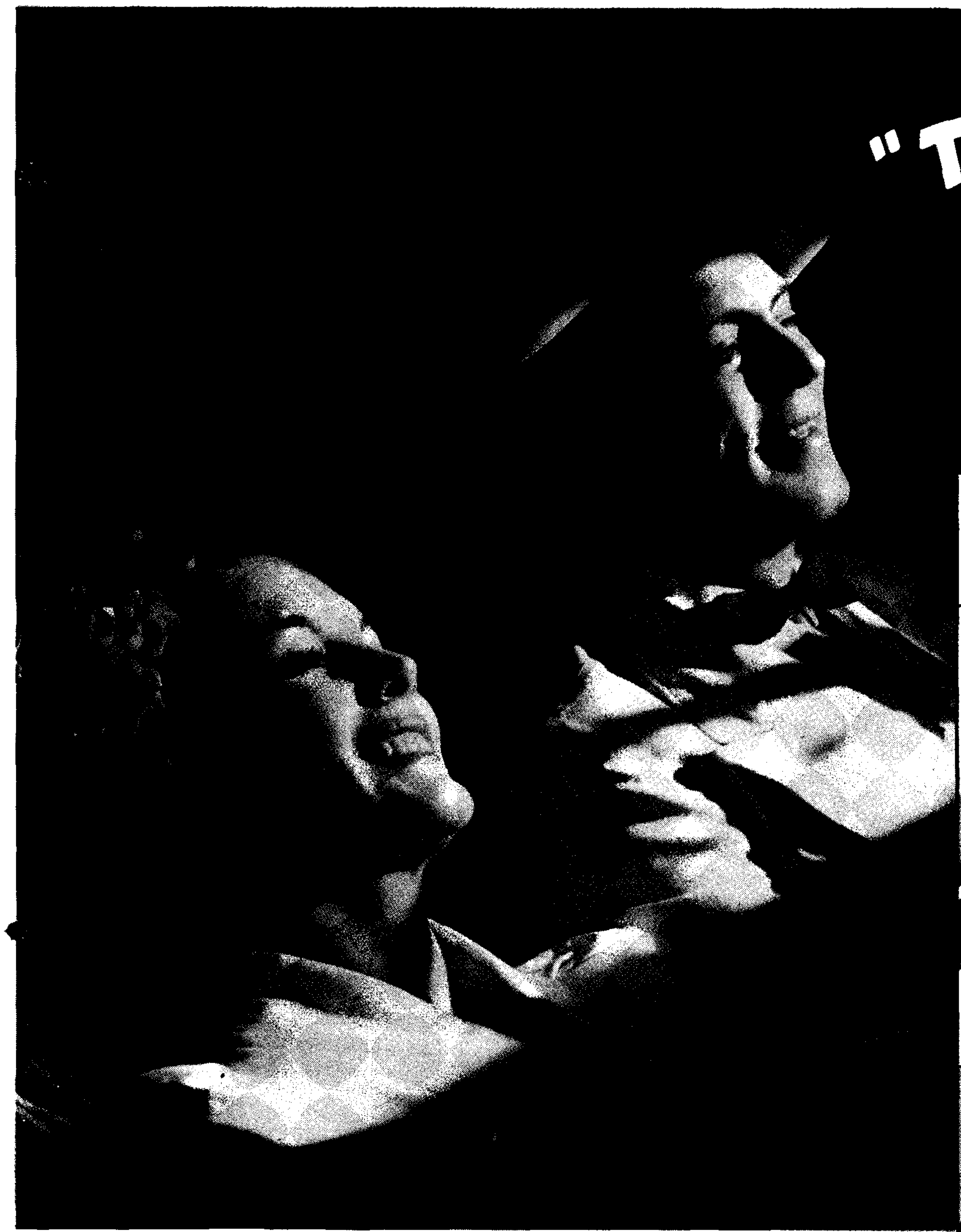
Since the Civilian Conservation Corps was established in 1933, 44,000 bridges have been constructed, 111,900 miles of truck trails and minor roads made, 5,200,000 erosion-control dams built and more than 2,000,000,000 trees planted.

In about seventy-five per cent of the bankruptcy cases in this country no money is left for the creditors after the receivers, trustees, referees and appraisers have been paid.

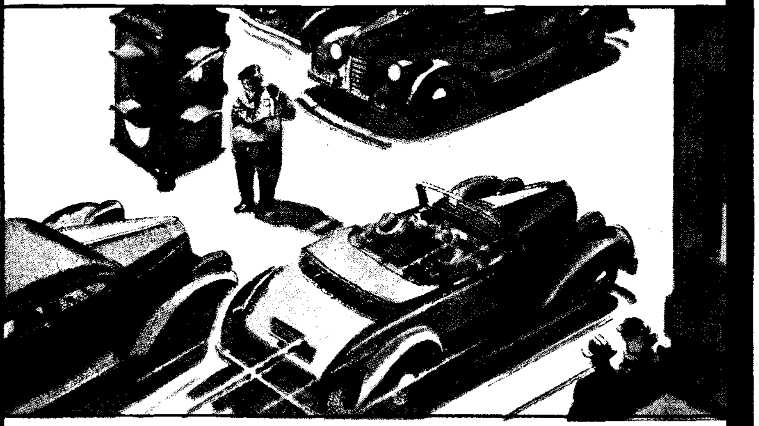
While liquids and semisolids travel from the throat to the stomach in about six seconds, some dry foods require as long as fifteen minutes.—*By Margaret Hirth, Bombay, India.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

"THEY USED TO KISS ME GOODBYE"



"...NOW, WHEN THE TRAFFIC LIGHT TURNS GREEN, THE CAR IS OFF LIKE A FLASH"



MY CAR HAS INSTANT PICKUP since I changed to a remarkable new kind of spark plug. What a joy it is to drive a car with plenty of zip . . . that's out in front, instead of always last in line!

HAVING OTHER DRIVERS HONK their horns at me for blocking traffic got under my skin. But when Lucy said it was no fun to ride in a car that dragged its feet, I decided to do something about it!

AUTO-LITE
IGNITION ENGI

A WIDE-AWAKE SERVICE MAN told me about Auto-Lite Spark Plugs. "They'll give that car of yours new pep and pickup," he said, and the way my car runs now certainly proves he was right.

Thousands of sluggish, spark-weary cars gain new life from the mystery spark

QUICK, sure starting! Flashing pickup and power! Smooth engine performance at all speeds! Gas economy restored!

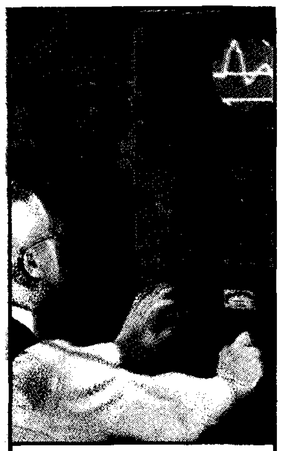
No wonder car owners are amazed when they get results like these, just by replacing old spark plugs with sensational new Auto-Lites!

How is it possible? The secret is in the remarkable Mystery Spark produced by this new kind of spark plug. Developed by ignition engineers as a balanced unit of the ignition system, this spark plug fires with less electrical strain, provides better combustion, smoother, livelier power.

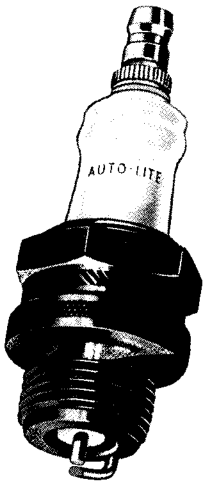
To harness the Mystery Spark, Auto-Lite engineers produced a new-type Konium electrode, with a new geometric gap design. They developed the wonderful new "Ziramic" insulator.

For top performance from your car, install a set of new Auto-Lite Spark Plugs at once. They cost no more than ordinary plugs.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO • *Merchandising Division* • SARNIA, ONTARIO

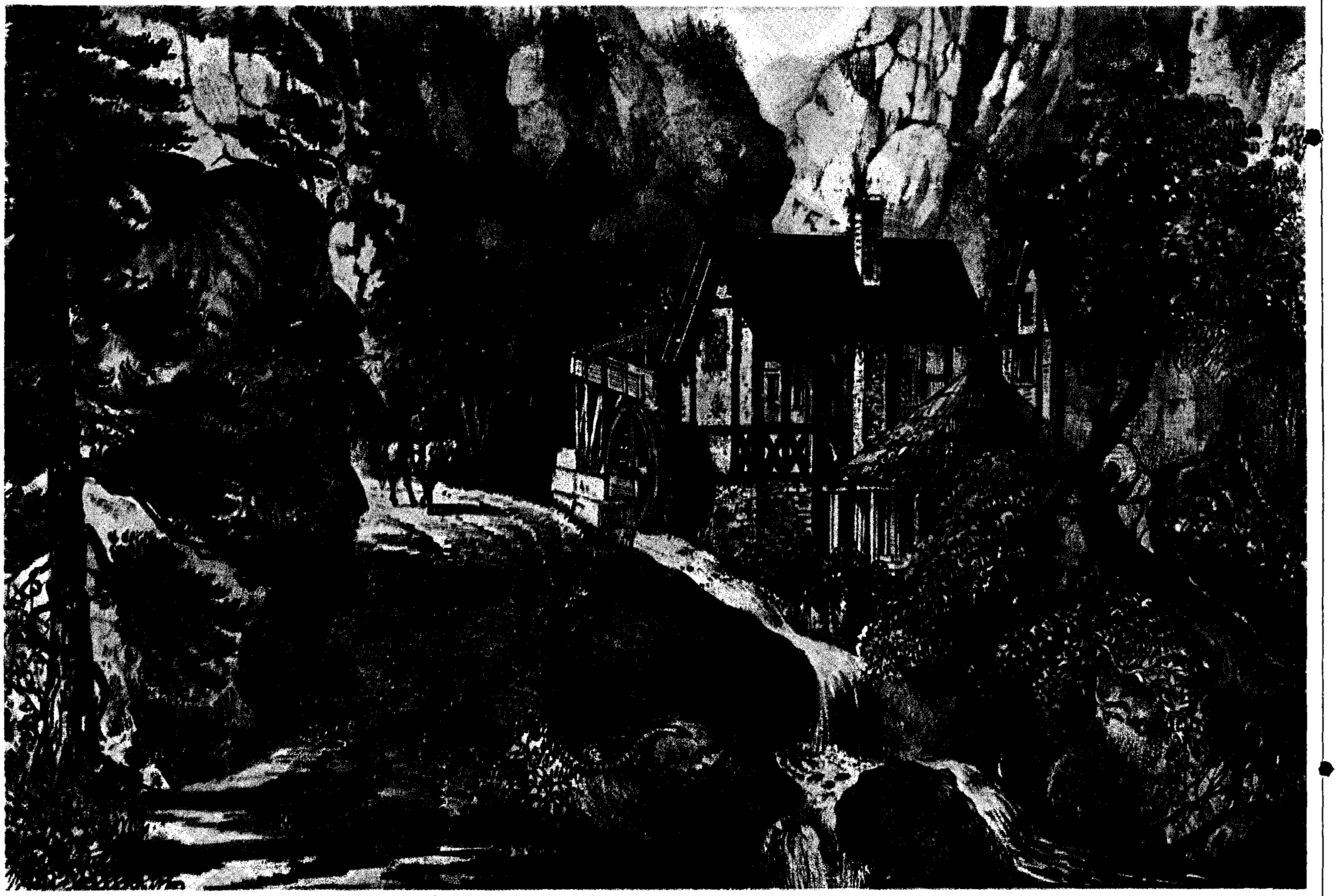


TURNING TIME BACKWARD with this marvelous Oscillograph, Auto-Lite engineers slow up the lightning-fast "Mystery Spark" for careful study and analysis.



Ignition Engineered by Ignition Engineers

Change to **AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS**



Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1872 by Currier & Ives, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington

PUZZLE PICTURE
OLD SWISS MILL

HIDDEN IN THIS old Currier & Ives puzzle picture are many unsuspected things: a donkey, a snake, a cow, a panther, a pussy cat, and some 40 other figures and faces.

Puzzles such as these enjoyed quite a vogue in the last century. Not only the youngsters, but papa and mama and the old folks would crowd around the lamp-lit table after supper, trying to see which one could find the most faces.

It is still fun to do this. For those of you who would like to while away a pleasant half hour, the Old Swiss Mill even today can be a fascinating problem.

And for those of you who wish to probe a bit below the surface, this simple puzzle picture holds a lesson that can be of immeasurable importance to you as the years go by.

For life is like this picture. Hidden along the road ahead lie many unsuspected things. Some of them are good. Some, like the panther in the picture, are bad.

For many of these bad events, there is a fortunate protection. It is called insurance. In case of fire or wind or accident or ill health or even death, there is a form of insurance to protect you or your family.

Sometimes, *before* trouble strikes, the cost of this insurance seems irksome to bear. But when trouble comes, the cost seems small indeed when compared to the help it provides.

Your Travelers agent or insurance broker can give you valuable counsel concerning the forms of insurance most urgent and necessary for you to have. Why don't you consult him?

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

Collier's
The National Weekly
for June 15, 1940

England Is My Village

By John Llewelyn Rhys

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

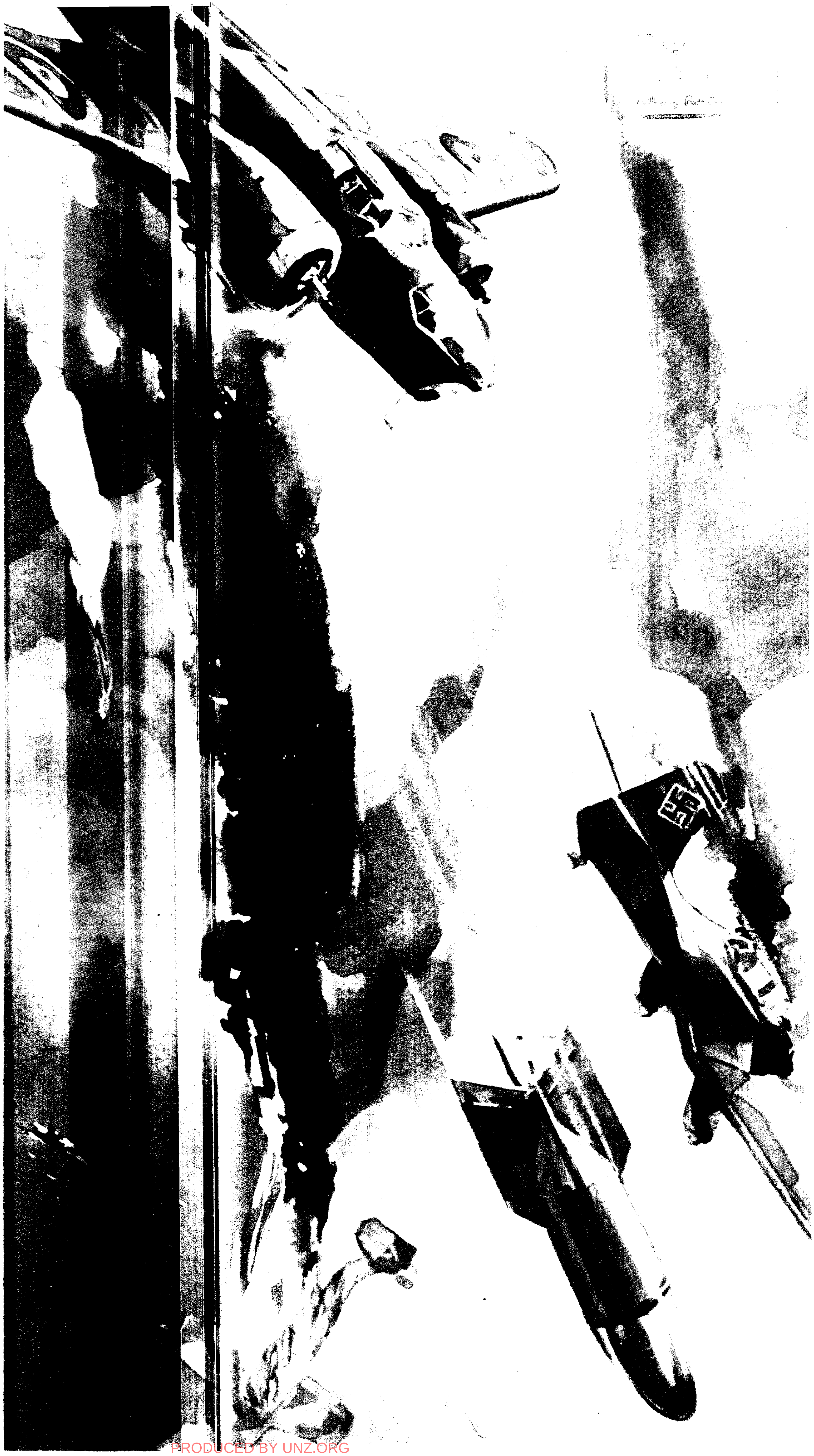
The unforgettable story of a certain flight into friendly darkness

WHEN the Old Man came into the anteroom the young officers began to rise in their chairs but he waved them back with an impatient gesture. It was warm and comfortable in there and the tenor of idle chatter continued; one could hear the crackle of a newspaper page and the sound of bidding from the four who were playing a Chinese game in the corner, their minds apparently intent on the little walls of white blocks on the table before them.

Beneath the wing commander's arm were a number of files. On the outside of the files was a map. Robert recognized its shape and his heart kicked inside him. And now every pilot in the squadron was watching the senior officer, watching him without movement of head, watching him while seeming to read, watching him while crying "Three Characters." The Old Man nodded, first at one, then another, and finally at Robert. Silently they rose to their feet, leaving their circle of friends, their reading, their Chinese game, and filed into the neighboring room. When they had gone the lazy murmur of conversation continued, watchers filled the places at the game, another officer picked up the copy of The Field that Robert had been reading.

THE wing commander stood by the grand piano waiting for them to gather about him. It had been a guest room before the war but now the fripperies had been removed and the tall windows were stark with gasproof screens. He looked suddenly older, Robert thought. Now his hair shone with gray; new lines emphasized the hardness of his features. But his voice was unchanged, harsh, imperious:

"Gentlemen, the show's tomorrow." He paused and looked slowly at the circle of pilots. "The target you know. Here's the latest from Intelligence and



First smoke, then flames poured from its engine, and the machine fell slowly, twisting, turning, diving

There was Nails who got his on the first show, and Dick who went down in flames, and other faces

a few other little details I want you to know."

Robert heard his instructions and memorized them with an ease born of practice, but the words seemed meaningless, rattling like hail on the roof of his mind.

"Any questions?"

But they were all old hands and no naïve youngsters among them wanted to make themselves heard.

"Well . . . good luck! I know you'll put up a good show." His voice was suddenly shy: "I wish they'd let me come with you."

They went back to the anteroom, went on talking, reading, playing the Chinese game. Robert sat down by a friend. They had been together for years but were in different squadrons.

"If anything"—Robert's voice was quiet as he flipped the pages of a magazine—"if anything were . . . to slip up . . . tomorrow, would you attend to the odd details?"

"Of course, old boy." The other puffed his pipe alight, swung the match till it was extinguished.

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes."

"Tough show?"

"Tough enough."

IT WAS almost day as Robert walked over to flights with the squadron leader, and cold with the half-light lying dead on the roofs of the camouflaged hangars and the wind sock flapping drearily on its pole. Mechanics were beginning to start up the motors, which clattered protestingly to life, backfiring and shuddering on their bearers.

"Looks like a good day, sir."

The leader of the raid looked up, then kicked his heel into the turf. "Yes; hope this frost holds off. I hope to hunt next week." It was a lot too clear, Robert thought. He hoped there was more cloud over there.

"You got some leave, sir?"

"Yes, I'm lucky. Six days."

"I'll say you're lucky." Not too much cloud covering the target, he thought, and only too likely to be full of ice this time of year.

"Have you been out with the local pack?" the older man went on.

"No, I can't get anyone to mount me." He wondered if they'd have any of the new twin fighters waiting for them. They hadn't seen any yet and they were supposed to be very fast and to carry cannons.

"That *is* the trouble," said the squadron leader.

When Robert got to his machine only the starboard engine had been started. Impatiently he watched the efforts of the crews. If only they'd get that engine running, he thought, if only they'd get it running. If only they'd get it running. He went up to the fitter.

"You haven't overdoped?"

"No, sir. She'll go now."

Still she refused to start. He climbed up the ladder into the cockpit.

"Got your throttle setting right?"

"Yes, sir," said the corporal, "she'll start in a minute."

The second pilot was inside, busy at the navigator's table.

"All set?" Robert asked.

"Bombs, petrol and everything hunky-dory, sir," the sergeant answered.

If only they'd start that engine, he thought. If only they'd get it going and we could take off.

At last the motor roared to life, and he climbed into his seat, ran up the engines, pulled up the ladder and waved away the chocks.

As he waited on the aerodrome, his airscrews throwing long, flickering shadows, he kicked the heavy rudder violently from side to side. Where were the others? Where were the others? They would be late off the ground and there'd be a row. Then he glanced at his watch and found to his surprise that it was five minutes to his zero hour. Behind him the wireless operator was hidden by his tall set and the gunners were amidships waiting to take up their positions once the machine was air-borne. The second pilot leaned over the navigating table, setting his maps and charts and instruments in sequence.

And now the other machines were taxiing toward him, huge, heavily laden monoplanes, grim against the dawn, moving fast over the close-cut turf, beating down clean, thick lines through the white frost. He glanced down at the controls, felt the various cocks, checked the cylinder-head temperatures, the hydraulic and brake pressures. Then, when all was ready, he pushed open the throttles, the noise increasing till it filled the long, narrow compartment, beating mercilessly upon his ears, drowning the scream of the hydraulic gear.

She was heavy with full petrol and a bellyful of bombs, but as he felt her becoming air-borne he brought the wheel gently back and she bumped up into the air.

THEY flew in tight formation and, far below, patches of fog lay pressed into the valleys. The sun threw skinny shadows, exaggerating the place of the leafless trees in the landscape, and blue smoke rose in stiff columns from farm chimneys, a bitter blue against the slight haze. Looking down at this scene of unreal cleanness Robert found it hard to believe it was war. This is an exercise, he thought. Redland against Blueland, and we shall meet the "enemy" fighter pilots in mess tonight and have a terrific party.

As they approached the coast he noticed a familiar seaside town to the north. It was lifeless now, the blatant lettering on every house and shop and hoarding screaming to empty streets, to deserted beaches and amusement parks: it was garish in the clear, early light.

The sea was calm, edged with white froth. The calm was a good thing, he thought, for the rubber dinghy they carried in the wing was not designed to weather a gale.

Always before the coast had been the meeting place of land and sea, a convenient opportunity for obtaining a navigational "fix" or position. But now as he glanced at the little boats askew on the beaches like burnt matches on a bar floor, he thought, "This is the edge of England." Then he looked ahead at the hard, cold gray of the North Sea and edged a little closer to the squadron leader's aircraft.

FROM time to time Robert switched on his microphone and spoke to each gunner in his turret. They were alert and cheerful and behind him the second pilot worked at his check navigation. Taking sights, drifts, bearings, his face was expressionless, his movements slow and sure, so that he might have been in a classroom.

Sometimes they saw fishing boats whose crews waved frantically, and mine sweepers busy in their deadly task and once a convoy with destroyers like sheep dogs on its flanks. The weather was fine, with high lumps of cumulus, and they began to climb.

In a little while the second pilot came forward and held up eight fingers. Robert nodded. Eight minutes. He felt cold inside his guts, his teeth were chattering, he wished they were in the thick of it and grinned at his companion. The target came into view, a smudge on the horizon. The leader began to give his orders over the radio and they started a big circle so as to attack from out of the sun. As they came up the sky filled with antiaircraft fire. The second pilot had switched on his microphone and Robert could hear him jeering at the enemy gunners, for the shooting was poor, though some of the bursts were uncomfortably close.

They came over the target and released their bombs. Robert watched the sky unceasingly for enemy fighters, turning a little and holding up his thumb against the sun, squinting round the edge of the glove, wondering if any aircraft was lurking in its glare waiting for the antiaircraft to cease before diving to the attack.

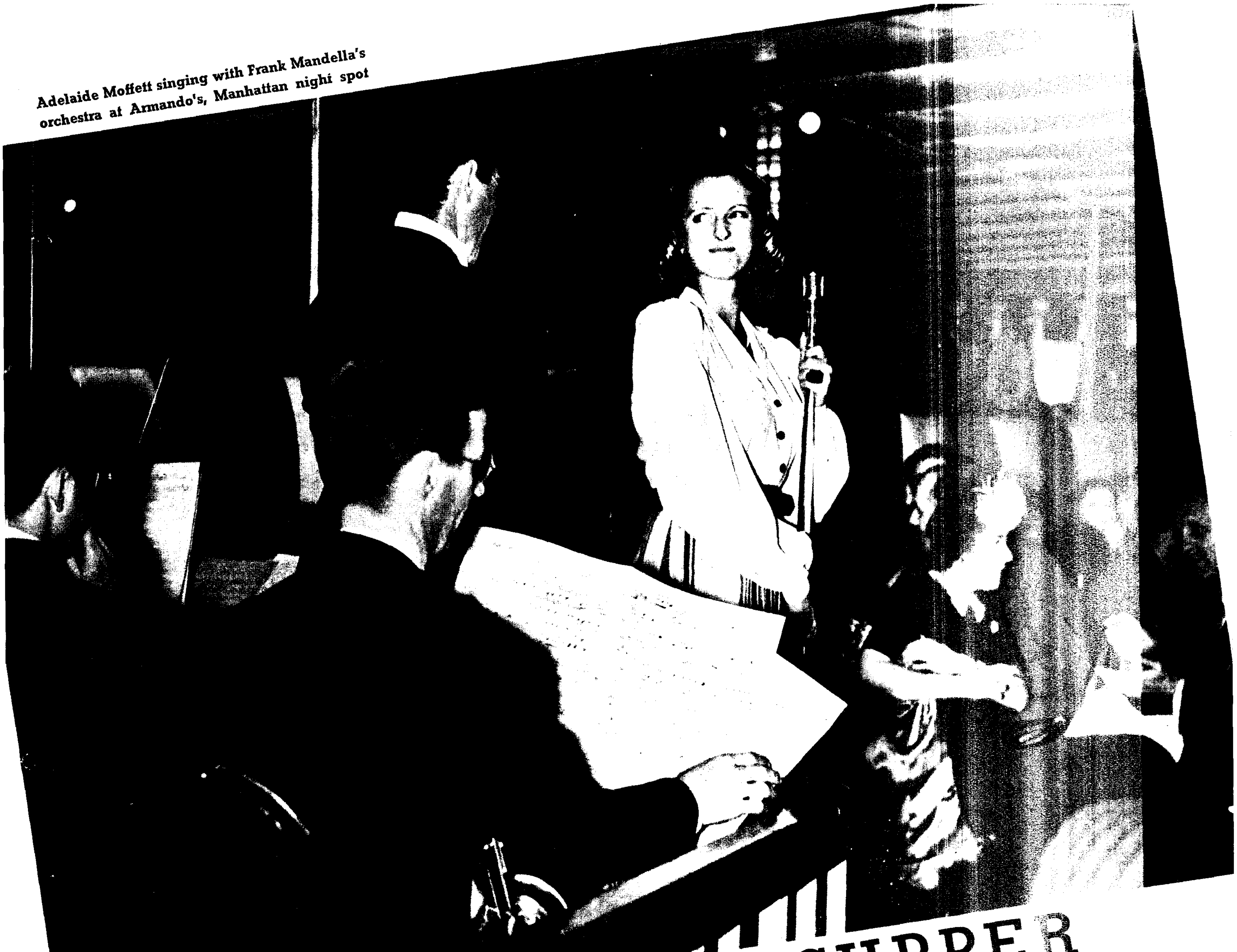
The second pilot was busy with the camera recording the hits far below, whistling as he worked. A burst of Archie off the port wing tip made the machine rock violently. The second pilot kept absolutely motionless for a few seconds. Robert looked out along the wing where little strips of fabric were fluttering back from the leading edge but the machine still flew perfectly and he moved the wheel gingerly, grinning as the ailerons responded. The second pilot turned slowly back to his task.

Soon they were out of range of the ground guns, and Robert saw one of the other machines break formation and rock its wings. He spoke to the gunners:

"Keep your eyes skinned. There's a fighter about somewhere." Then he saw it, a lone enemy machine, a single-seat fighter with square wing tips. It came up quite slowly, lazily, flying on to the tail of one of the bombers. It was so simple a maneuver that it might have been a pupil on his circuit at a flying training school. As it turned off, short jabs of black smoke jerked themselves from the back cockpit of the bomber. The fighter turned slowly onto its side. First there was smoke, then flames poured from its engine, splashing down the fuselage. In the bright sunshine, against the blue sea, the flames were orange, and the machine fell slowly, twisting, turning, diving.

(Continued on page 86)

Adelaide Moffett singing with Frank Mandella's orchestra at Armando's, Manhattan night spot



SING FOR YOUR SUPPER

By Quentin Reynolds

A professional singer was discovered when Paul Whiteman asked Adelaide Moffett to vocalize with his orchestra. Now La Moffett is one of our best night-club entertainers

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

TO BEGIN with she was as jittery as an elephant up a tree. It was her first appearance at the Chez Paree Club in Chicago and she didn't know a soul in the city. Yeah, man, it was going to be a mighty cold audience. She was billed as "Adelaide Moffett, Society Singer." That was bad enough. There were many in that audience a bit outside the pale of society who would certainly resent the billing.

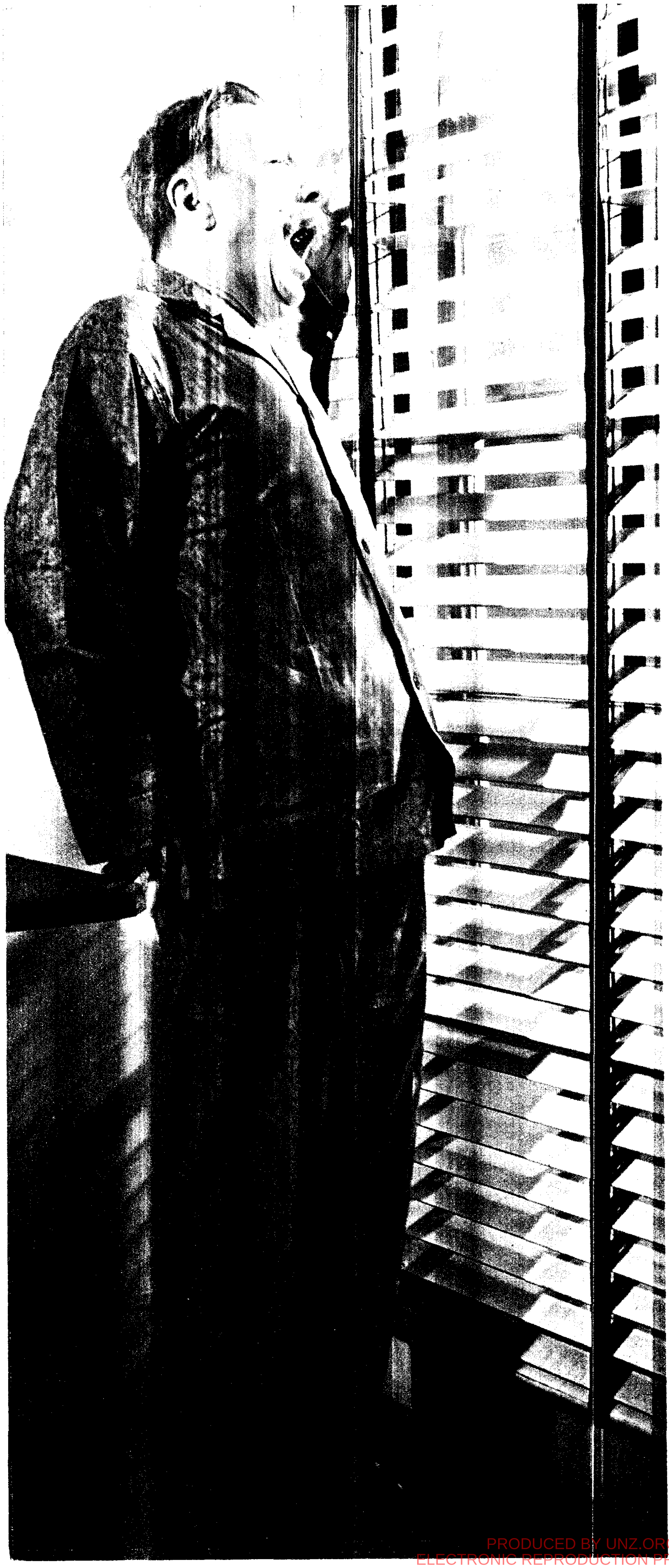
Then she was deaf. Something called sinus trouble had descended upon her. She didn't mind the hundred and two temperature or the murderous headache so much but she did mind being deafened. Why, she wouldn't even be able to hear herself sing. But she had to go through with it. She walked nervously out to face the crowd and the microphone. There wasn't a familiar face to be seen. In New York she usually knew the first names of half the audience. She stood there tall and blond, a very nervous twenty-year-old kid. She swung into I Get Along Without You Very Well, a real torcheroo number. The "show me" audience relaxed, listened. This audience was used to the best. Lupe Velez, Sheila Barrett, Joe Lewis, Harry Richman had played the Chez Paree that winter and Helen Morgan had sung only the week before. Addie Moffett didn't know if the audience was shuffling feet, talking or asking for another bottle of wine. She didn't know because she couldn't hear. Then she finished and a storm of applause broke through her ears. They applauded and they cheered, and Addie Moffett knew that she had made the big time.

"A singing teacher told me afterward that my temporary deafness helped," she says now. "Sometimes your ear misleads you when you're singing. You think you're hitting the right note but actually you aren't. When you can't hear—well, you know just where those notes are and you hit them truly without giving your ear a chance to air its opinion."

Today Adelaide Moffett is one of the biggest night-club attractions in the country and earns money like one thousand a week, which, as the boys around the firehouse say, ain't tin. She has a deep, throaty voice that can take a song and wrap it right around your heart and if you are in a mellow mood you are a cinch to get even more mellow in practically no time at all. La Moffett is tall and she has a great hunk of blond hair and very wide blue eyes and, all in all, when that spotlight drops on her she makes a very tasty figure of a girl indeed. She is definitely a hit now at twenty-three and she is having more fun saying, "But in the movies—no," to picture moguls and agents who are wooing her toward Hollywood. She just doesn't like movies except crook pictures and she doesn't think that acting in pictures would be any fun at all. Besides there is no National League team in Hollywood.

La Moffett is a girl of very firm but very changing loyalties. When she was

(Continued on page 82)



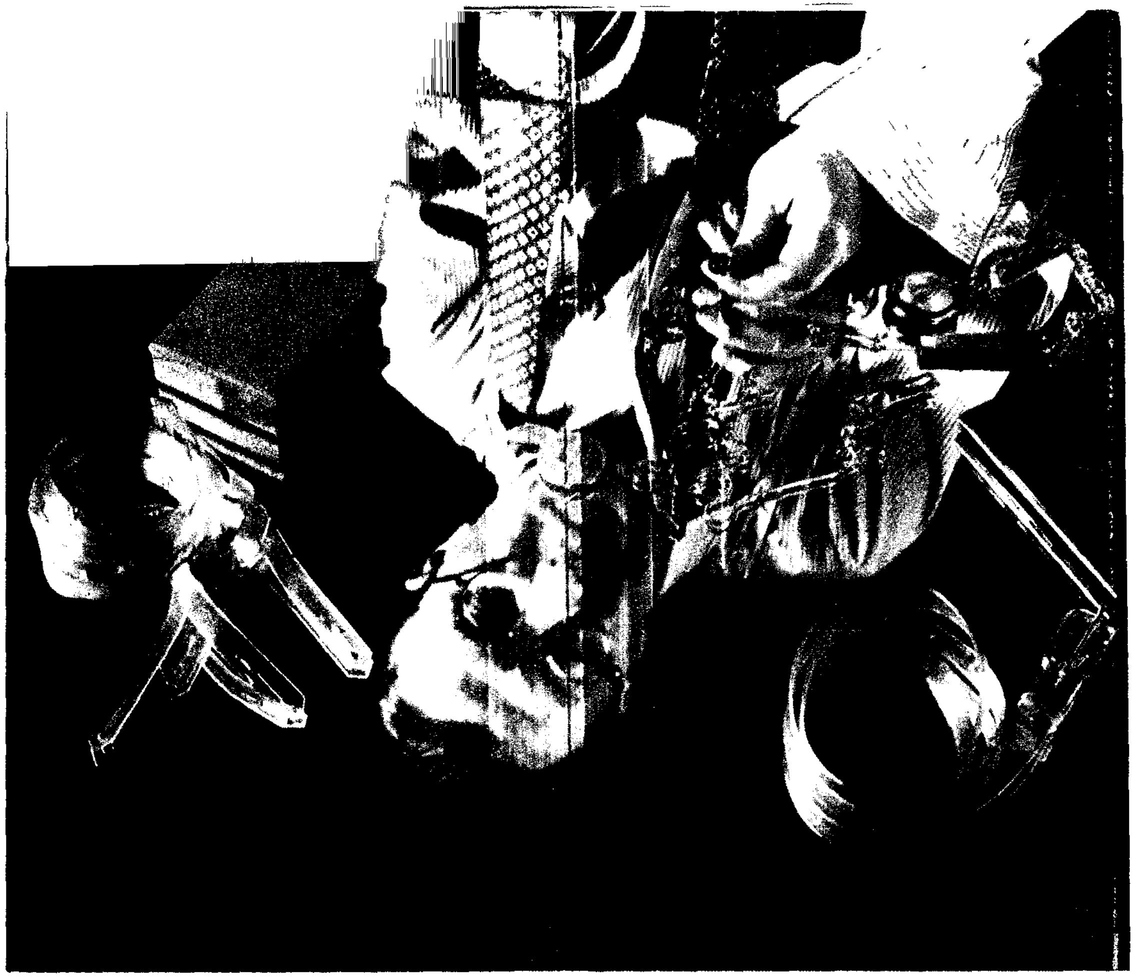
Figured broadcloth pajamas like those at the left are fine for before-breakfast grousing. Mr. Lindsay liked these so well he swiped them, but we saved the slippers. For that early-morning indecision about socks (always good gifts) there's the handsome robe-and-pajama set above. The messy room is optional but typical of father

DAD HA

By Henry L. Jackson

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

Howard Lindsay as Father in Life with Father, the current comedy hit. The accompanying pictures are his idea of a typical day in any father's life, and our idea of what you can do for your own old man by way of Father's Day gifts



In cuff links, insist on the **aggressive kind that flee beneath dressers. Gives you a chance to size up those ties, shirts, sweaters, etc. At the right, the mirror table top shows the complete haul: coin knife, watch and chain, glasslike belt and suspenders, cigarette case, jewel box and gadgets. Below, slack-and-shirt ensemble for indoor golf**

IS DAY

WITHOUT any doubt whatever, fathers are a great invention. Fathers are *de igeur* this season. If anything hap)ens to the stand that holds the aloshes and umbrellas, there is al/ays father around the house. Men /ho are not fathers are only men. f there were no fathers, we should ave to invent them.

Especially in time for Father's)ay.

Father's Day is the occasion when he children borrow ten bucks from he old man, buy him a present for ix and keep the other four. It is lso the time when everybody claps im on the back and says, "Good ld Dad," and makes him feel ighty-four years old. But it has its ompensations. No matter how it ɔoks on the surface, the day proves ɔ the old gent that he is a great guy. 'ou buy him a gift and he gets the lea.

What you get him need never be source of worry. You get him ɔmething he needs. You get him ɔmething to wear. No man in the istory of the world, fathers inluded, has ever had too many ɔck . Lisle, cotton, wool, silk, plain r fancy, you'll find that he has a reference. You can even give him wild plaid that he'll be glad to ave you borrow back later.

Expense is no barrier in Father's 'ay circles. Garters are inexpensive -they run from 50 cents up, and ou can get him a pair made of ass-like material that will give im quite a standing in the locker ɔom. If he doesn't wear suspend-s, he wears a belt. If he wears ɔth, he is *really* eighty-four years d. Suspenders can be very doggy. Stripes and neat patterns are generally best.

Also, in the matter of ties, just restrain yourself. Don't palm off any of those gaudy Christmas horrors on the old man. You can do pretty well with a lightweight washable summer tie, a silk or wool job, checked, striped or simple patterns.

If you want to sling the dough around a bit, you can get him a pair of Norwegian peasant slippers that will go right to his feet. Or you can get him an inexpensive but really swell pajama-and-robe set that will make him feel like Tyrone Power.

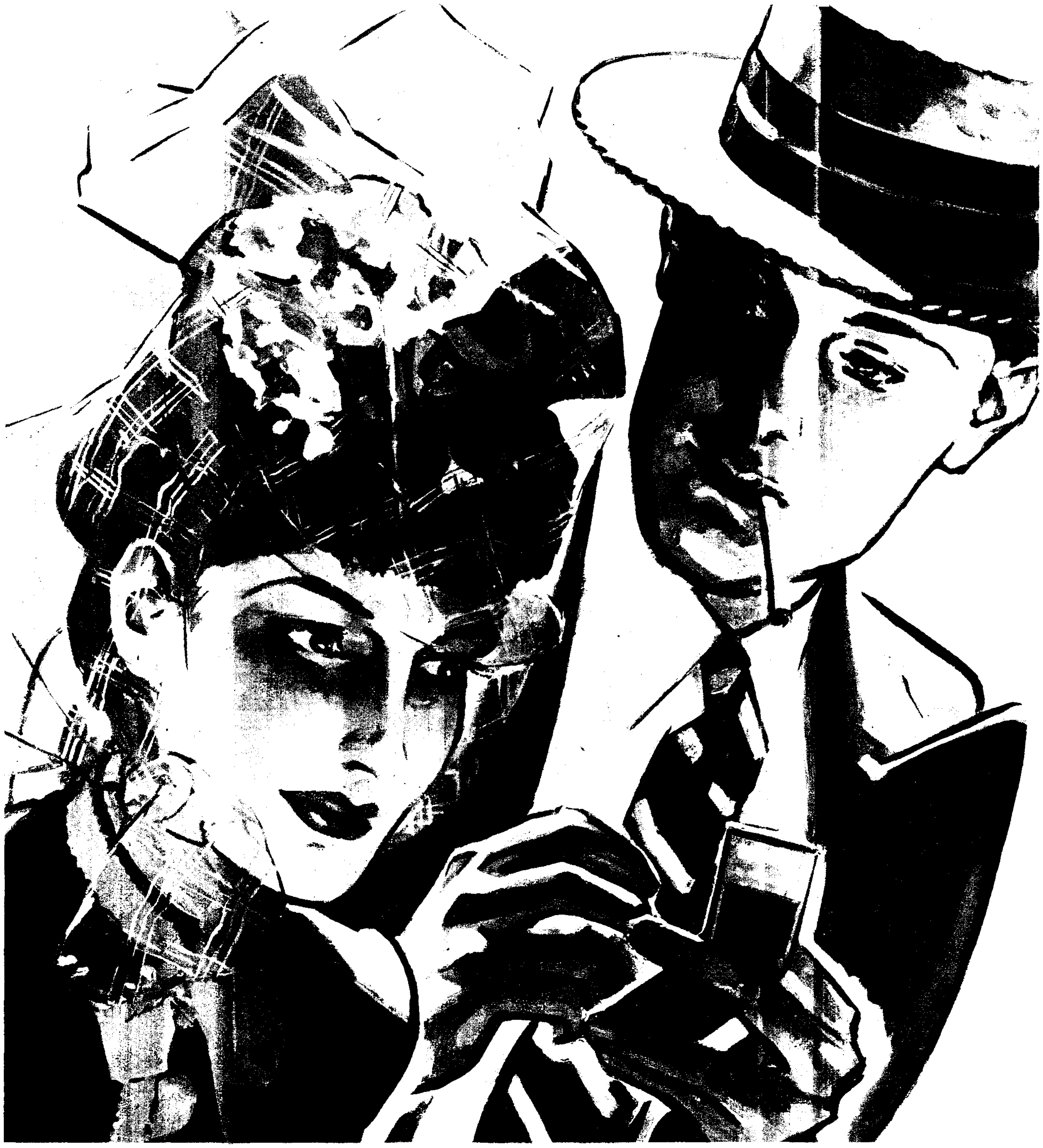
If he's a golfer, he'll appreciate the slack-and-shirt outfit, and in any event he can use it to wear around the house on week ends or for resort wear.

As for shirts, it is best to stick to a conservative-stripe or solid-color number. News about shirts is never very secret around a household. You probably know by this time what type he goes for.

With undershirts and shorts, you can absolutely slay him with one of the new abbreviated models. After the first gasp, he'll take to it. You can't beat it for hot-weather wear.

He probably has cuff links, tie clasp, key chain, dress set—but they're likely to be shot or he's tired of them. He won't object to a change.

So that's the moral of this lesson: no matter how much or how little you spend on Good old Dad, you won't want to let him down. He'll never say anything about it but he'll feel it. It's a day dedicated to the thesis that fathers are people. Also good scouts. Let him know you think so! ★★★



"I like watching people," she said, "and waiting for you." "Yeah?" he said skeptically. But he was pleased

Tony's Girl

By Robert McLaughlin

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

One way to get on is to tell the boss where to get off. Not guaranteed, though, unless you have a girl like Marian

ON THURSDAY night Tony Sturza shouldered his way out of the subway train at 59th Street and went up the stairs quickly. But at the top he paused long enough to light a cigarette, to give hat and tie a reassuring touch. Then he moved across Lexington Avenue, looking intent, thoughtful, the picture of a young businessman homeward bound after a hard day at the office.

But his eyes moved swiftly to see if Marian was in her accustomed place. For a moment he had a panicky feeling that she wasn't there; then, with warm relief, he saw her coming toward him, moving around and between people.

"Tony!" she said.

He grinned—a little shyly, as always—and when she reached him he touched her cheek gently with his closed fist. "Hi, kid! Did I keep you waiting?"

"It's all right," she smiled. "I like watching people—and waiting for you."

"Yeah?" he said skeptically. But he was pleased.

"You know I do," she said, her dark eyes wide, staring up at him as though she could visually touch his strong, well-built face, the thrust of his jaw, the bold molding of temple and cheekbone.

They walked beside the bright-lit windows of Brownfield's, and on through crowded East 59th Street, close-pressed, without words, feeling armored against the world.

Then she asked, "Did you have a tough day?"

He pursed his lips. "We're having trouble with that bread account. We gotta watch ourselves or we'll lose it."

Marian nodded. "Some other agency . . . ?" she questioned hesitantly.

"Sure. But I think Meade's got an idea that'll sell 'em completely. He showed it to me today—"

Proudly she said, "He did, Tony—!"

"Yeah. He showed me three campaigns and asked me which one I liked. It was when I brought the eleven-o'clock mail in to him. He says, 'Hey, Tony, take a gander at these. Which do you like?' "

"Did you pick the right one?"

"Of course all advertising's a matter of personal opinion," Tony announced pontifically. "But I picked the testimonial campaign and Mr. Meade said, 'Right, Tony!' "

"Gee, Tony," Marian sighed. "Advertising's a swell business to be in. It's sure a lot more exciting than selling junk jewelry in a department store."

Tony agreed. "And you wait, baby. In another two years I'll be in Production. They won't keep me in the stock room long."

"Oh, I know, Tony, I know." Then, "What are you doing tonight?"

"I'm seeing the fellows. Benny's got a game lined up for Sunday."

"Who with?"

"Some Yorkville team."

"Are you going to pitch?"

"Who else?" he demanded. "We want to win, don't we?"

SHE hugged his arm, grinning with him, and they went beneath the Second Avenue L and, beyond it, the street was quieter. On their left the block-long ramp of the Queensboro Bridge lifted and, with a mighty leap, flung its metal girders across the East River.

As they passed the athletic field Tony said, "I'll be out there burning them over Sunday. Are you going to come and see me, baby?"

"Every game," she said. She looked up at him. "Let's go down to the river—"

"Sure."

High above them autos and streetcars and L's passed over the bridge but the river moved darkly quiet and the houses about them gave off an atmosphere of dignity and unruffled ease.

"It's swell here," said Marian.

"Yeah. Not much like the slum it used to be a few years ago. Why, Mr. Meade lives right over there."

"Where?"

"The place with the iron gate. He's always gagging about how we're neighbors. But, boy, there's some difference!"

She looked up at him. "You'll be here some day, living here, I mean. You will, Tony!"

"I don't know," he said heavily. "Look, Marian, it's not as easy as I said. They take a lot of college guys into Production. Maybe I'll never get there. And one guy's been in the stock room ten years now. That may happen to me."

"No it won't. Besides, Mr. Meade's your friend, he'll help."

"Sure." Staring out at the river, he repeated, "Sure."

"You wait and see," she told him lightly. "You'll find out that I'm right."

THE next night Tony got away a little late from the offices of Wadlaw, Morris & Biscomb. And as he went out to the reception room he passed the circular staircase that led up to the next floor—and to the Production Department. He patted the railing affectionately.

Out in the hall he found Mr. Meade waiting for an elevator. They smiled at each other.

"We should turn in a report to the National Labor Relations Board, Tony," said Mr. Meade. "Overwork is slowly snuffing out our lives."

"I like it," grinned Tony.

Meade—fortyish, with sandy hair that was graying—gave him a quizzical eye. "Do you have intentions of getting on in the world, Tony?"

This seemed like a good chance, so Tony said, "Yeah. I want to get into Production. There's no future in the stock room."

Meade nodded sagely. "You have something there," he agreed.

(Continued on page 54)

The Secret of the Marshbanks

By Kathleen Norris

COPYRIGHT, 1940, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

The Story Thus Far:

CHARLOTTE ("Cherry") Rawlings, an orphan who knows almost nothing concerning her early history, spends thirteen years at a school. Then, yielding to the wishes of her guardians (Judge Judson Marshbanks and Emma Haskell), she goes to San Francisco and becomes the secretary of the wealthy Mrs. Porteous Porter.

She sees the judge often, and she meets the members of his household: his domineering old mother; Amy Marshbanks, spoiled daughter of the judge's dead brother, Fred; and Fran, the judge's gay young second wife. . . . Mrs. Porter dies. She leaves Cherry fifteen hundred dollars. Whereupon, Cherry plans to enter Stanford. Then comes a series of shocks. Emma Haskell (once her mother's nurse) informs Cherry that her mother (never married) had been Emma's sister, Charlotte; that her father had been *the judge's brother, Fred—Amy's father;* and that, shortly after Cherry and Amy were born, *Cherry's mother had switched the two babies! Cherry is really Amelia Marshbanks!*

Astounded, Cherry questions the judge, who corroborates the story and produces papers that prove it to be true. Unfortunately, however, the judge's mother—who wishes to protect Amy—destroys the papers. . . .

Meanwhile, Cherry has fallen in love with an artist: Kelly Coates. She suspects, however, that Kelly is infatuated with the judge's wife, Fran, whom he meets from time to time clandestinely. She is not aware that Kelly—once interested in Fran—no longer cares for her. . . . Amy—a spoiled young thing—learns the "secret of the Marshbanks." But, knowing that the evidence (which would cost her a fortune) has been destroyed, she is unperturbed. All of her thoughts, all her dreams, center on Count Mario Constantino—a ne'er-do-well whom she is planning to marry. Perfect happiness awaits her. Why worry? . . .

Tragedy enters the Marshbanks home—Judge Marshbanks is murdered, shot to death, in his library. While the newspapers scream the story, Amy and the count are married, secretly. . . . Investigating the crime (the murderer has, apparently, left no clues) a police officer, one Mullins, questions Fran, shows her a packet of love letters—letters that Kelly Coates had sent to her, a year before.

By this time, Kelly—who has asked Cherry to marry him, after telling her that he loves her, not Fran—and Cherry are engaged. So, when Fran mentions the letters to Cherry, Cherry is suddenly panic-stricken. She hesitates. Then, "Where," she says, "did they get them?"

X

I HAVEN'T the slightest idea," Fran said. "They were not in my desk. Of course these men have been prowling about everywhere, but those letters I hid two weeks ago, the day after Jud was killed. I slipped them into the lining of my dressing case. It had come loose, and that morning I complained to Molly about it, and while she was right here in the room I pasted it with glue. You remember that horrible morning, when we were all half crazy? Doctors coming and police coming and talk of autopsies and coroner's juries? It was when I came upstairs to dress at about five, I suppose, and Martin had brought up some coffee, do you remember? That police woman had taken our clothes and gone away."

"I remember it all," Cherry said, with an effort.

"Well, I was dressing, and walking about drinking coffee and I thought of those letters and that I wouldn't want anyone to see them. I hardly know why; I hadn't had time certainly to think anything out; it was all wild confusion. And my bag was here open; I packed it the night before, thinking we might stay at the Burlingame Club, and it had torn down where the bottles and brushes were too heavy for the lining. There was no fire; I couldn't carry the letters downstairs and burn them; the man was here to talk about coffins or something else awful and poor Greg had just arrived—"

"Don't!" Cherry said in a whisper, as she paused.

"I know, I hate to remember it, too. But suddenly I said to Molly, as if I were distracted—goodness knows I was, and didn't know what I was doing!—'Give me that glue from the desk, Molly, this lining came loose last night!' And when her back was turned I slipped the letters in and pasted the leather up again. Molly was hanging around that morning in a way that drove me mad; I think perhaps they'd told her to watch me. Anyway, I always felt safe about the letters—it's not been easy to burn anything in this house these last weeks—but they seemed hidden where no one ever would find them.

"And then, today, this odious man in the library asked me if I recognized them, and when I came upstairs I looked at my case, and sure enough the lining was ripped, and the letters were gone."

"What sort of letters are they?" Cherry asked, with the world gone suddenly black.

"Love letters. Letters that will look bad if they're given to the newspapers, I can tell you that. What he and I could do if we were free, frantic sort of letters. He said—Mullins said—that they were very incriminating."

"How did he ever get them?" Cherry questioned, in a sick voice.

"Goodness knows! Molly, perhaps."

"Molly wouldn't. She's the loyalest person alive."

"She was loyal to Jud. That doesn't necessarily mean that she'd be loyal to me."

"Does it mean they'll send for Kelly?"

"I don't know. But someone in this house got those letters for them, Cherry. Somebody knew. They'd stopped ransacking my room. Someone told them, or actually came in and got them."

"Old Mrs. Marshbanks?" Cherry breathed.

"I thought of her. In her heart I think she hates me. She'd be glad to think Kelly did it, that things had gone so far between us he simply couldn't stand it."

"But they couldn't suspect Kelly!"

"These letters won't help Kelly," Fran said dryly. She had finished the slow business of oils, pastes, powders, rouge for her face, eyelashes, brows; she had adjusted every hair of her heavy black straight mop in position. Now she drew a great cellophane bag over her head

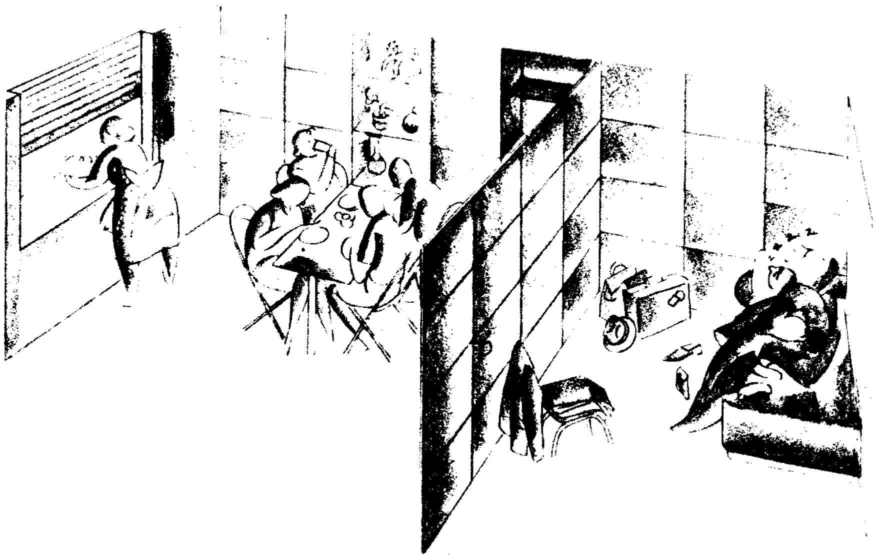
(Continued on page 36)

"Those letters I hid two weeks ago, the day after Jud was killed. I slipped them into my dressing case"

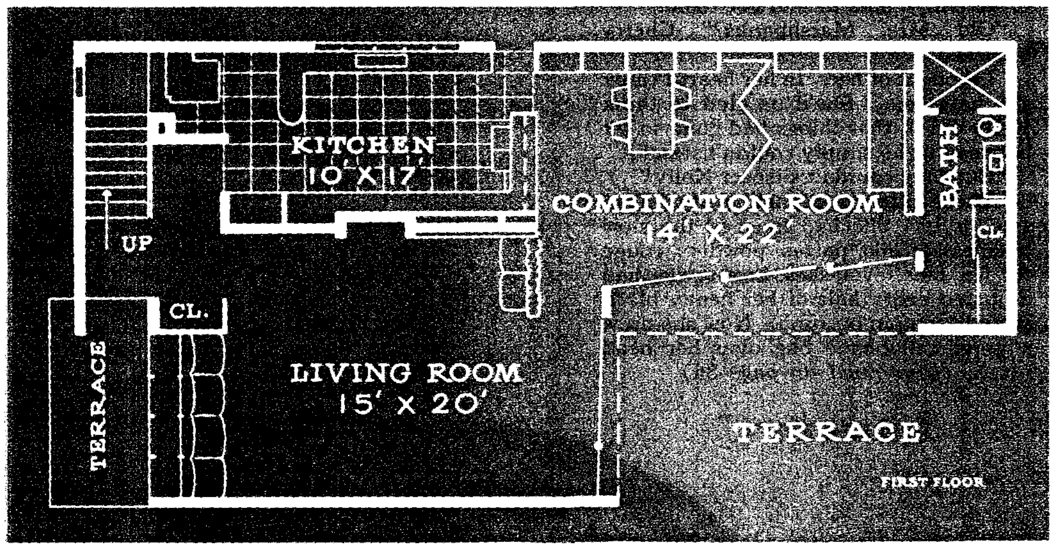
Collier's House of Ideas

By Ruth Carson

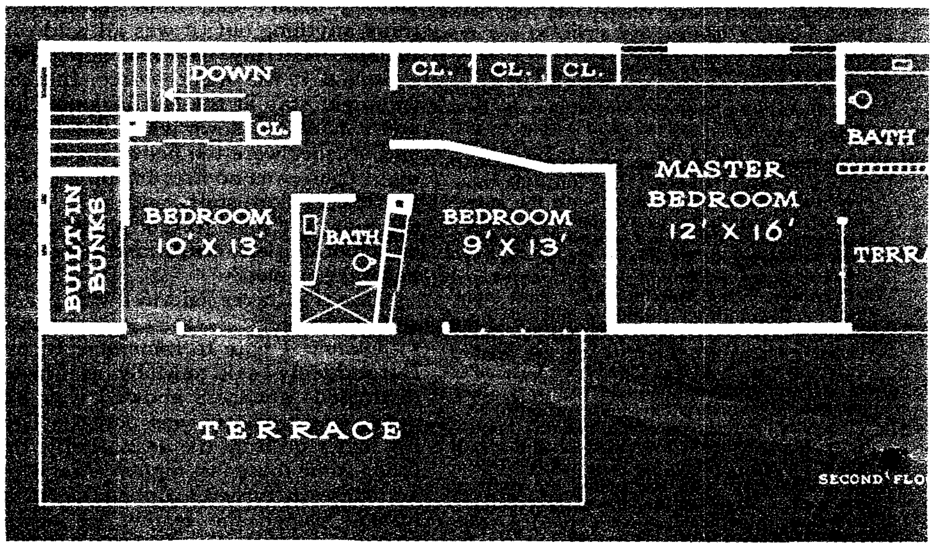
This month Collier's House of Ideas will open to the public. Here's a conducted tour before the eager crowds start pushing



The many-purpose room in action as two rooms. While the family eats breakfast, their guest enjoys a late snooze

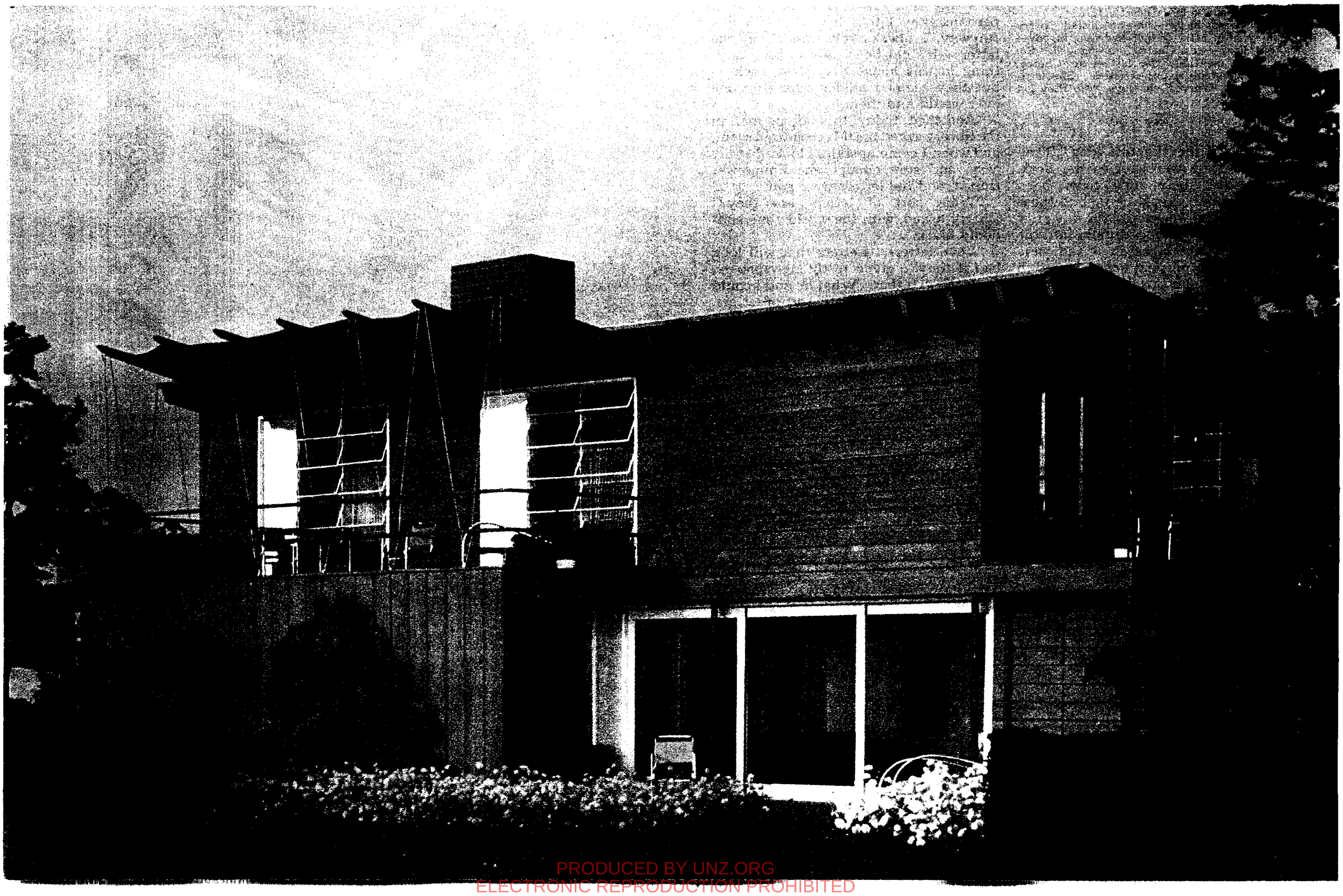


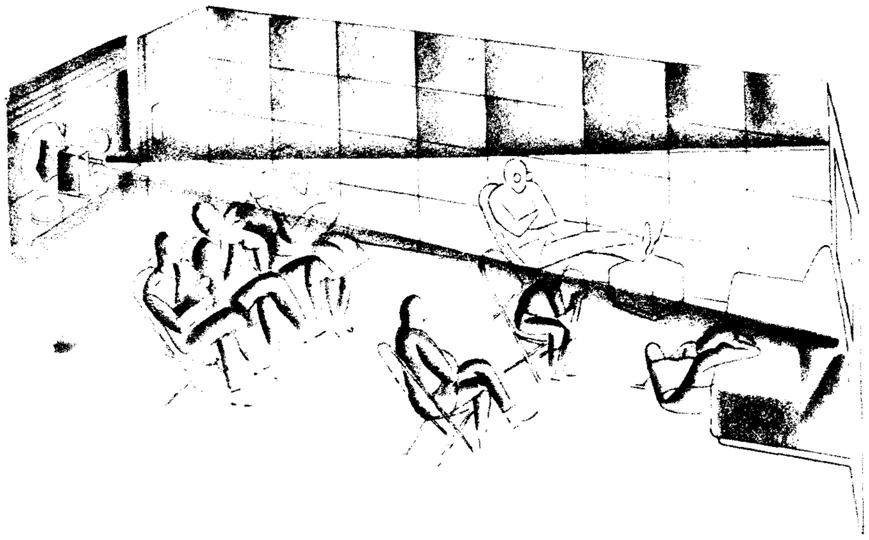
KITCHEN
10' X 17'
COMBINATION ROOM
14' X 22'
BATH
CL.
UP
CL.
TERRACE
LIVING ROOM
15' X 20'
TERRACE
FIRST FLOOR



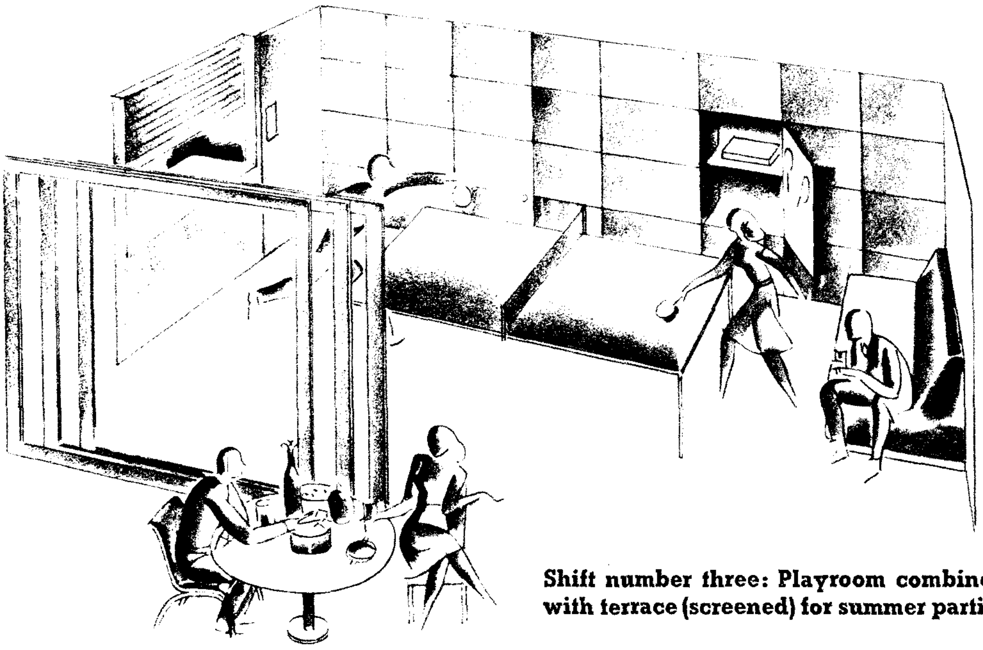
DOWN
CL.
CL.
CL.
CL.
BATH
BUILT-IN BUNKS
BEDROOM
10' X 13'
BATH
BEDROOM
9' X 13'
MASTER BEDROOM
12' X 16'
TERR
TERRACE
SECOND FLO

MODEL BY CONRAD—PHOTOGRAPH BY CHE





With table and partition folded into wall, room is cleared for movies—projector operated over the counter, from kitchen



Shift number three: Playroom combined with terrace (screened) for summer parties

THIS is a preview of Collier's House of Ideas. It is being built on a terrace in Rockefeller Center, New York City, where all the 100,000 visitors who every day swarm over that greatest modern wonder of the sight-seeing world may have a look at Collier's House, too. Not that you have to go to New York to see it. It will be pictured and described for you, play by play, in Collier's.

It is called the House of Ideas because it is packed with ideas for you—whether you aim to build, remodel or just furbish up the living room. Ideas about wall finishes, roofs, construction materials, windows, bookshelves, storage space, entertaining, room arrangements, furniture. You may like the whole setup as is—the house has been designed to be complete, from upper deck to table china. Fine. We like it, too. But since no one house can suit enough different families, pocketbooks and building conditions, Collier's chief object is to show you what's new in house design, construction and equipment—and let you pick and choose from there.

Take the design. This is a two-story modern house, neat and shipshape as a streamlined yacht, even to the trim lacing of stainless steel wire that holds its upper terrace awning against the wind. Yet there's no machine-for-living look about it. It has none of the earmarks that have made you think modern houses cold, factorylike places in which you would not wish to live. For modern architecture has stopped being a cause and has settled down to comfortable living. Having won its point in sweeping away the clutter of the past and planning space for present-day living instead of bygone needs and customs, it has relaxed its stern, hard lines and materials. It can be efficient as anything, yet gay and appealing, too.

Look at the exterior of Collier's House, for example. It is natural redwood siding, oiled to maintain its color. You couldn't find anything more simple and practical. Redwood has won a government rating of "very durable." It is low on shrinking and warping. Certain natural oils and acids in it act as a natural preservative, and make it distasteful to termites. It is easy to maintain. Paint it if you like, and it will hold the paint for a record time. Or simply rub it with a waterproofing oil as Collier's House has been treated, and you have the beauty of natural wood to warm any stern modernist's heart.

Collier's architect, Edward D. Stone, has used natural materials in this fashion all through the house, as you will see, to emphasize the warm livability of present-day modern. A leader among today's designers, with such an accomplishment as New York's Museum of Modern Art to his credit, not to mention two earlier Collier's Houses, he hasn't lost sight of what you want to live with, in his search for new ideas to give you higher returns for your space and money.

Take his ideas for using space, the plan of the house. It's based on the greatest demand in this country, accommodations for a family of four, and goes the gamut of their most wishful thinking—sleeping quarters and two baths for the family, room and bath for a guest, dining area that is separate from the living room, space for play. Yet it has no bedrooms, guest room, dining room or play room. This phenomenon is accomplished by a use of space and a kind of furnishing that only the modernist, unhampered by tradition, could evolve.

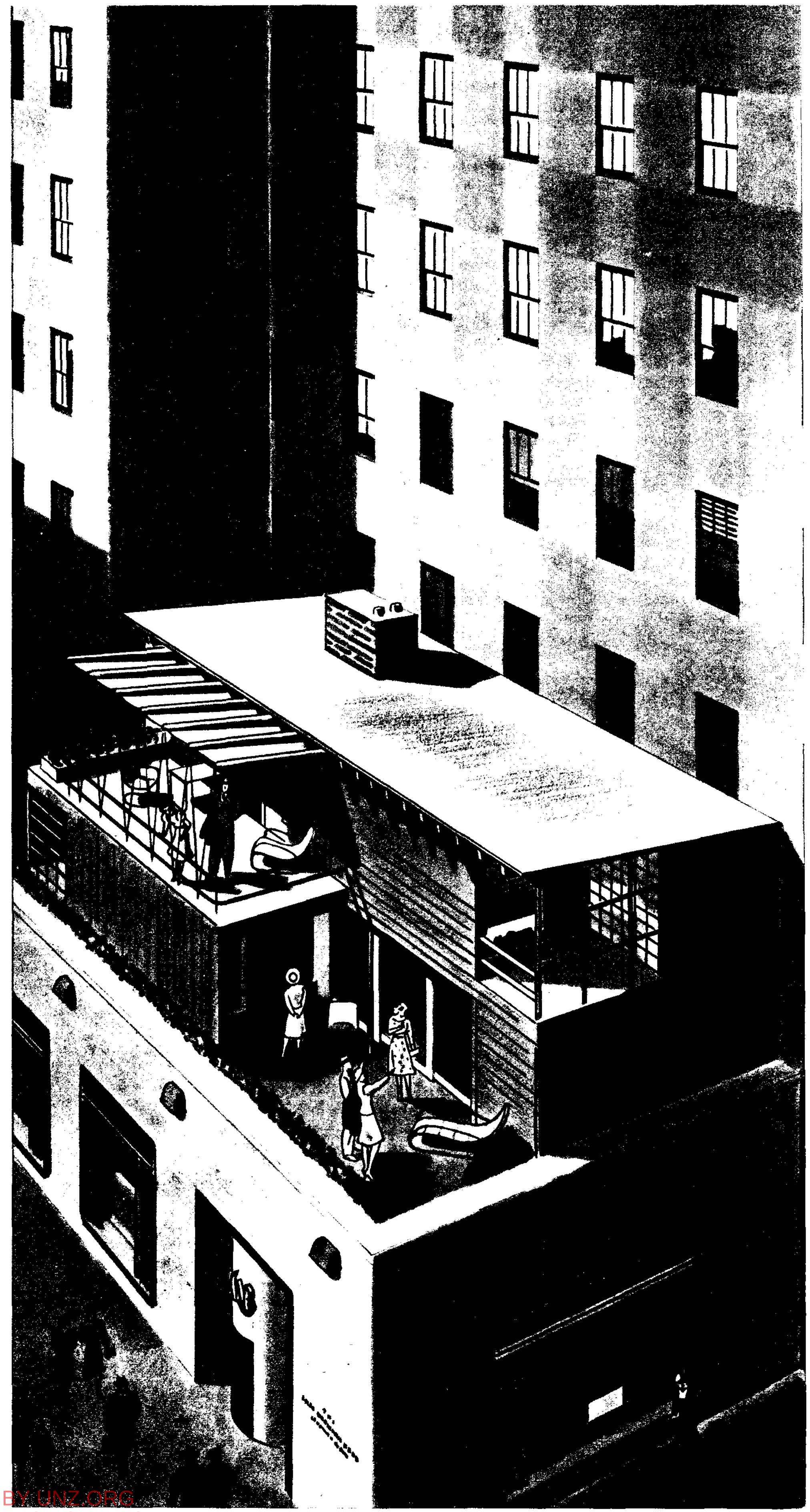
Since guest, dining and play rooms, built separately, are not used enough to warrant the space given to them, Mr. Stone neatly combined all three in that long room beyond the kitchen. He was able to do it because of the walls. These are no ordinary blind walls, encasing a house. They are storage spaces made up of cabinets, drawers, and pockets into which furniture and partitions may fold. Draw the folding partition across the center of the room, and the area at the far end next the bath becomes a separate room. Pull out the bed-couch that slips part way into a pocket in the far wall, and you have a guest room, complete with drawer space and hanging closet built into the wall.

The other half of this long space becomes a dining room by pulling into place the dining table that folds into the wall between storage cabinets, packed with your best linen and silver. Daylight falls on your table through the window revealed when the table drops down. More legerdemain: Dividing the kitchen and this dining area is a counter with rolling panel above that becomes the commuter's breakfast counter, serving buffet, or bar. When closed the panel is snugly sealed with weather stripping. Under the counter (you guessed it) is a cupboard for bar stools.

Now push all furniture and partitions back into their hiding places, and you have one long room cleared for deck tennis, ping-pong, cards and general whoopee, fixings for which you will find in the cupboards of that same capacious wall. (Shower room next door, if the

(Continued on page 84)

Model of Collier's House as it would appear on ground. You are looking into the many-purpose first-floor room sketched above



Collier's House of Ideas is on a second-story terrace of the International Building in Rockefeller Center, in New York

LAND OF MILK AND HONEY

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

Thanks to some pretty improbable shenanigans, Harmony Childs and his friends are now bound for Waikiki. Omar Gill will be hard to live with after this

We did nothing. True, we continued to eat, drink and be merry at Midwood, as cheerful and leafy a spot as California can produce

WE HAD entered what appeared to be an era of inventions and gadgets, our inventor being Mr. Harmony Childs, who is also our heavy thinker and commander in times of stress. He is strictly an amateur inventor and in no way resembles Edison or Marconi, so when he turns his mind to creative effort, Omar and I prepare for hard times.

Harmony's inventions rarely strike the public fancy or purse. He invents things people don't want, never did want, never will want and won't buy, but nothing can discourage him. He claims all inventors suffer from early coldness on the part of the purchasing masses. In his time, he has hopefully invented such articles as self-lighting cigarettes, a combination razor and mirror for shaving the back of the neck, a paper restaurant napkin that cannot fall off the human lap, buttonless shorts for males, a dog, cat, parrot and goldfish biscuit, a combination tongue-scraper and tonsil spray and a ring enabling a lady to cheat in a refined way at bridge.

Harmony is a resourceful fellow, but we never seemed to make any money and finally, in the course of trial and error, we rolled over the bridge into St. Louis, Omar complaining dismally, and there we went about marketing Mr. Childs' newest, a carburetor.

THIS mechanism was a device for increasing car mileage, and the details I will never know. Harmony swore it would work. You were supposed to hook it to the windpipe of your motor and after that you could burn anything—gasoline, kerosene, distillate, white mule, clam chowder or mild tea. . . . It had little protuberances and looked like what would fall out of an old alarm clock, and while we devoted earnest effort to selling carburetors, the St. Louis citizens cared nothing about more mileage. Business languished and Omar's discontent grew hourly.

St. Louis was to be merely a stop, a peaceful pause, as we were planning to wind up in Honolulu, where Joe Leddy had agreed to take care of us. Joe is an old crony, now in business in Honolulu and doing well, so we were heading his way.

Then Omar Gill did something unusual, even for him. He abandoned Harmony and me without a word. He left us flat in St. Louis, and when we heard of him next he was in Arizona. Whenever Omar leaves us, we look for trouble, as he is not accustomed to operating under his own steam. He breaks local laws. He often gets into jail, so we worried.

Having definite suspicions, we started for Phoenix, leaving St. Louis and passing up the carburetor for good. We engaged rooms in the Wallaby Hotel in Phoenix, knowing of old that if you are seeking someone in Arizona, all you do is sit in the Wallaby Hotel and the man will appear. Sure enough, on the fourth afternoon, Harmony and I returned from a movie and there was our Omar, sprawled in a corner of the hotel office and seemingly prosperous. His raiment was different and fairly flamboyant. He wore a cowboy hat and a resplendent scarf.

"Hello," he said casually, laying down his paper, as though nothing had happened.

"Unh-hunh," said Harmony, glowering at him. "Do we ever duck out on you?"

"I got tired of St. Louis," he explained. "Who wouldn't? I stumbled into something good and kept on going west. I would have wired you."

"If George and I had good sense, we'd drop you. You're not worth worrying about."

"You don't have to worry, pal. I'm doing all right. Walk into the bar and I'll buy some beer."

We moved into the Wallaby bar and sat down for a conference and Omar was in one of his happy moods. He radiated cheer and kindliness to man. He had money in every pocket, and his shoes looked like forty dollars.

"I didn't run out on you," he explained. "Just a temporary separation. I'm doing better now, as you can tell by looking at me."

"If it isn't asking too much, what are you doing?"

"I sell tickets," Omar replied.

"What kind of tickets?"

"Lottery tickets. I have the Arizona rights. Keeps you out in the open air and you meet nice people. Mostly I sell to ladies, as they have no sales resistance and love gambling."

Harmony Childs turned slowly in his chair and looked over my way, moving his head from side to side, while Omar gabbled merrily on with the details of his new occupation.

"And that's what you think keeps you out in the open air, is it?" Harmony asked, rubbing his glass in a thoughtful circle. "You probably don't know if they're bogus or genuine tickets."

"What do I care? I travel from town to town and will not be in Arizona when the number is drawn."

"You will be in Arizona, but not loose. You're committing a felony and obtaining money under false pretenses."

"And eating," Omar added. "Nice, thick steaks with mushrooms and a soft bed at night and not trying to sell some nonsensical piece of junk nobody wants."

"You are heading into the nearest federal pen," Harmony said gently. "At this moment, I have no doubt officers are on your trail. We knew you would do something silly."

"Will you kindly listen to me?" Omar begged, but Harmony refused. For five minutes, he spoke fluently, using language that would peel the hide off a dollar watch, and as he spoke, Omar shriveled up. The little man is afraid of Harmony.

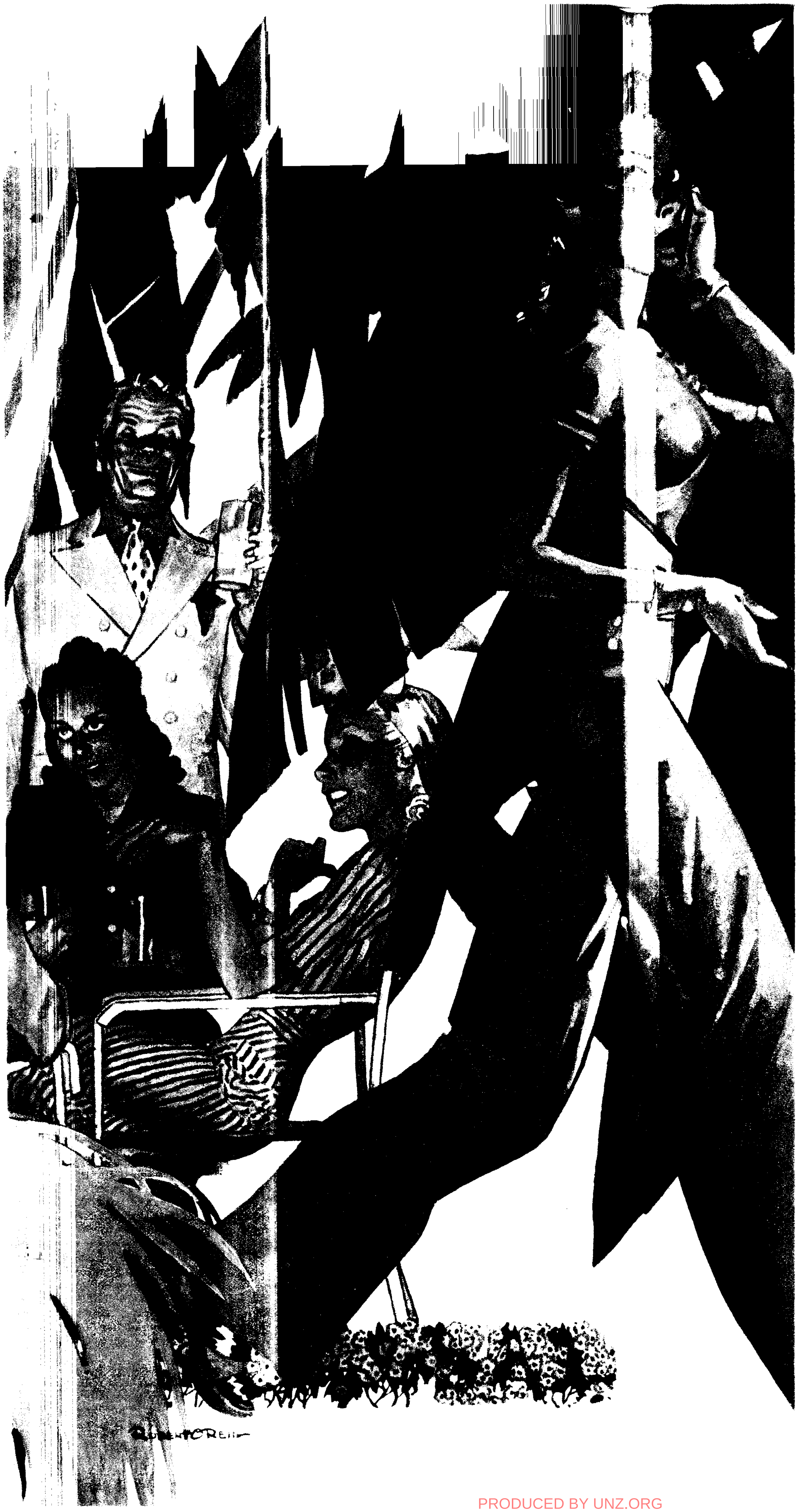
"All right," he cried finally. "That's enough. You certainly make it sound like murder with mayhem, and if that's the way you feel, say no more. I quit. . . . What do we do next?"

"We get out of Arizona," Harmony stated. "Anyhow, we're on the road to Honolulu."

One hour later, our bags were packed and we were humming west on an interstate bus, with Omar on a rear seat. Before we were clear of Phoenix, he had struck up acquaintance with a pretty tourist and was telling her his father owned the line.

WE DESCENDED in a town called Midwood, which is a suburb of Los Angeles and it was Harmony who selected Midwood, as he had one more invention in his system. Omar sneered, but Harmony insisted that Midwood was the place, as it happened to lie in the center of a vast and enthusiastic golfing community. It had four golf courses, and Harmony believed it would be an excellent place to market his new golf tee and thus pick up steamer money. Once we reached Honolulu and Joe Leddy, life would present no problems. Only we had to get there, Joe having refused to pay our passage, friends or no friends.

The Honolulu jobs were all right in the contemplation. Joe owned a nice business, Leddy's Motor Service, and we were to join his organization and become tour conductors, riding around Hawaii in elegant limousines, associating with rich tourists and beautiful women and explaining the quaint scenery of the sun-kissed isles. It sounded alluring, and to make it more attractive Omar had an ex-girl or former flame in Honolulu. She ran a restaurant



known as the Bali-Bali and Omar often waxed sentimental about her. It is never a bad idea to have an ex-sweetheart in a strange town, especially if she runs a restaurant.

Joe had painted Honolulu as a land of milk and honey, assuring us we would make a fortune, once we started, and there we would grow up with the pineapples and have hula girls singing away the hours among the coconut groves. When we spoke about boat fares, Joe became singularly reticent.

It had been Harmony's innocent intent to sell his tees at Midwood, mingling with the club members and buying them drinks, thus financing the expedition out to Joe's country. Omar saw it otherwise.

"They're worse than the carburetors," he grumbled. "We will be stuck in this loathsome community forever."

"The idea is sound," Harmony said, which was what he always said about inventions. "California is the right place, for they always need rain. It hasn't rained here in seventy years. Golf courses require green grass and lush fairways. There is nothing lush out here but the population."

"The tee is no good," said Omar. "I been around golf courses before and golfers won't buy 'em."

The tee referred to was Harmony's new grass grower. It was shaped like any ordinary wooden tee, but it was made of sodium nitrates, selected manure, bran mash and probably boiled spinach, all ingredients designed to fertilize backward soil. The idea was that when a golfer placed his ball on Harmony's tee and hit it, he also hit the tee and as the ball sailed away, the tee dissolved in a puff of dust and particles splattered the earth round about, causing the grass to grow furiously. Even to me, it sounded like a weak reed.

"And we have to sell them, do we?" Omar grunted. "It is this way we will earn our passage out to Honolulu. In a pig's pergola."

THE first thing we did was to make contact and Harmony came through with three guest cards enabling us to play golf at the Midwood Club, converse with members, buy meals and drinks, sit in the swings and ask members to buy tees. That was supposed to be our starting point and after a while Harmony expected the golf population of California to join in a magnificent rush for fertility tees.

Nothing of the sort happened. We became friendly with shoals of pleasant-spoken golfers, played golf with strangers and let them win, but within a week it was easy to see that nobody wanted grass-growing tees. They had tees—wooden ones, costing nothing. When the subject of lush grass was raised, the Californians said we must be joking, as a true native son would rather play golf on hard ground, as you get greater distance. One more invention walked the plank and Harmony became downcast and sent Joe Leddy another cable.

Meantime, Omar formed new friendships and while Harmony and I sat on the veranda and drank beer, he putted and swung with the members. Omar is a fair golfer and people like to play with him, as he howls when losing.

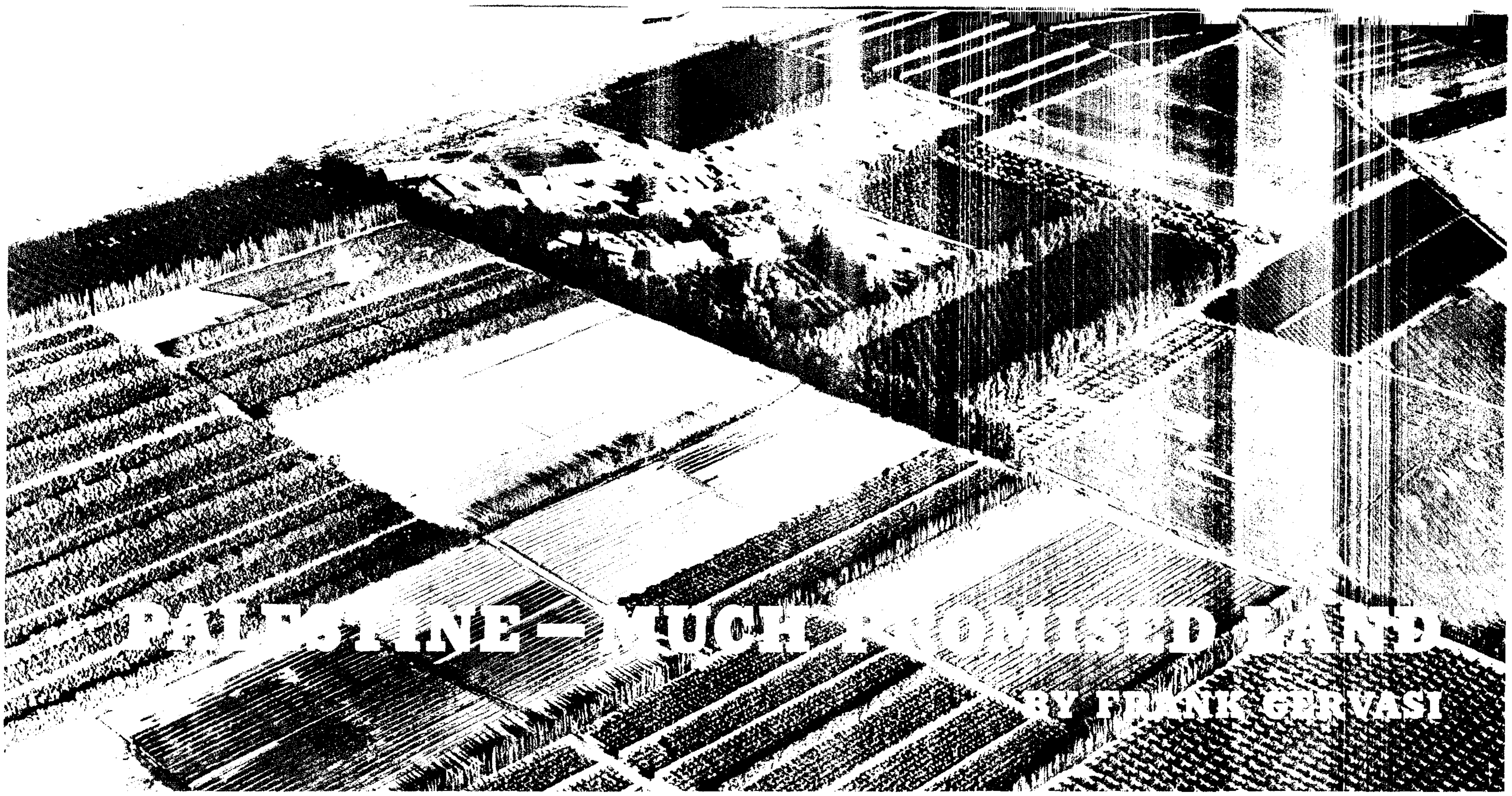
There was one member we didn't fancy, for he always seemed to be snarling at those about him. Nobody liked him and I wondered why they didn't toss him out. His name was Westbrook Cox, a short, ugly, wrinkled man with a permanent dislike for the human race and bitter in his speech. Omar played golf with him several times, ten cents a hole, and came through alive, as Cox almost always won.

The man Omar really liked was a newcomer named Andy van Horn, just

(Continued on page 48)

PALESTINE — MUCH PROMISED LAND

BY FRANK GERVASI



BLACK STAR

Agricultural Jews have made their part of Palestine an area of rich citrus groves

As long as England polices Palestine with 32,000 soldiers, the Arabs won't dare attack the Jews. If she shifts enough of these troops, however, to other war fronts, you may look for another bloody war in the Holy Land

IN PALESTINE there is a phantom army. It isn't much of an army as armies go nowadays—10,000 men maybe, and most of them have never even shot a rabbit with a .22. This army never parades and it has no band. It lives only by night. Then it drills furtively behind the wind-sculptured dunes on the desert's edge. By day it merges back into the life of the streets and the fields of that new country.

This army's uniforms are overalls, denim shorts and shirts or whatever its soldiers happened to be wearing when they knocked off work. They are bronzed, determined men who work with hammers, saws, picks, shovels, plows, air drills or drive trucks. They are all Jews and to them Palestine is something more than a word in a headline, or an emotion, or a piece of land about the size of Vermont lying between the Mediterranean and the river Jordan. To them Palestine is an idea, a dream to be fulfilled.

Physically and morally they are hard men, in the way men become hardened by work and suffering. Long after curfew has sounded they drill in small detachments wherever they think they are reasonably safe from the spies of the Arabs or the vigilance of police patrols. They do the manual of arms with wooden guns, they march and countermarch and deploy in mock guerrilla war over sands still hot from the noonday sun, on rocks that bruise and cut them in the dark.

Despite precautions and the alertness of sentries, small bands are occasionally spotted. That means arrests, jail and the third degree. So far at least 500 have been arrested and sweated. But the British authorities haven't been able to find out where their real rifles and machine guns and grenades are hidden.

Existence of this secret army is the best possible proof that British policy in Palestine has not been successful in welding the objectives of two powerful faiths, Islam and Jewry, any more than the British have been able to solve the problem of Ireland, which in emotional and psychological aspects the Palestinian question closely resembles.

That the Jews, a nonbelligerent people who've been historically taking it instead of dishing it out, have resolved to have an army shows they expect trouble. They know that one day, on that soil that provided the stage for the noble and the ignoble of the Bible, with its glorious past, its turbulent present and uncertain future, they must fight the Arab for supremacy. For the Jew it is fight or perish in Palestine. The Jew, who never fought before, has decided to kill or be killed that his dream might live.

The Jew and the Arab have only one thing in common. They both know that Britain has undertaken to do the impossible in Palestine. The Bible promised Palestine to the Jews, the Koran gave it to the Arabs. Britain, with her infinite ability to compromise until the last possible moment, promised it to both the Arabs and the Jews.

Promises That Couldn't Be Kept

Just as relations between two human beings must inevitably collapse when they are founded on lies or half-truths, so must the present setup in Palestine break down or be radically revised if Arab and Jew are to live side by side in peace. Palestine began all wrong. Back in 1915 the Turks threatened the Suez Canal, Britain's gate-valve from the Mediterranean to the East and India. Britain and her ally, France, decided to extend their imperial influence in the Near and Middle East by smashing the Ottoman Empire.

And this they did with the Arab revolt in the deserts, ably led by the romantic Colonel T. E. Lawrence. In a letter to the sheriff of Mecca, in 1915, Sir Henry McMahon, British commander in chief in Cairo, promised the Arabs independence, national and political autonomy over a wide area between the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf as a reward for their help in breaking the back of the Ottoman Empire.

Until Jerusalem and Damascus fell and the Turk was beaten, the Allies of the first World War were secondary powers in the Mediterranean. Until General Allenby rolled across the Jordan with his pith-helmeted troops and the Holy City fell, the Allies were losing the World War, their shipping constantly menaced in the Middle Sea, their communications to the East in jeopardy.

It wasn't until after the last war that it was disclosed that Britain and France had made impossible promises to the Arabs, that between them, in the Sykes-Picot Treaty of 1916, they had decided to divide the Arab lands in two spheres of influence.

PIX

In November, 1917, came the Balfour Declaration, which promised the Jews a "national home" in Palestine provided the religious and civil interests of the native populations were not violated. Britain established this Jewish home for two reasons. The first was that England, fundamentally a liberal nation and instinctively concerned with the difficulties of oppressed minorities, had a deep regard for the Jews and their problems and sincerely wanted to help them. Secondly England wanted the support of the financially powerful Jews of the United States.

But the lambs and the lions refused to play. The Arab resented the Jew who made the desert burgeon with oranges and fruits and vegetables just as the Bible said the children of Israel should do. Black-uniformed troops of Britain, with bayonets and bandoliers, guard the Wailing Wall to prevent the Jew from being massacred while he prays. Units of the Black Watch guard the Holy Sepulcher itself, for three faiths claim the Holy Land—Jewry, Christendom and Islam.

That army of 10,000 Jews isn't as puny as it sounds. There are 6,000 other Jews who will join it. These are members of the Palestinian police force. They are called Supernumeraries. They are expert

PIX

Constant vigilance is the price of order in Palestine. Above, a detachment of Cameron Highlanders guards one of Jerusalem's streets

At the left, Dr. Chaim Weizmann, president of the World Zionist Organization and statesman-leader of the Palestine Jews in their double fight with Great Britain and the Arabs

Right, smuggling of Europe's Jewish refugees into Palestine has become a profitable business. These are herded in squalor on a tiny ship, waiting a chance to go ashore after Britain stopped immigration of Jews because of Arab protests. Right, below, British troops, in an unrelenting search for terrorists, look for guns on passengers of a bus in Jerusalem

Below, the exiled Haj Amin al Husseini, Arab leader, known as "Red Beard" to his followers. He is a famous diplomat and is now carrying on his anti-British activities from Lebanon

in the use of firearms. By the time the army is needed to protect the property and lives of 400,000 Jews, there will be others to join it, and Palestine, which already has a flag, will also have its legions.

While there are British soldiers in the Holy Land in sufficient numbers, as there are now that England is fighting Germany, there will be peace—a peace that is really more a truce. But these troops will not forever remain in the Holy Land. Never has England been able to spare enough troops to keep peace really. The British High Commissioner has pleaded for more and more soldiers to keep the Arab in check. It took 18,000 British Tommies and three years, from 1936 to 1939, to subdue the last native revolt. The rebellion might not have ended when it did had not England been faced with war with Germany. In January, 1939, at the London Arab-Jewish Conference, Colonial Minister MacDonald pleaded with the two groups to pipe down as war was just over the rim.

An Inevitable Conflict

While there are 32,000 British Dragoons, Yeomen, Tommies and Aussies in Palestine, the Arabs will not dare attack the Jews. But what happens when these troops are shifted to other sectors of the eventual Middle Eastern war theater, or, with the war ended, they sail for home? The Jews know. The Arabs will come down out of the hills again. Bombs will burst in the night, and bullets will whine. That's why the Jews have created an army.

Probably because she recognized the fact that she never has defined the territorial extent of the national home she promised the Jews nor the extent of the political home she promised the Arabs, Britain, ever since obtaining a League of Nations mandate over Palestine 22 years ago, has employed compromise in dealing with the two groups. Concessions were made to the Jews at the expense of the Arabs, and vice versa. To atone for the first big concession in favor of the Jews—the right to establish a homeland in the Holy Land—Britain placated the Arabs by restricting Jewish immigration, limiting the amount of land the Jews might buy from the Arabs. She took definite steps toward granting the Arabs some form of political autonomy.

These concessions the British have been obliged to make to combat Fascist-Nazi penetration in the disgruntled, anti-Semitic Arab world. Propaganda and money from totalitarian tills and guns from dictatorial arsenals were effective in uniting the native populations against the Jews.

The activities of authoritarian agents in the Near and Middle East were particularly effective during the 1936-1939 Arab revolt. This period coincided significantly with the golden era of dictatorship in Europe. The argument that Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini were unable to spread their anti-Semitic poison and their defiance of democracy because the natives lacked radios is absurd. I found radios in every Arab village I visited. Every local café had one, bought by the proprietors on the installment plan—from American, British or French dealers in Palestine, Lebanon or Syria.

Arabs gather every evening to listen to the sweet music from Bari and Berlin while they drink their coffee. They like the radio after they quit work in the banana plantations or potash plants down where the Dead Sea lies like a greasy blue puddle on the dun-colored desert near Jericho.

Arab chauffeurs, guides and businessmen proved to me that if the dictators had something more than mere anti-Semitism to offer, Britain might have a widespread native revolution on her hands. But the dictators are broke. It takes money to make an Arab fight—money, or religion.

"Hitler's right about the Jews," one Arab said. "We ought to kill them all. Look"—we were rolling along through the rich orange groves of the coastal plain—"The Jews own all this. Every piece of land that's worth having they own. That isn't right."

He was silent when I reminded him that, after all, the Arabs sold the land to the Jews and received good gold in return. After deep thought he said:

"Yes, but if the Jews continue to come in great numbers, there will be no land left . . . only this . . ." and he pointed to the deforested hills that flanked the road on the right. Farther on we came to where Arabs were plowing. They used a stick with a spike for a plowshare, or the sharp root of an olive curved by nature into a plow. The Jews use tractors.

"Maybe—" he said thoughtfully, "maybe we would be better off under the Turks. . . ."

I found many who think like him, who hate the British. They promised the Arabs freedom and self-government. They didn't get it. Arabs who share these opinions follow the leadership of the Mufti, Haj Amin Effendi al Husseini. He is the temporal and spiritual leader of Palestinian Arabs—and Britain's greatest enemy. He makes his headquarters in Bagdad, but his message comes into Palestine and penetrates into Transjordania, Iraq, Iran, the Yemen and Saudi Arabia with the migratory shepherds and the caravans, and it is a message well understood in that part of the world where to kill an infidel is to get an "M" in Mecca.

The Mufti is known *(Continued on page 64)*

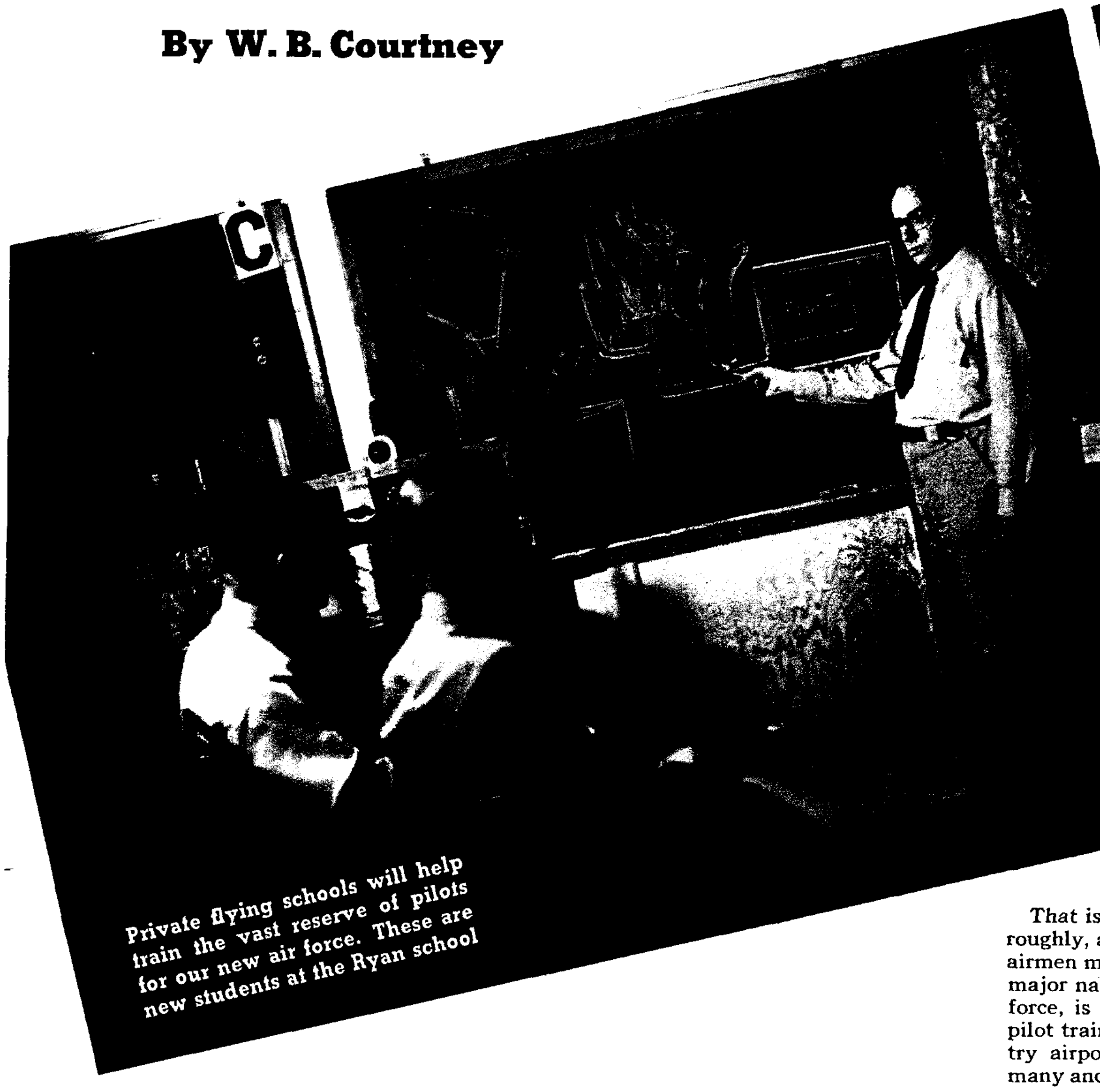
WIDE WORLD

PIX

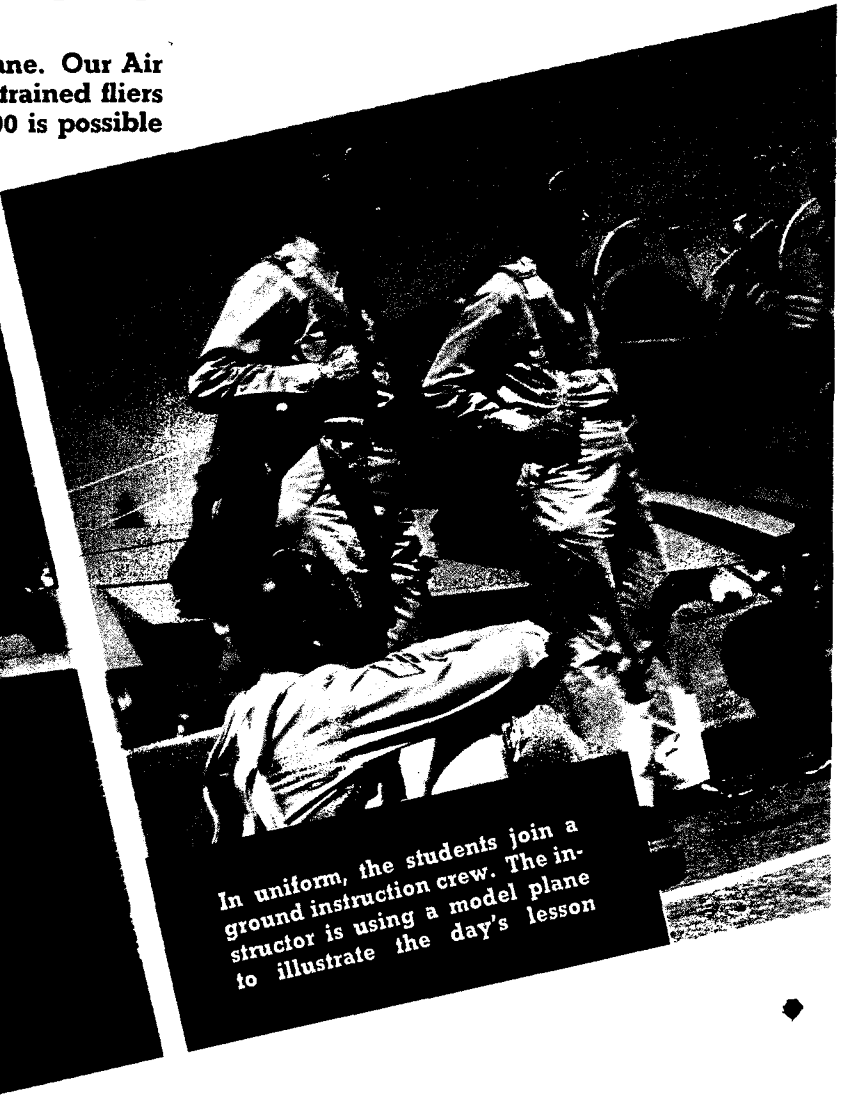
We're Losing No Time Here

Prime need of any air force is trained fliers in ratio of three to five for each plane. Our Air Corps training program, wise and farsighted, will provide 7,000 fully, safely trained fliers a year. If planned branches are set up a yearly production of 30,000 to 50,000 is possible

By W. B. Courtney



Private flying schools will help train the vast reserve of pilots for our new air force. These are new students at the Ryan school



In uniform, the students join a ground instruction crew. The instructor is using a model plane to illustrate the day's lesson

IF YOU are one-and-twenty or six-and-twenty, or even if you are just plain twenty, you can pat yourself on the back. You are among the luckiest persons alive. For you can take advantage of the greatest bargain that any foremost nation has ever offered its fit and willing youth. Something that assures you a profitable career in peacetime, and a better chance to keep a whole skin if war comes.

You must be in pinkest health, and, besides *all your teeth, eyes and limbs*, you've got to have two years of college education or be able to answer a lot of questions fished out of textbooks covering that much schooling. One thing, above all, Captain Jack Horton, commanding the Air Corps Detachment at the Ryan School of Aeronautics in San Diego, California, and First Lieutenant Lloyd P. Hopwood, adjutant, will explain to you while their airmen's bodkin eyes drill holes in your psyche:

"You've got to love flying!"

The war in Europe casts a long shadow. It has a distinct bearing on the new flight-training program of the Army Air Corps. We have got to consider it now for a moment in order to understand rightly what this unparalleled chance to learn to fly means to the young men of the United States—and to *their mothers and other loved ones.*

Everybody in military circles debates this and that lesson of the current tragedy. But the biggest lesson of all—the only one that stands forth so clearly that it leaves no room for argument—is hardly mentioned. It is this: In mechanized war, man is more important than the machine. Man has come back as a killer.

War being in essence the grossest form of wastage, it used to be said in the military textbooks that "everything is expendable in war except time." The present war in Europe has definitely revised the textbooks to this extent: "Everything is expendable in war except time—*and men.*"

Pilots Count More Than Planes

German officers discussed this new concept with me. They pointed out how their Polish campaign was based almost entirely on tank and plane blows, with infantry coming up merely in the function of policing. They lost, according to official figures, 10,000 killed. For this they subjugated a nation of 34,000,000 population; emasculated a fully mobilized and well-armed first-line army of 1,500,000 men. This was the cheapest —forgive the callous term of warfare— price ever paid for such a huge conquest. Authoritative figures for later campaigns, in which other factors such as long-communication-line hazards were encountered, are not yet available for criticism. *However, there is no reason* to believe the modern idea of the relative greater importance of capable pilots and other technicians over machines has been altered.

That is why about one dollar in six—roughly, according to estimates German airmen made for me—expended by each major nation in the war for its total air force, is spent, or should be spent, on pilot training. It is why the back-country airports of England, France, Germany and other nations in Europe today swarm with eager youngsters. Europe still has *more planes than men to fly them.*

"The proper ratio," German air officers told me, "would be three or five pilots for every plane. This will surprise you. We don't feel the war is necessarily going to be won by the side with the greatest number of airplanes, but rather by the side with the greatest number of well and completely trained pilots.

"A capable, experienced pilot in a mediocre ship can fight rings around an *inexperienced or unthoroughly trained* pilot in the best and fastest ship!"

Germany and Italy, pledging the bulk of their military faith in aviation, years ago began extensive and intensive flight-training programs. Hundreds of glider schools, light-plane associations, sailplane clubs, indoctrination classes in grade and high schools over the past decade, built the background for Germany's modern air power.

So far as your correspondent knows, the only other professional military body in the world that foresaw this lesson of the new predominance of men as individuals in war, the irreplaceable value of trained lives and the paramount necessity of cherishing, protecting and increasing them, was the Air Corps of the United States Army.

Foresaw it and, more important, *actually did something about it.*

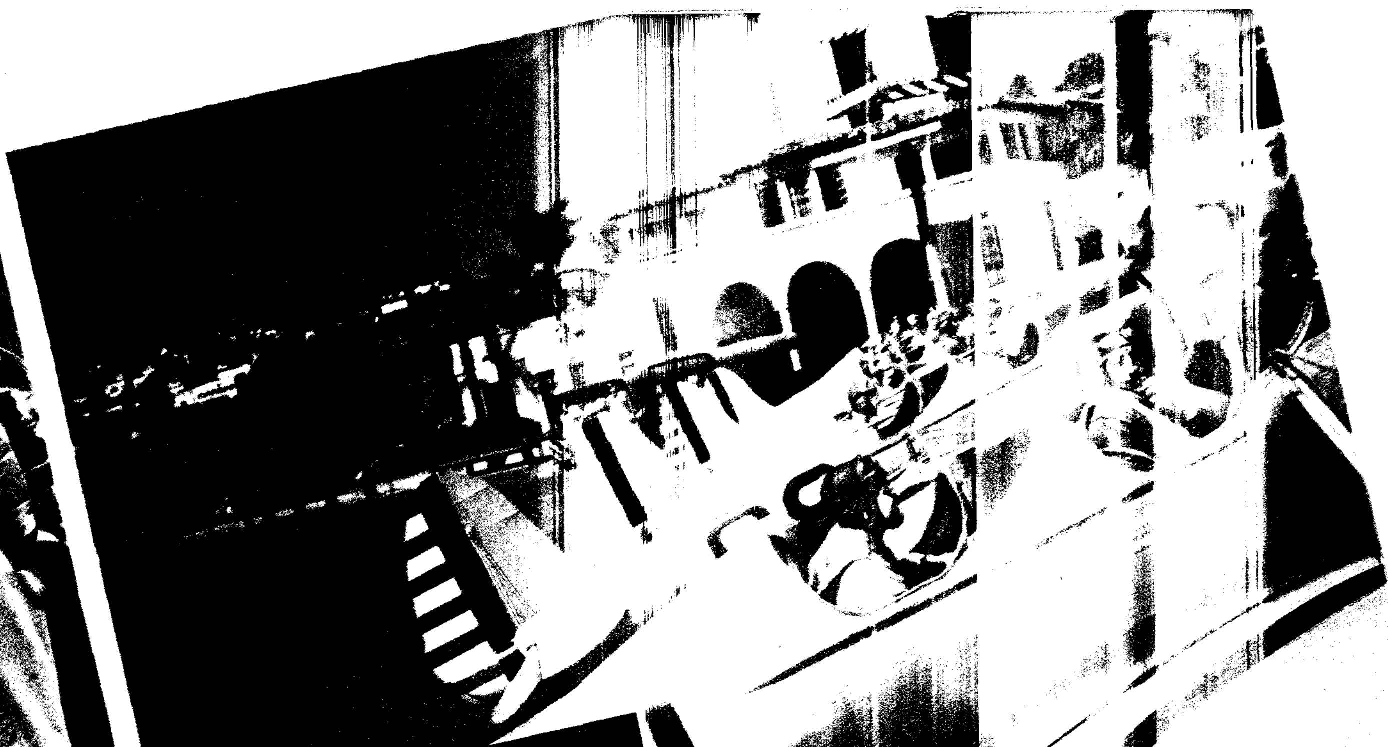
Its sagacity has made the Air Corps nearest to ready of any branch of the American military establishment today. The Navy gingerly admits its uncertainty about modern air blows. It is common knowledge in Washington that the Army could not be ripened within a year to have the ghost of a chance against, say, either the French or the German army. We have only the sketchiest supply of Garand rifles, tanks, anti-aircraft batteries, machine guns; and in the quantities necessary these things cannot be manufactured overnight. Our general staff knows that right now our Army would be more of a pushover than the Polish was, if we had to meet the Germans on the same terms.

Framework for Training

Figures do not mean what they used to, and in view of world conditions American military calculations have to be fluid. In the 1939 Air Corps program, *a balanced force of 5,500 planes was projected* with a flier personnel about equal in number. Some 3,200 commissioned pilots on regular status; a couple thousand more in reserve.

Such a body of more than 5,000 completely trained and ready military fliers was far in excess of the available Air Corps strength. Moreover, it was beyond the capacity of the solitary primary training center, Randolph Field, to school them fast enough so that flier and plane quotas would be reached simultaneously. Many reservists were called up; that helped. But Air Corps leaders realized that it was vital to national security, and to our standing as a world aviation power, to produce a much larger number of new military pilots yearly. Essential, also, to form a school framework that in time of war could be *expanded quickly into a really vast* training system.

How could this be accomplished, within the inflexible standards that make military flying a different matter



First flying instruction is a big moment for the student pilot. The instructors occupy the front cockpit of the two-seat trainer

The student's loneliest moment comes when his instructor says, "Okay, take it around yourself," and he's off on his first solo

They're in the air, and on the ground the instructors anxiously watch their students and grade their first attempts at flying

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY JAMES N. DOOLITTLE

from pushing your family airbus around private aviation club fields or to your favorite beach?

There are four stages of military pilot training: primary, basic, advanced, and service with tactical or combat units. They correspond to the stepped phases of ordinary education: grade school, high school, college—and life's work.

Randolph Field, of which you read comprehensively in Collier's when it was inaugurated less than a decade ago, was both grade and high school of the Air Corps; Kelly Field was the college. There is a tactical school at Maxwell Field, Alabama, for postgraduate work. In peacetime, at least, the Air Corps gives pilots three or four years logging before they are permitted to fly the "best stuff." An Army flier must have 1,250 hours before he can be chief pilot of a twin-motor bomber; corresponding hourage before he gets the latest pursuits.

Some officers believe this caution is excessive; that pilots, in training days, should be chosen and intensively pointed for pursuit or bombardment, and that after graduation from Kelly, plus six months' seasoning under a good squadron commander, they are ready to handle the hottest planes in any sky.

The first stage—the primary or elementary—is the bottleneck of military flight training. Experience shows that 40 in a class of 100 will be eliminated then. The basic, or high school, flight class will drop only 5 or 6. The advanced, or college class, 1 or 2.

The facilities of Randolph Field, finest air-training center on earth, were therefore devoted to classes that would dwindle almost in half as they went through. Consequently, many of the school's parts would be left unused. This was as though half the desks in the

(Continued on page 66)

Rain Before Seven

By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN Natalie French, with whom Caleb Thatcher is in love, marries Mark Gabriel in Wallisport, Massachusetts, Caleb goes away and fights for the Loyalists in Spain. A few years later, he returns only to learn that Natalie (who has become a widow) has undergone a curious change, and that he no longer loves her. Wallisport, too, has undergone a change. The conflict in Europe is raging, and war orders are pouring in on the town. All the big concerns—notably the Gabriel Machine Tool Company, of which John Gabriel, Natalie's brother-in-law, is the head—are working overtime.

Caleb sees much of Hope Shaler, an attractive girl who admires him but who, shortly after his return, becomes engaged to John Gabriel. . . . Bert Hendricks, employed by a labor union, comes to Wallisport. Having fought beside him in Spain, Caleb gives him a warm welcome. A short time later, fire destroys one of John Gabriel's factory buildings. Whereupon, John asks the police to arrest Hendricks (whom he suspects of incendiarism) and keep an eye on Caleb.

But Hope Shaler, who feels sure that Hendricks is not guilty, enables him to make his getaway—in her car. . . . Meanwhile, Natalie has learned much concerning John's war orders and other highly confidential matters. And she has been continuing an affair, started long before, with Greg Ashburn. Very much in love with Greg, she now finds herself in a precarious situation; for Greg, an Englishman to whom she has betrayed many important industrial secrets, tells her that he is a member of the British intelligence service! . . .

Hope, learning that John is jealous of Caleb, tells Caleb that they must see *no* more of each other. They part the best of friends. Then Caleb—who is being shadowed, and knows it—finds an incriminating document among his effects. Not having put it there, he believes that John is attempting to "frame" him. Indignant, he goes to John's home and, in the presence of Hope, informs him that he does not intend to be a victim of persecution. Only the timely arrival of Greg Ashburn (who defends Caleb vigorously) prevents a fight. . . .

Puzzled by a number of happenings which make it appear that other operatives are at work, Greg reviews some of them with Natalie. Natalie listens. Then: "Could someone be spying on you?" Greg shrugs. "Counterespionage? How do I know? It's possible. And I don't like it."

IV

NATALIE had resolved to let no emotion past her guard, but there was a moment at the seventh tee when she was close to tears. Not the fresh green of the fairway sloping down toward Wallisport caused that weakness, not the blue map of the bay and Persis Neck and the open sea, with the long smokes of two steamers, the flash of several sails and some fish boats coming in. Not that tinted peacefulness, but Hope—Hope stooping to tee her ball, rising and forgetting to drive, standing in the salt breeze with her hair fluttering at her forehead and her skirt fluttering at her knees, turning to Natalie, and saying:

"Since that abominable night I've been on my knees to everyone but you. Well, I apologize—I'm honestly sorry I've resented you. It's just that you scare me by being everything I'm not. . . . For heaven's sake, what have I done now?"

She had merely roused the part of Natalie most easily roused these days, her self-loathing. For Hope had accepted this golf as a peace offering, and Natalie had proposed it for the deliberate purpose of finding out anything she could.

"Made me ashamed. . . . Could you get the idea that you're everything I'm not?"

Hope sat beside her on the bench. "You said middy blouse but stockings make the point. I naturally put on wool for golf and just as naturally you've got on two-thread chiffon. I look as if I'd been catching frogs and you look as if you were at a reception. You're the stuff Gabriels are made of. It looks as if I'm not."

"It takes all kinds of legs to make a chorus," Natalie said, recovering. But there was disquiet in that last remark. "Have you been quarreling with John?"

"I'd feel better if I had. Quarreling is healthy—what I can't stand is this—" Hope pounded the turf with her driver. "Everybody is hysterical. Like people who've lost their minds. Everybody suspicious, hating one another, and saying insane things."

"It's quite true that that half-hour was insane," Natalie said. "It's how we fight a war we're keeping out of. War makes insane half-hours."

"I can't take it—and I won't. Caleb talked like the wronged heroine! John was worse—practically calling him a spy! All because Caleb was in the Spanish army with Bert Hendricks."

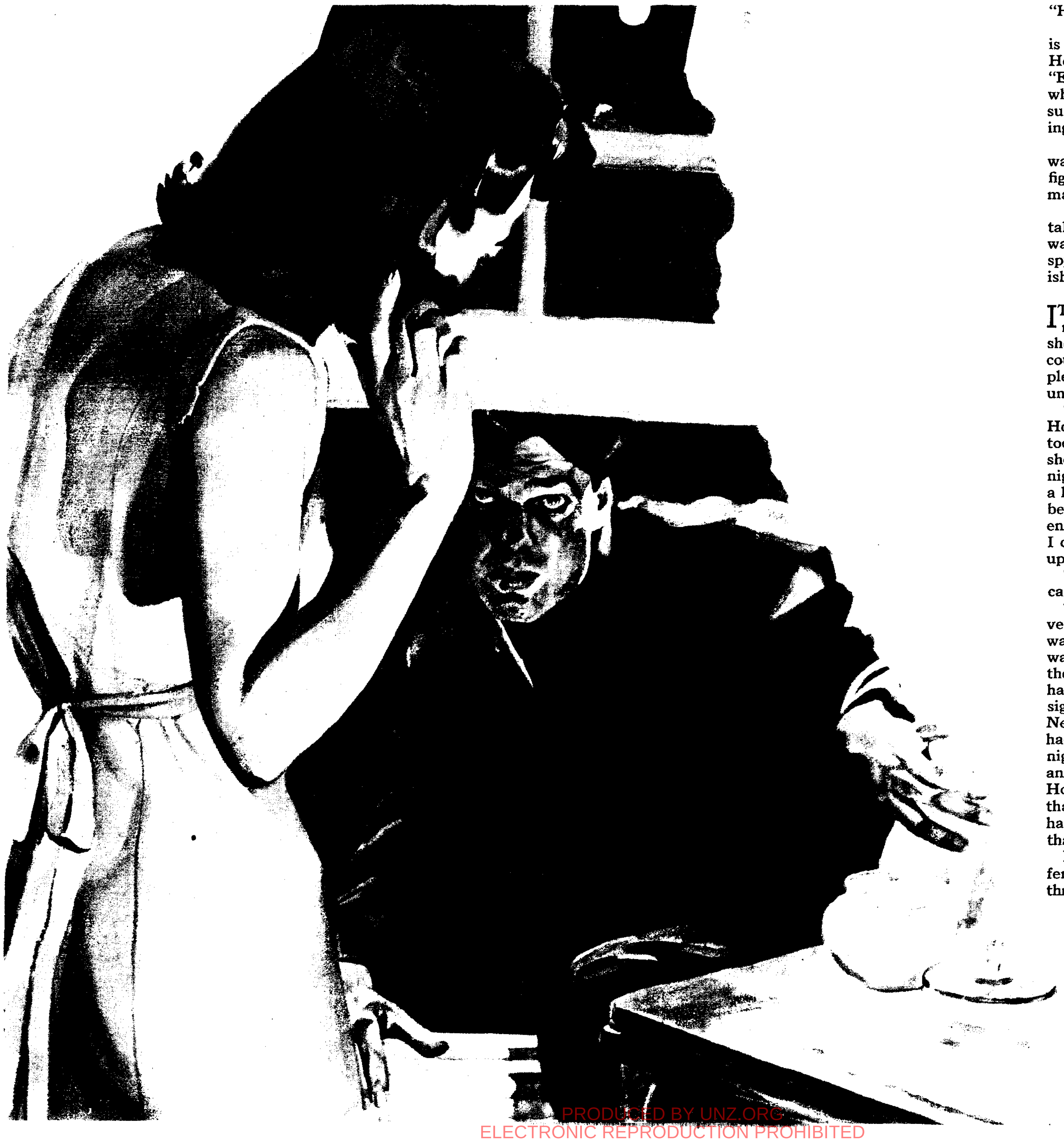
IT WAS precisely such incidental information that Natalie wanted, and she should have followed up fast. She couldn't. Hope's mere youth, her complete inability to believe in the dark undercurrent, shamed her into silence.

"Mystery is a contagious disease," Hope went on. "I'm getting secretive, too. Now that I know John would be shocked if I sneezed in church. That night his precious fire broke out, I was a lot more indiscreet than I would have been if I'd realized I was going to get engaged to him the next day. What do I do? Tell him and shock him, or shut up and go on feeling guilty?"

"Anyway, you don't confess to me. I can't tell you what to do about John."

That was almost incredible: on the very brink of finding out what she most wanted to know, what Greg apparently wanted most to know, she had refused the confidence. Her first experiment in hard-boiled craftiness had collapsed at sight of trouble in a young girl's eyes! *Nevertheless, she had learned that Hope* had done something indiscreet that night, and Hope had been with Caleb, and what seemed merely indiscreet to Hope might be, in Caleb, much worse than that. Nonsense! Probably Caleb had kissed her and Hope was regretting that as infidelity to John. But still . . .

Later, hoping to get farther by a different road, she went to the mills—thrilling to their activity as soon as she



A whisper said, "It's me—Hendricks. Can I come in for a minute?" He didn't wait for permission but climbed in

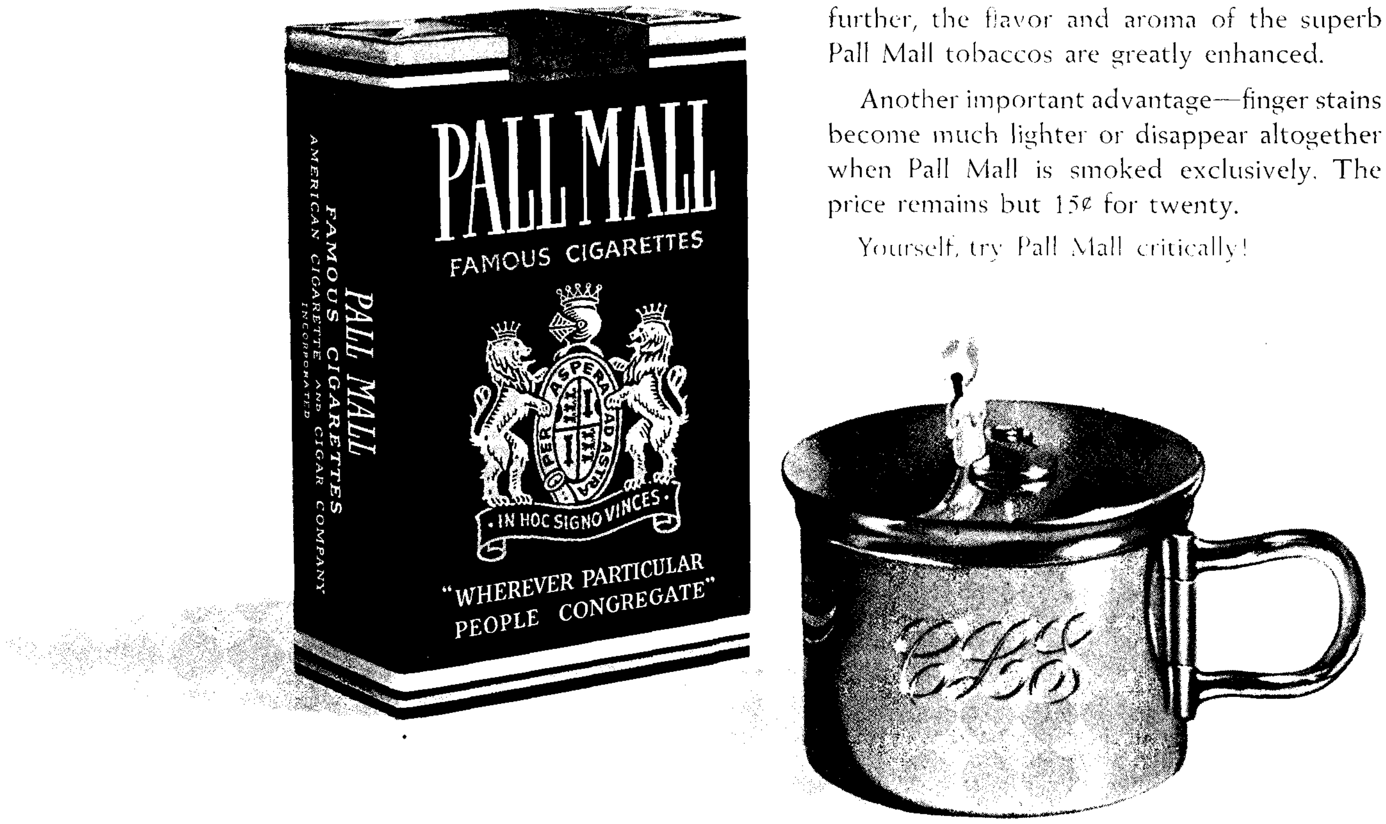
A noticeably cooler and smoother cigarette

● THE ADDITIONAL LENGTH TRAVELS THE SMOKE FURTHER

● SMART PEOPLE EVERYWHERE are welcoming the distinguished new Pall Mall because its added length travels the smoke further, and thus gives you a noticeably cooler and smoother cigarette. By traveling the smoke further, the flavor and aroma of the superb Pall Mall tobaccos are greatly enhanced.

Another important advantage—finger stains become much lighter or disappear altogether when Pall Mall is smoked exclusively. The price remains but 15¢ for twenty.

Yourself, try Pall Mall critically!


PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
PER ASPERA AD ASTRA
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
AMERICAN CIGARETTE AND CIGAR COMPANY INCORPORATED

Copyright 1940 American Cigarette and Cigar Co.

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

was inside the gates. The long, low buildings were grim; glimpses of machines in action reminded you of the importance of what went on here. She saw an army major in uniform—if she had her wish, there would be British uniforms too. There stood the building that had been on fire—and that was a more shocking reminder of currents below currents, mysterious and dangerous, of John's anxiety, of the intolerable possibility that someone was moving with deadly stealth toward Greg.

John welcomed her in his office—and how long could she stand the knowledge of what she had done to him and proposed still to do? . . . They had both been constrained since that scene in the library, and he had told her nothing of the deadly search he must be making to find out how information had leaked out. If he knew that there was not one leak but two, if he learned that she, whom he trusted most of all, was one of them! But she had gone too far to turn back, and there were no second chances, ever.

After a while, she said, "Secrets bother me. Absurdities bother me still more. Why did you think Caleb had got hold of those figures himself?"

"He had them, didn't he? And his story was a preposterous lie."

"It sounded preposterous, but couldn't it have been true? Look, the specifications described a machine we've never built."

He smiled grimly. "And never could. When I looked a second time I saw it was a mechanical absurdity. But he had their destination right. . . . He's a clever devil. It could be clever to make out that paper with the specifications wrong."

"Except that nothing anyone has ever known about Caleb suggests that he's sinister. Not even that he's capable of being serious."

"You're trusting, my dear—and you were in love with him once." John was staring fixedly at his desk. A painful blush came to his face, and when he looked up there was a kind of shame in his eyes. "I admit I hate him. Wallisport, Harvard, everywhere—he's been the one who did the graceful things I couldn't do, took the risks I didn't dare to take, been universally liked where I've been disregarded. I'm a plodder, I've got a good rating at the bank, I'm known as solid, sound, reliable. Can you understand that a man like me might sometimes wish he knew how to be brilliant?"

She was in danger of letting emotion undermine her resolution again. Stick to the point! "There! But being brilliant doesn't make him dangerous."

"No. But he was in the army of a Communist government. Natalie, he may not even be an American citizen. If you've fought for Communism, will you give it up?"

There was no hope of making him understand that the Loyalist government had not been Communist. "Men from your own clubs were in that army," she said.

"All right, forget the army. . . . A hundred yards away, a building of ours was burned. Probably that was the violence of a defeated union. It could have been Communist sabotage just as well, but forget that too. Whatever it was, Thatcher hid the man who was responsible. Hid him and drove him out of town."

"Even that could have been, well, just friendship."

He took a thick typescript from a desk drawer. "If so—what a friendship! This is a history of Bert Hendricks. I can't let you read it, but a friend of Hendricks is an enemy of everything you live by. . . . Don't let your own friendship make you blind. What was he doing the night of the fire?"

Exactly. That was what she wanted to know—what she assumed he knew. "What was he? He went to the dance—with Hope. We saw him there."

"He took her home long before the fire."

She saw that he was angry again, accusing Caleb of using Hope's innocence. "What makes you think he had anything to do with the fire? What do you know?"

"Nothing," he acknowledged. "If I knew anything, I'd have the government come in. I do know—well, that there's something to be found out."

"How do you know that?"

"I can't tell you." Regret showed in his face. "I'm not hiding things from you, Natalie—I'm protecting others. . . . How I hate this secrecy and suspicion! If it was only a farm we owned, or a candy factory, or a filling station!"

She had failed again, and this time it was not his fault. She was tired out—but there was a despicable feeling of gladness that she had failed.

She stood up. "Who doesn't hate it?" she said wearily. "It's shameful to have to hide things. It's more shameful to know you've hidden them. . . . You've had detectives on Caleb—an old friend of ours. You'll have them on me, some day."

That made him laugh a little. He took her arm—and she felt as if she were contaminating him. They stood at a window. Overhead, clouds had begun to color with sunset. In one building a series of blinding, blue-yellow flashes spurted across the gloom. Below them a tractor was towing an immense truck that held a canvas-colored machine.

"That's going to Springfield to make American artillery," he said. "That's what you forget—that war is loose in the world, that we're important in many ways, that we're open to attack and must defend ourselves. In this plant, no matter what we do, there are spies and will be. Union spies, spies on union spies, Russian and German spies, British spies—"

"British? Why should there be?"

"I'm alarming you. I don't want to. . . . That's worst of all, that women have to be alarmed. If women can't be spared fear, then we've all failed."

The reference was to Hope but for a moment Natalie had felt as if it were to herself—and she was not going to be able to stand much more of this. She went out trying to believe that once, perhaps, she had been entitled to John Gabriel's belief in her. And she still felt that paradoxical pride in him, that she had not been able to worm a secret from him. This once Greg's agent had failed Greg's purpose. And this was one of the times she had taunted Greg with, a time when she was close to hating him.

Emotions that were impossible to harmonize fought in her. Out of the conflict came a slow, bitter decision. Greg was expecting her tonight and she would not go. She shivered with the realization that she wanted to inflict pain on him to allay the shame that she now habitually felt in John's presence. No matter! She drove to meet the 5:43—she would meet him, tell him, and if they quarreled again, so much the greater her relief.

But seeing his man, Smurthwaite, waiting with the station wagon, she forgot her intention and was paradoxically hurt by the knowledge that she could not see him alone. The train came in, commuters swarmed through the station and Greg was in the midst of them, his face lighting when he saw her. "Oh, good!" He beckoned Smurthwaite. "I'll be a moment with Mrs. Gabriel." He led her down the long platform.

"I'm sorry," he said mournfully. "Tonight is off. I was going to phone you. I've got to—well, there will be people around."

That was exactly what she had wanted, but now it was a sharp frustration. "And our reputations would suffer if someone saw me driving you home?" she said unhappily. "Well, all I wanted was—here, just why do you think Caleb Thatcher was acting suspiciously the night of the fire?"

"John told me so," Greg said promptly. "Why?"

"I'm trying to learn my profession—" sulkily. "You indicated you wanted to know. You wanted me to spy on Caleb. So that's what I'm doing."

Greg's deprecating patience made her feel unjust, even shrewish. "It was your question originally," he said. "Put it this way. After you got home from that dance you were supposed to go to bed. But you went to my place!"

"Yes. I had some hope of being kissed. Nothing came of it."

He looked angry at that but merely said, "What did you see?"

"Nothing. . . . I was being a schoolgirl that evening. I sneaked out of the house like a schoolgirl and drove there as sentimentally as a schoolgirl. You had said you wouldn't be back, but couldn't I hope you would be? My heart turned over like a schoolgirl's when I saw there were lights. But I remembered in time that there might be somebody with you—so I went home again."

Striking at both of them, she had succeeded only in making him more exasperatingly patient. "Did you see anyone? Did you notice anyone?"

"No. I simply realized that if anyone saw me he wouldn't misunderstand."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure. What could I possibly have seen?"

"Well, if you'd seen Thatcher anywhere about, for instance."

"At one o'clock, or two o'clock, in the morning?"

"If you had, it would have been an odd time for a neighbor to be about, wouldn't it? You asked me the other night if somebody could be watching me. Has it occurred to you that Thatcher's in a good position to?"

Here was the same absurd idea that John had—that Caleb had it in him to be a conspirator. But any threat to Greg out of the unknown . . . and this fear was cut across by the realization that Greg had been seeing someone secretly that night. That was why he had been disturbed by John's hint—he was afraid that Caleb might have seen.

Greg waved to Smurthwaite and took her hand. "I've got to push on. . . . Tomorrow evening we'll forget tonight. . . . Nothing has come from Washington?"

"No."

She watched the station wagon move away, and she was thinking, dazedly, that when something did come from Washington she need not, might not, would not pass it on to Greg. It was possible to end her degradation, break with it forever, and from then on justify John Gabriel's deluded faith. . . . Oh, why try to delude herself? She would get it for Greg, she would get anything Greg wanted.

Driving to Caleb's house the next afternoon, she found him in. But that was about all she found. She was grave, friendly, apologizing for John's unthinkable accusations. Caleb was no less urbane, agreeing that the strain John lived under would make anyone unreasonable. He was as agreeable as possible and she could see into him just as far as she could into a stone wall. Plainly it would get her nowhere to strike the chord of regretful reminiscence, and if they had once had a language of eyes and lips it would not serve her now. There was nothing to do but to converse pleasantly on the outside of the fence he had set up—and realize that Caleb was neither so malleable nor so transparent as she had believed.

There remained the chance that a candor like Hope Shaler's might succeed and, going to her car, she stopped, faced him and said with what might seem limpidity, "I've been hedging. I came here to tell you that John's very much in earnest. I think he's stupid and I think he's jealous, but that won't deter him from going on. Whereas, if you'll tell me what happened the night of the fire, I'll be able to pacify him."

His spare face fell easily into lines of humor. "You're so much more attractive than the dick I slapped."

"I don't understand."

"And only a little brighter. Stupid men get stupid agents. . . . Still, we were in love with each other for a while. I could tremble and rant about you then—maybe it wasn't so stupid to think you could buy me out of it with a promise. But I'd have thought John Gabriel much too high-minded to try a bribe like that."

"Buy you out of what?"

"Whatever Gabriel sent you to find out."

"Will you understand," she said in a sudden towering rage, "that John didn't send me here? He'd be scandalized if he knew I'd come."

"It's your own idea?"

"It was. I thought you'd trust a friendly impulse. . . ."

"Suppose I had. I'd have been sold out, wouldn't I? And John would have bought me with you. And you'd have bought me with—oh, say a regretful memory, or a kiss?"

She knew, driving away, her hands shaking so that she could hardly hold the wheel, that she hated him the more because what he said was true. But also if he would not trust her, then there was something not to trust her with.

So she would see.

Aunt Elinor said dryly, "Am I supposed not to hear you going out and coming in at ungodly hours? Clearly John Gabriel wouldn't be meeting you at such hours. Can it be insomnia?"

Hope was just dreary. "I get to thinking. I'm not used to it."

There was both kindness and forbearance in that weathered face. "I'm interested in what you find to think about—or I don't have to be."

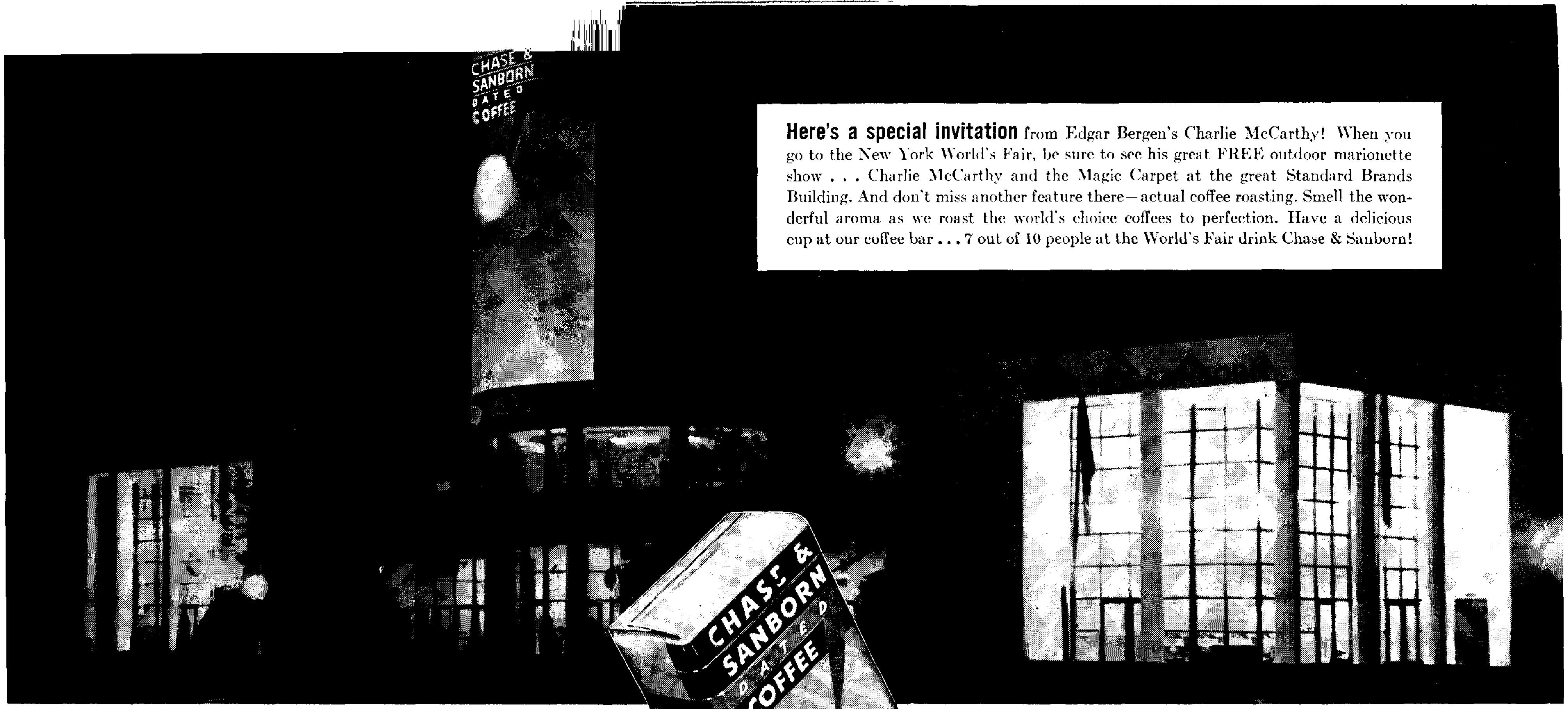
"I'm not interested in it." That was all she could say.

She had telephoned to Caleb the morning after that ghastly scene, and said that she was going to tell John it was she who had driven Bert to Boston. Caleb had roared, commanding her to keep her mouth shut. "But I can't let you take the blame—and I can't stand lying to John," she wailed. "Too bad—for you've got to. It isn't you that's being protected, it's Bert Hendricks," he said, and she lamented, "But they will find out you're lying, and then they'll find out I'm lying."

"At least they won't know the truth. Get this: you are not permitted to let anyone know what happened. Any word you say may get him into jail. Play your hand the way it's dealt or I'll personally choke you."

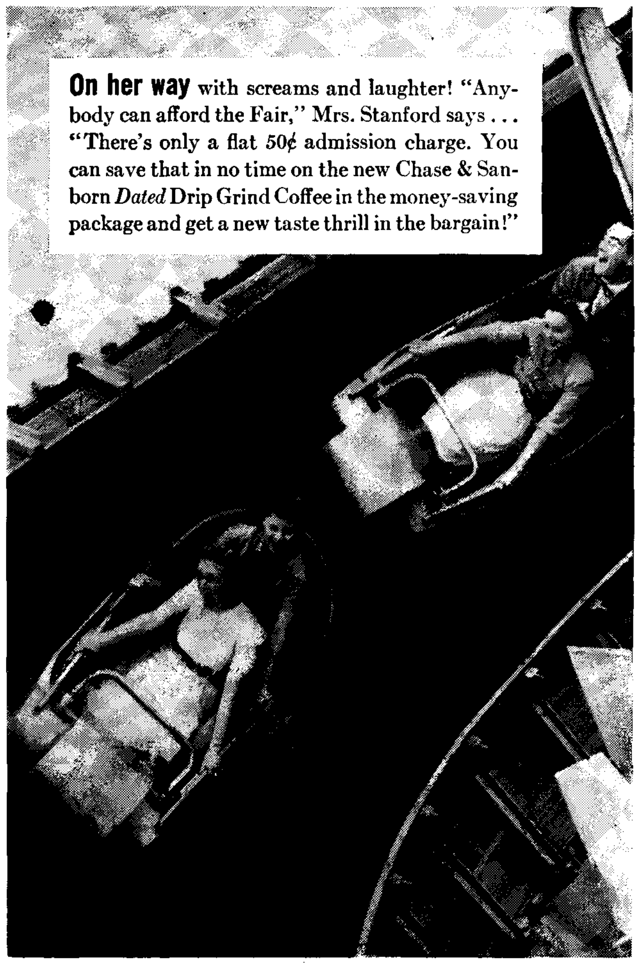
That was the vise she was held in: Bert's freedom might depend on her lie. It had been bad enough dealing with John that night, feeling at last the full power of the circumstances she had got caught in. The lie maintained between them since had been worse—and the thought that Caleb was between them. That night John had poured out a turbulence of suspicion that sickened her. In desperation she had had to defend Caleb, and every word she said made John the more positive and wounded him more deeply.

"But it's shrieking nonsense, John! It would be sidesplitting if it weren't ghastly. Caleb isn't plotting against you—or anyone else. If he were, he's got



Here's a special invitation from Edgar Bergen's Charlie McCarthy! When you go to the New York World's Fair, be sure to see his great FREE outdoor marionette show . . . Charlie McCarthy and the Magic Carpet at the great Standard Brands Building. And don't miss another feature there—actual coffee roasting. Smell the wonderful aroma as we roast the world's choice coffees to perfection. Have a delicious cup at our coffee bar . . . 7 out of 10 people at the World's Fair drink Chase & Sanborn!

Copyright, 1940, by Standard Brands Inc.



On her way with screams and laughter! "Anybody can afford the Fair," Mrs. Stanford says . . . "There's only a flat 50¢ admission charge. You can save that in no time on the new Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Drip Grind Coffee in the money-saving package and get a new taste thrill in the bargain!"

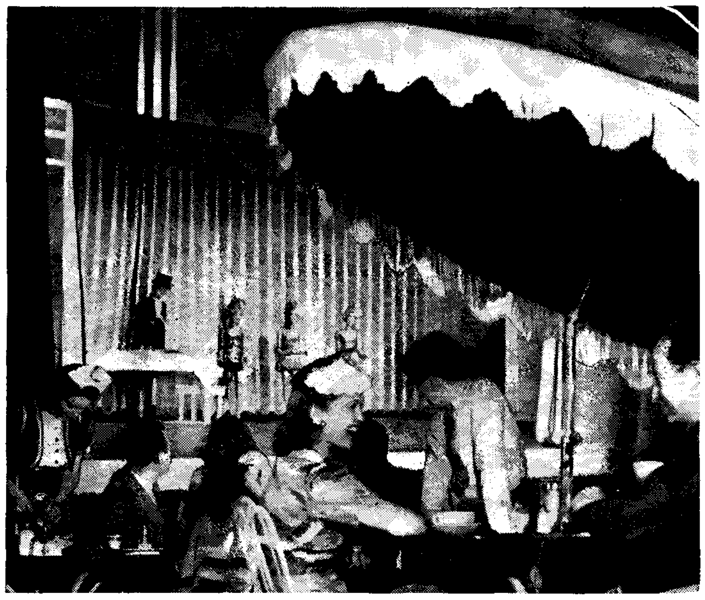
Chase & Sanborn's *"friendly flavor"* has a thrilling date at the New York World's Fair

Once back on terra firma after the breath-taking thrills of the Parachute Jump—Mr. and Mrs. Bush will be ready for a good strong cup of heart-warming coffee. "Chase & Sanborn" . . . pretty Mrs. Bush is promising herself ". . . the kind we always drink back home—in that rich new Drip Grind . . . and I'd like a little of its 'friendly flavor' right now!"

"The water's warm, but the air's cold!" Billy Rose's gorgeous "Aquacade" girls are glad to line up and warm up with a steaming, pungent, fragrant cup of Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Drip Grind Coffee before the plunge! Its thrilling, exhilarating flavor should put fresh zip and rhythm in the next performance.

New swing bands at World's Fair are phenomenally popular; can't swing it too fast for the jitterbugs. Chase & Sanborn are popular, too, for thrilling, fast delivery; speed rich, fine-quality *Dated* Coffee fresh from roasting ovens to grocer. It's speed that protects *Dated* Coffee's tempting, fragrant freshness.

The Stearns never miss Edgar Bergen's Charlie McCarthy on Chase & Sanborn Sunday program NBC Red Network; are taking in his marionette show at the Fair. Here they are in Standard Brands Pavilion enjoying their favorite Drip Grind *Dated* Coffee —rich, tangy, fresh flavor—as much as you can drink for a dime!



"You've NEVER Looked So Beautiful... So Radiant!"

See How Pepsodent with Irium Removes Surface-Stains from Your Teeth!

...HELPS YOU WIN ADMIRATION THAT'S *RIGHTFULLY YOURS!*

This Seal Is Proof PEPSODENT Is

✓*Safe* ✓*Effective*
✓*Truthfully Advertised*

Awarded by the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association.

If you brush and brush and Surface-Stains still make your teeth look dull, discolored . . . don't give up hope! Switch to Pepsodent with IRIUM*... it gives you a "Plus" which other dentifrices can't give!

YOU'VE seen it happen to others . . . and it can happen to you, too! A girl misses out on compliments, admiration, romance. Then suddenly something happens. She has new confidence, new allure . . . everything seems to come her way.

Are her features more beautiful? No! Then what is it?

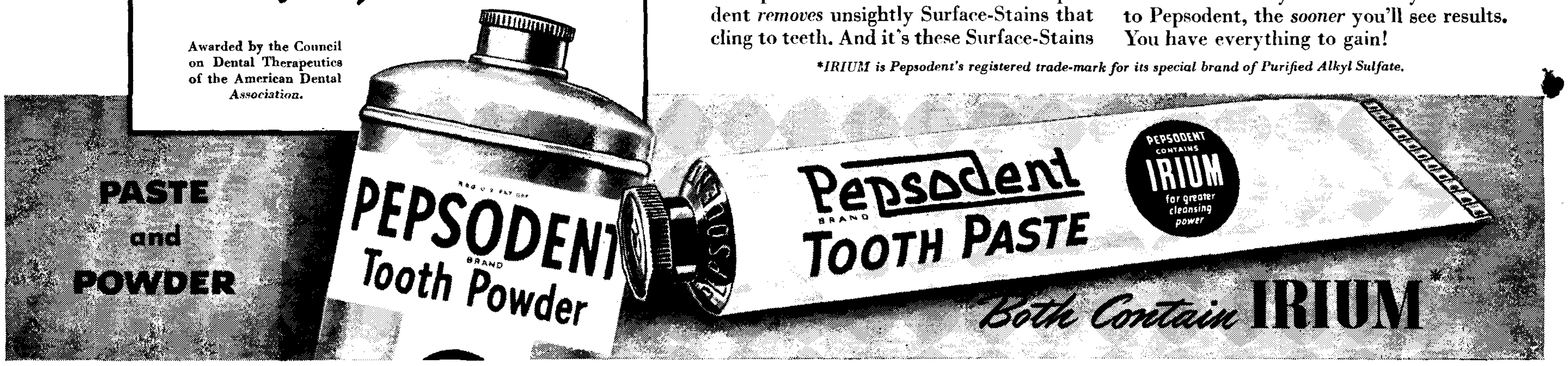
If you could only ask, you might find she made just one simple change . . . the change to Pepsodent with IRIUM. Because Pepsodent *removes* unsightly Surface-Stains that cling to teeth. And it's these Surface-Stains that hide the true brilliance of your teeth . . . help steal away your beauty as they add years to your looks.

There's nothing mysterious about it! Pepsodent alone of all tooth pastes and tooth powders contains IRIUM . . . no more efficient, safe cleansing ingredient is known to dental science. It's IRIUM that is Pepsodent's "PLUS". You, yourself, will see the difference IRIUM makes!

After just ten days your mirror will show you how much brighter your teeth look when Surface-Stains have been removed. You'll say, as millions do . . . *Pepsodent makes good* its promises . . . removes unsightly Surface-Stains quickly, safely!

But don't delay. The *sooner* you switch to Pepsodent, the *sooner* you'll see results. You have everything to gain!

**IRIUM is Pepsodent's registered trade-mark for its special brand of Purified Alkyl Sulfate.*



better sense than to come and tell you about it."

"The figures on that paper were stolen. He had the paper."

"His story is that you planted it for the police to find."

She said that hotly, and it stopped John short—it dazed him. "You don't believe that absurdity! Hope, you can't mean you think I did."

"See, it's grotesque! It's no more grotesque than your idea."

"But . . . but I'm the one who's telling you that!" If she were ever going to be able to laugh again, there was the place. "I tell you I didn't, Hope!" he said. "It would be impossible. I oughtn't to have to tell you that."

"Choose up sides," she said bitterly. "I know you don't lie—" No, only she and Caleb lied. "But I know that Caleb hasn't done anything against you too."

That was the blind alley they kept coming back to. Being engaged to John had become a degrading deception and an even more degrading contention. An evening at the white house, another evening driving about the countryside, an evening in Boston—all three began with an expectant sweetness and all three ended in something that was close to disaster. She knew now what power was loosed when men fought each other.

She had to listen to John's repeated characterization of Caleb, which convinced him completely but which to her was just wrongheaded. Caleb had been defiant all his life—to John that proved a dangerous recklessness, to her it was just Caleb's manner. Caleb had fought in the Loyalist army—John thought that proved he was a Communist; Hope respected it as a man acting on his belief. Caleb associated with a radical agitator—which to John was clear treason, whereas Hope had associated with him too. Caleb had hidden him, had driven him out of town—and she was forbidden to deny the damning evidence. There you had it, a head-on aggression, a locked combat, the man she was in love with and the man who had been her closest friend.

"What's happening to us?" she cried, fleeing into his arms. "Why are we tearing each other to tatters? This hasn't got anything to do with us."

He felt no happier than she. "I've hoped to keep unpleasant things away from you. I hate this—no"—he was stubborn even in his misery—"you're wrong about him. He's got something to do with these attacks on me. I'll prove it to you before I'm done."

"And overwhelm me with happiness by destroying a friend of mine? Watch out, John, I may not be here when you've finished." The amazement in his face was no greater than her own. "We aren't exactly soul mates these days."

It was true that she could make that bitter threat! That a love affair could become threats and blame. "See what we're doing!" she said, agonized. "John, what counts is that we're in love." Resolution gathered in her. "Why do we wait till June? We can get in the car and be married in an hour. We'll stop hurting each other then."

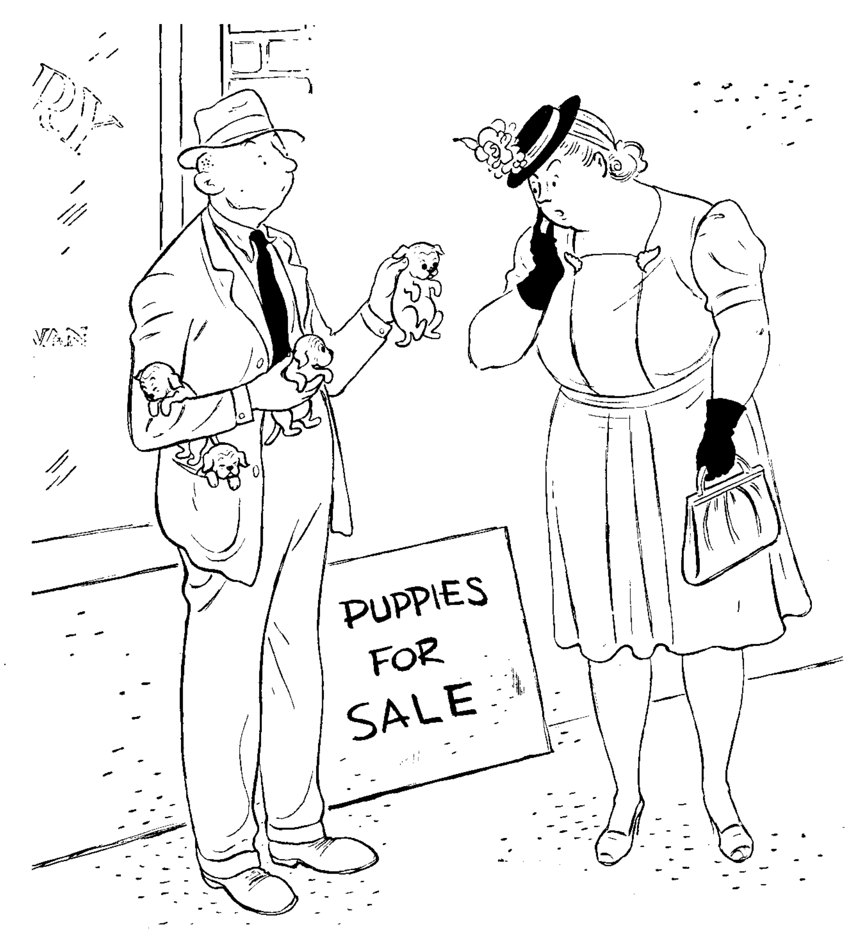
NOTE and remember that eagerness showed in him for a moment, that he really wanted to. But you mustn't expect anyone to be more than he is, you mustn't ask John Gabriel to forget amenities or change plans that have been made. "Your aunt wouldn't let you," he said. "All our friends would laugh at us. All our plans—"

"That's very true," she said. "Don't pay any attention to me when I say funny things. And don't forsake the Gabriel dignities to marry me."

"Or . . ." If passion could not get the better of common sense, it could assert itself in another way. "Promise me you won't see him any more. If I can be sure that you won't be affected or involved, I'll be able to—"

"No. Let's have this quite clear, John. Even if I didn't believe in Caleb, I've got to be the judge of what I do—you can't be. I'm not on fire with eagerness to see him—I have moments when I'd be glad not to see you too. I didn't ask for any of this turmoil. I don't love it. But if I want to see Caleb I will."

Maybe no one had ever defied him

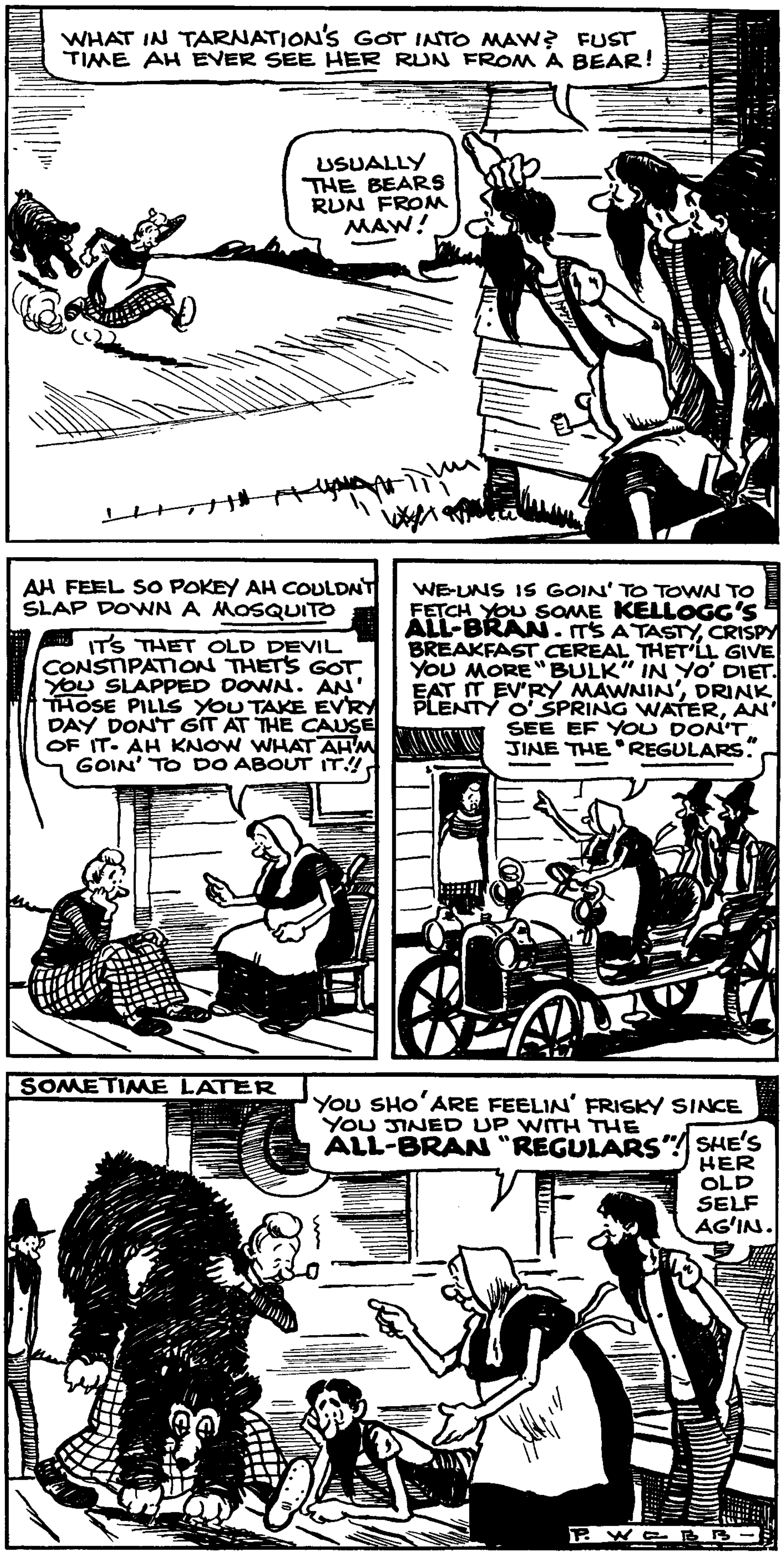


PUPPIES FOR SALE

"I guess he'll do for small burglars!"

GEORGE WOLFE

THE MOUNTAIN BOYS by PAUL WEBB



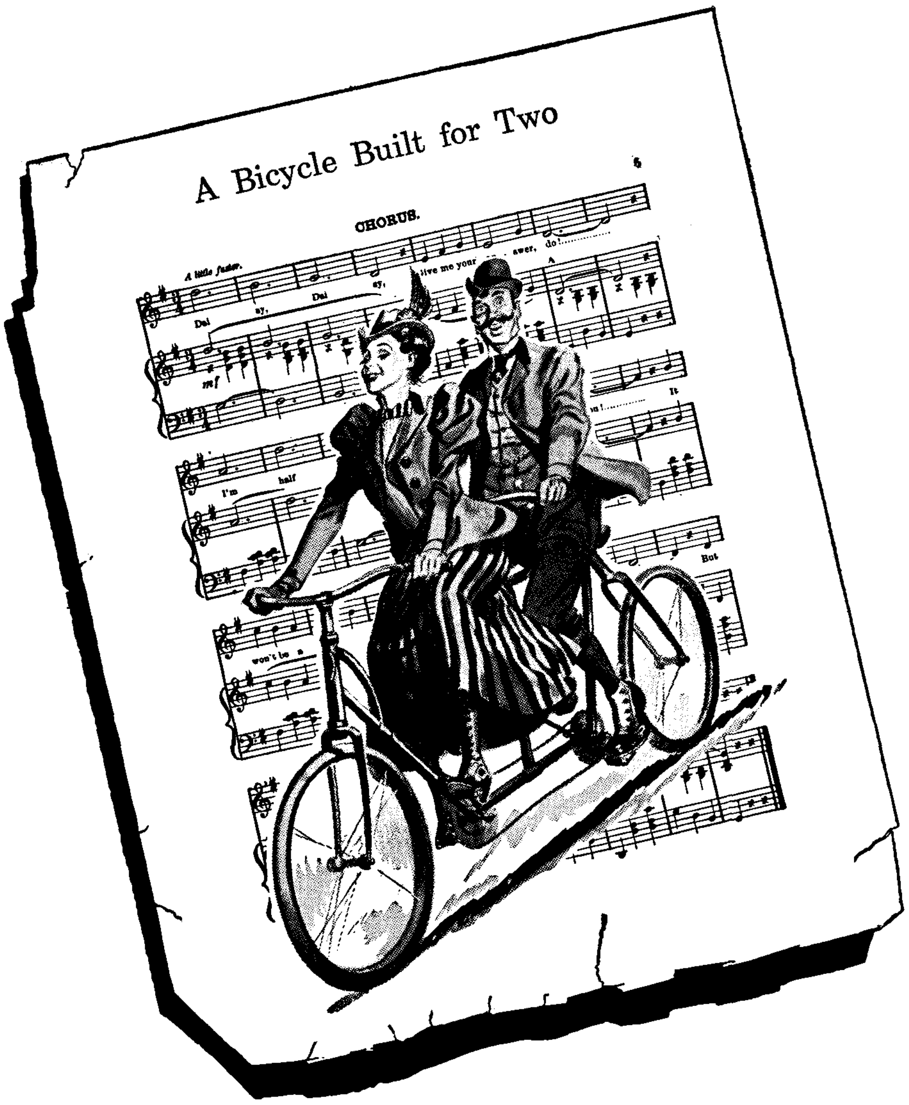
WHAT IN TARNATION'S GOT INTO MAW? FUST TIME AH EVER SEE HER RUN FROM A BEAR!
USUALLY THE BEARS RUN FROM MAW!
AH FEEL SO POKEY AH COULDN'T SLAP DOWN A MOSQUITO
IT'S THET OLD DEVIL CONSTIPATION THET'S GOT YOU SLAPPED DOWN. AN' THOSE PILLS YOU TAKE EV'RY DAY DON'T GIT AT THE CAUSE OF IT. AH KNOW WHAT AH'M GOIN' TO DO ABOUT IT!
WE-UNS IS GOIN' TO TOWN TO FETCH YOU SOME KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. IT'S A TASTY, CRISPY BREAKFAST CEREAL THET'LL GIVE YOU MORE "BULK" IN YO' DIET. EAT IT EV'RY MAWNIN', DRINK PLENTY O' SPRING WATER, AN' SEE EF YOU DON'T JINE THE "REGULARS."
SOMETIME LATER
YOU SHO' ARE FEELIN' FRISKY SINCE YOU JINED UP WITH THE ALL-BRAN "REGULARS"!
SHE'S HER OLD SELF AG'IN.
P. WEBB

WHY suffer those dull days due to constipation? *Why bring on the need for emergency medicines?* Isn't it better to get at the *cause?* If it's common constipation (due to lack of the right kind of "bulk" in the diet), a crisp crunchy cereal—KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN—will supply what you need. Eat it daily and drink plenty of water. Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

Copyright, 1940, by Kellogg Company

Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN


A Bicycle Built for Two
CHORUS.

New Words For
"A Bicycle Built for Two"

Daisy, Daisy, this is my answer true
I once was crazy all for the love of you
But now the affair is ended
Clarisse is my intended
Her breath is sweet 'cause she doth eat
CRYST-O-MINT Life Savers every day.

CRYST-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS

Like variety? All rolled up into one delicious package are five of LIFE SAVERS' tastiest flavors—orange, lemon, wild cherry, lime, and pineapple. Ask for FIVE-FLAVOR LIFE SAVERS. Sold everywhere. 5¢.

before. Certainly he felt that no woman ought to. So here was another barrier to be added to the lie she could not retract. Where did people get the idea that love was peaceful and benign?

That was in late afternoon and her wretchedness had not lifted at dinnertime. She wasn't going to spend the evening under the scrutiny of Aunt Elinor's eyes. Well, she could always walk. Beyond the sea drive that bounded the estates of North Wallisport she soon came to the barren stretch of Persis Neck and was islanded in darkness and silence. A strong, warm wind coming from the southeast meant that there would be rain in a few hours. It was stimulating to walk into, pressing her skirt and jacket against her. She had walked here a lot with Caleb in ten years.

So she was going to walk here with him again. He came striding out of the darkness behind her, recognized her, took her arm and said, "You've been vaccinated, you won't catch anything."

Her spirits rose, a familiar and dependable companionship sustained her. Here at last was something to be grateful for. "How well our strides match," she said after a while. "We keep in step without trying."

"We'll be even better at the lock step."

Caleb could laugh at such things, John never could. Defensively, well, he didn't have John's worries. Counterattacking, oh, didn't he? Wasn't being raided by the police something to worry about? She found she could talk about these things without pressure: "You won't get an apology from John, so I'm making one. The best of us have our crazy moments, and he had one the other night. He doesn't really think you bought his secrets."

"Oh, yes, he does. Maybe you ought to know a man before you marry him."

"If he does, I'll cure him. And please stop saying poisonous things about him."

"Then we'd better get another topic fast."

"Bert's a topic. Have you heard anything?"

"No."

It wasn't as smooth going as she had thought. "Caleb, I'm not yellow, I just can't think fast. That noble attitude of yours the other night—it's a damned lie. I'm fed up with lies. I shouldn't have let you stick to it—and now I can't. You've got to see, I can't lie to John."

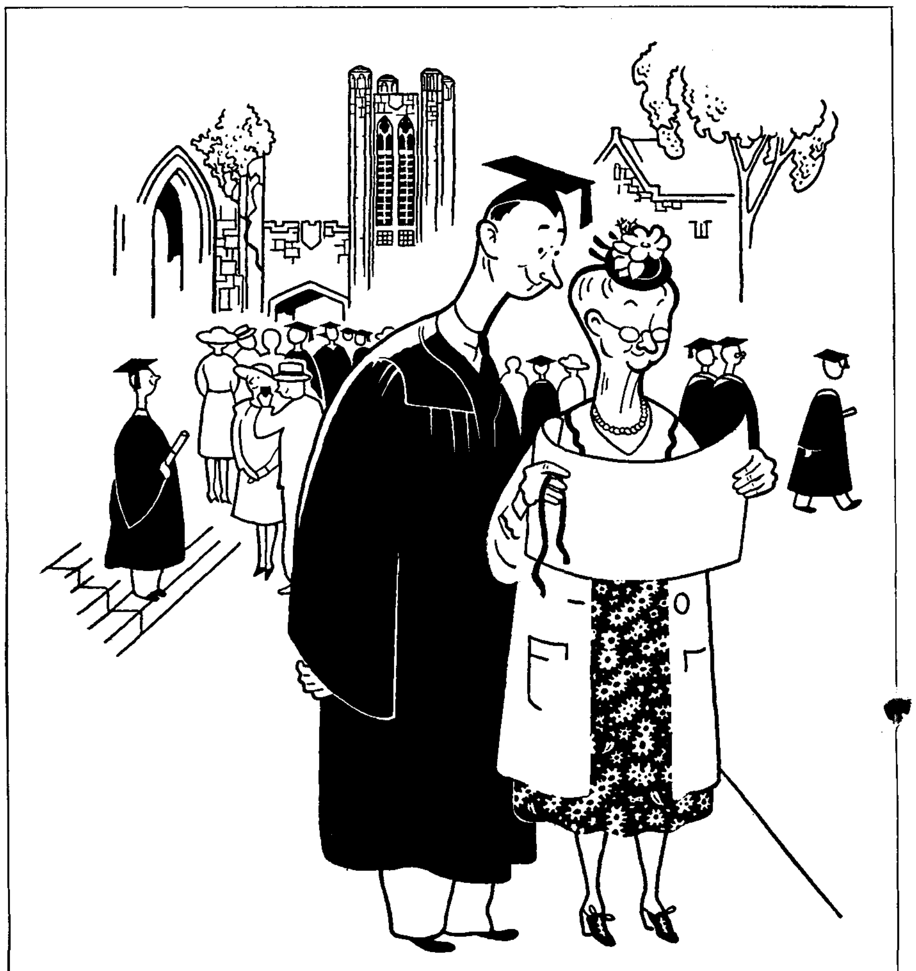
Caleb grabbed her by the shoulders and the humor had gone from his voice: "Sure, you'd have a big confession scene—you'd feel loving and washed clean. Good in any movie. Well, you can't bribe your conscience with a jail sentence for Bert."

It was all back again! "Why does he go to jail if I tell the truth?"

They were on top of a dune where the Neck was narrowest, before it curved south to make the harbor. "Let's get out of the wind," he said. They dropped down behind the crest, sitting close together. How terribly everything had changed since the last time they had sat in the lee of a dune, listening to wind going by overhead and to the long rustle of the surf! She couldn't see Caleb's face, had only the touch of his shoulder and the sound of wind and sea.

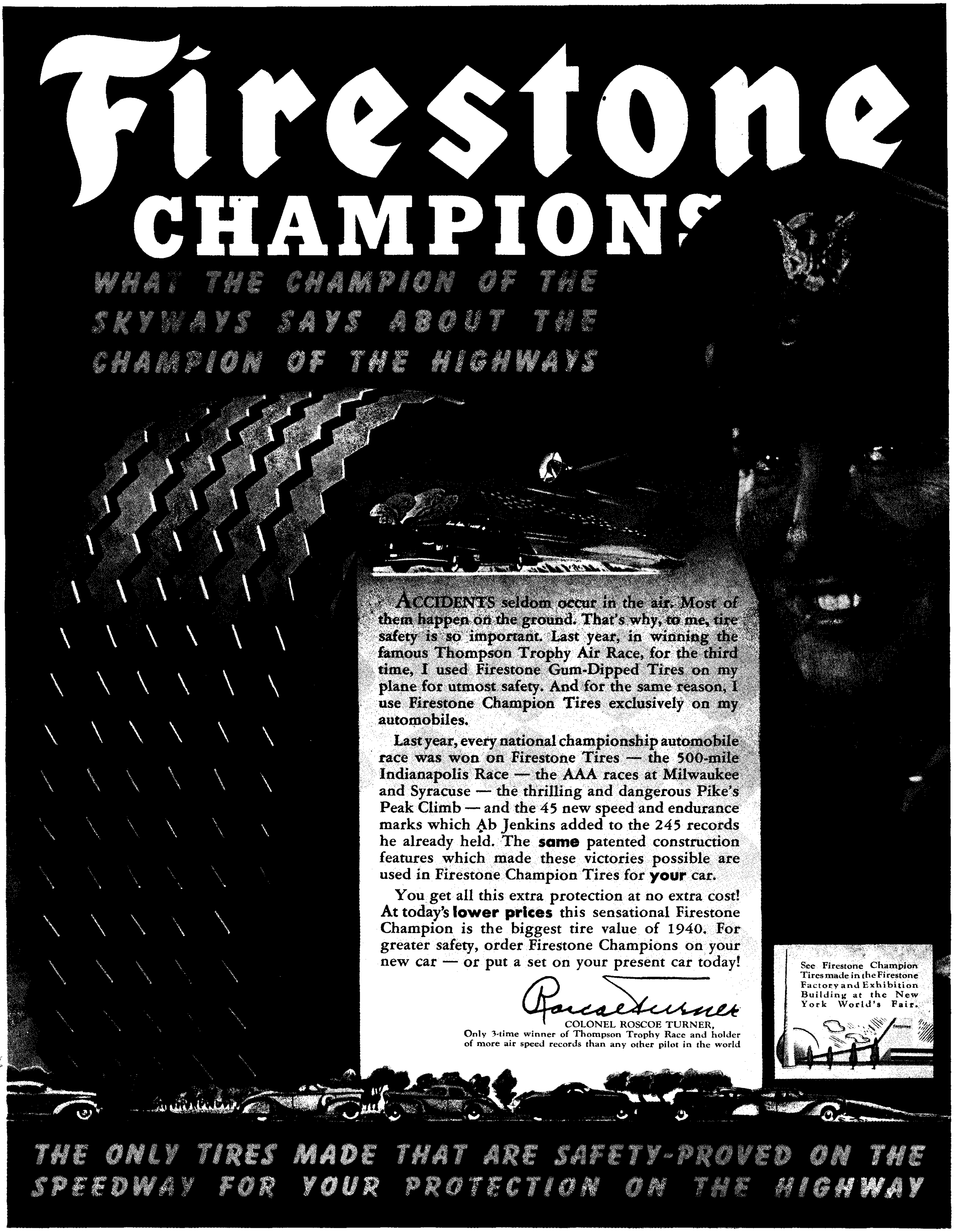
HE WAS silent for a long time. Finally, his voice easy but tinged with a deep regret: "It's my fault you're in this. Nothing can change that now, you'll have to take what comes. The part about Bert is simple. The less anyone knows about his movements, the less chance they'll have to get him. You're quite right, admitting that you drove him to Boston would be a little thing in itself. But it would be one thing more they knew that they don't know now. If you keep still you won't be breaking faith with John Gabriel—but you will be keeping faith with Bert. So hold onto it for a while. You can tell John all about it later on. It won't matter then and you can make just as big a scene of it."

"All right." Sure, it didn't matter. Lie to the people you're in love with



"'To all to whom these presents shall come, greetings.' That's nice!"

WILLIAM WILLIAMS



Firestone

CHAMPIONS

WHAT THE CHAMPION OF THE SKYWAYS SAYS ABOUT THE CHAMPION OF THE HIGHWAYS

ACCIDENTS seldom occur in the air. Most of them happen on the ground. That's why, to me, tire safety is so important. Last year, in winning the famous Thompson Trophy Air Race, for the third time, I used Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires on my plane for utmost safety. And for the same reason, I use Firestone Champion Tires exclusively on my automobiles.

Last year, every national championship automobile race was won on Firestone Tires — the 500-mile Indianapolis Race — the AAA races at Milwaukee and Syracuse — the thrilling and dangerous Pike's Peak Climb — and the 45 new speed and endurance marks which Ab Jenkins added to the 245 records he already held. The **same** patented construction features which made these victories possible are used in Firestone Champion Tires for **your** car.

You get all this extra protection at no extra cost! At today's **lower prices** this sensational Firestone Champion is the biggest tire value of 1940. For greater safety, order Firestone Champions on your new car — or put a set on your present car today!

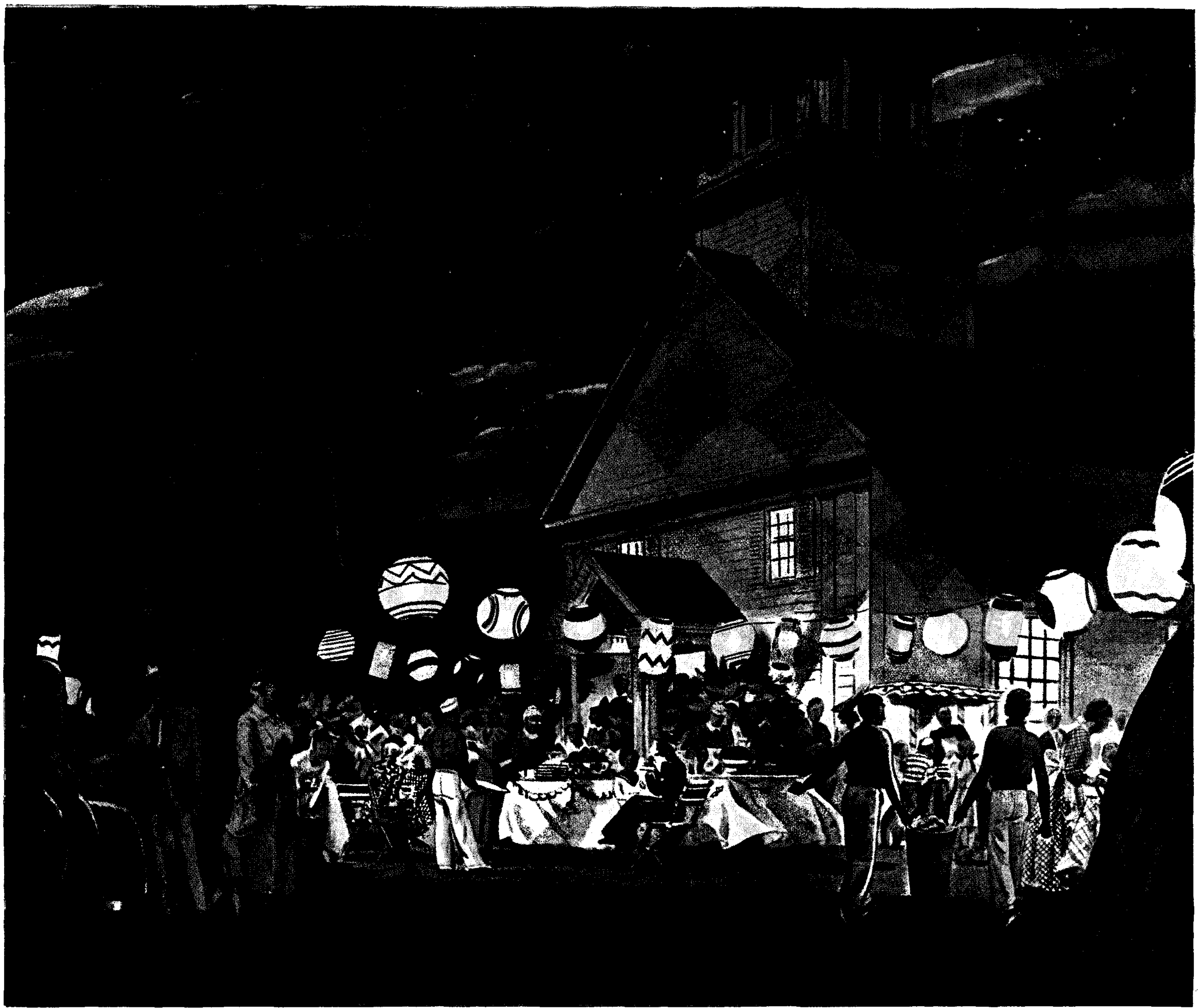
Roscoe Turner

COLONEL ROSCOE TURNER,
Only 3-time winner of Thompson Trophy Race and holder of more air speed records than any other pilot in the world

See Firestone Champion Tires made in the Firestone Factory and Exhibition Building at the New York World's Fair.

THE ONLY TIRES MADE THAT ARE SAFETY-PROVED ON THE SPEEDWAY FOR YOUR PROTECTION ON THE HIGHWAY

Copyright, 1940, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.



Copr. 1940, H. J. Heinz Co.

The Strawberry Festival

An Old American Institution

THERE'S something about a Strawberry Festival. It's a night in June... with lanterns strung across the church lawn lighting plank tables covered with snow-white cloths. There's moonlight drifting through the trees. Sturdy rambler roses and frail honeysuckle cover the picket fence... filling the evening air with wave upon wave of magic fragrance.

THERE'S something about a Strawberry Festival that's thoroughly American. It couldn't happen anywhere but here . . . where the banker's lady helps to wait on table and Mrs. Doctor Hazlett makes the coffee. In the church basement the young folks catch each other's hands across the freezers—feeling themselves suddenly grown up, but still not quite too old to lick the rosy, luscious strawberry cream right off the icy dashers.

IN SOME towns the ladies have a sale of fancy work or baked goods. But usually the festival consists of visiting back and forth, and eating strawberries, dripping with sugary juices, drenched in blobs of thick yellow cream! Or strawberry ice cream of the palest hue—guiltless of any brash red coloring. In many towns it's a feast of strawberry short cake—and that's all!

BUT there's short cake enough to satisfy the whole town's yearning. Mostly, it's made with a rich biscuit dough. The biscuits are split while smoking hot, buttered most lavishly and bedded down under deep mounds of sugared berries. The streaming scarlet juices blend with snowy rivers of cream—whipped *if* you must, but better still—just poured from the pitcher.

SUCH are the festivals of America's true epicures who come together to savor in due season the sun-drenched bounty of berry patch and fields. Food plays an important part in so many of our celebrations. Americans from our earliest days gathered around tables where food made plain meetings festive. Good eating is an American tradition—so it's natural that good food be a traditional part of our festive occasions.

WE LIKE simple things well prepared. We prefer old recipes; and the flavors of our foods, like our customs, have been handed down from generation to generation.

DURING the past 70 years the name of Heinz and the "57" mark have become as much a part of the American scene as the strawberry festival itself. Generation after generation have used Heinz food products to add festive spirit and enjoyment to family dinners and friendly gatherings.

INTO all the things Heinz makes go the best of American produce, the best of American methods, guided and guarded by the best of American traditions of quality in food.

57

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

An Old American Institution

—that's all right. "I wish I'd never heard of Bert Hendricks!"

"I wish you hadn't, but you have. You're mixed up with him—and me, too. If I'd had the I. Q. of a moron I wouldn't have taken you out on Witchcraft, I wouldn't have let you get in a car with Bert. But I did. And you're engaged to a man who is so set on getting both Bert and me that's he tried to frame us both."

"Be still!" Her breathing clogged. "I won't let you say those things! They're beastly, they're cowardly—"

"And you'll listen to them!" His arm came across her knees and held her down when she tried to rise. He went on, more quietly. "I thought so too at first. When Bert guessed that John was framing him with that fire—"

"How do we know Bert didn't set it?"

"Because, whoever is a fool, we know Bert isn't. . . . Sure, I laughed at that guess. It wasn't my idea of John Gabriel. I thought he was too decent—and too stupid anyway. But I'm the one who found that paper in my house, a few hours before the cops were meant to. If I hadn't found it, if a good idea hadn't misfired on John, you'd have to talk to me through bars, with a deputy listening in."

"He didn't put it there! He wouldn't be so low! And he isn't silly enough to think you're. . . ." But he was. Her voice died out in sodden misery.

"That I'm a Red, and helping the Reds, and set fire to his damn' factory. Yes, he is, that's exactly the kind of fool he is. And he's the kind of fool who plants papers to get rid of Reds."

"He didn't! It's all too wrong to be true. John's worried—he's got the world on his shoulders. But he isn't—oh, dishonorable, cruel — Machiavellian — whatever this is. Somebody else put that there—it wasn't John."

She felt a single-focused need to make him admit the self-apparent. It could not possibly have been John, so clearly it must have been someone else. But Caleb laughed in pure derision. "It was planted so that I'd be put away. Nobody else in the whole world has anything against me—I'm the guy that doesn't count. There's only one person in the world who bothers to give a damn about me."

There must be somebody else! She sat here in windy darkness, thinking of Wallisport, where life had once been sunny and serene and you did not even dream of horrible things. And here this was—someone, someone who could not possibly be John, was trying to get Caleb into desperate trouble. It simply was not possible—Caleb was right to dismiss the idea with contempt. But it could not possibly be John.

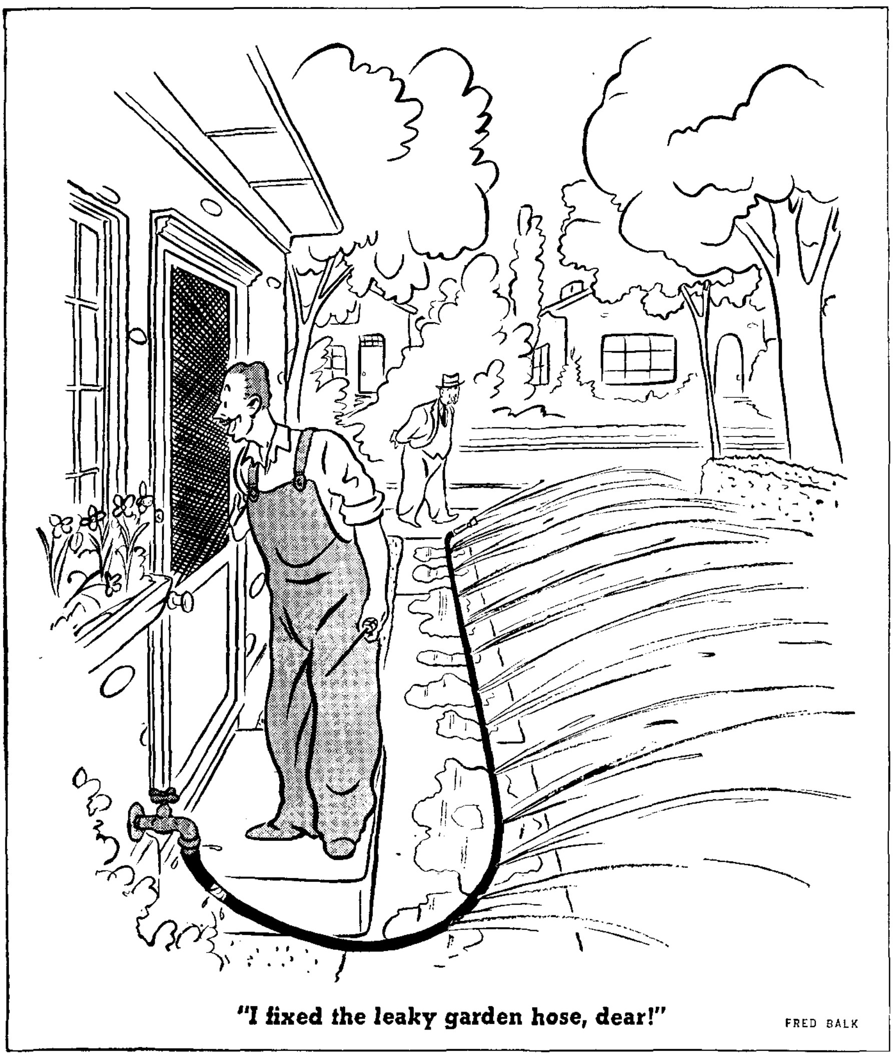
Up to now Caleb's accusing skepticism had not broken into anger. But now the voice in the dark got harsh: "Of course he did! He planted it—and only luck led me to it. It was meant to get me—get me plenty. He planted it—and that's not a pretty thing. But when you try those things, it's best to make good on them."

"You hate him," she said. "You can't see straight because you hate him."

"I don't hate him. I used to think he was a solemn ass. Now I think he's a millionaire who's scared of shadows. And who needs a lesson. He's going to get one."

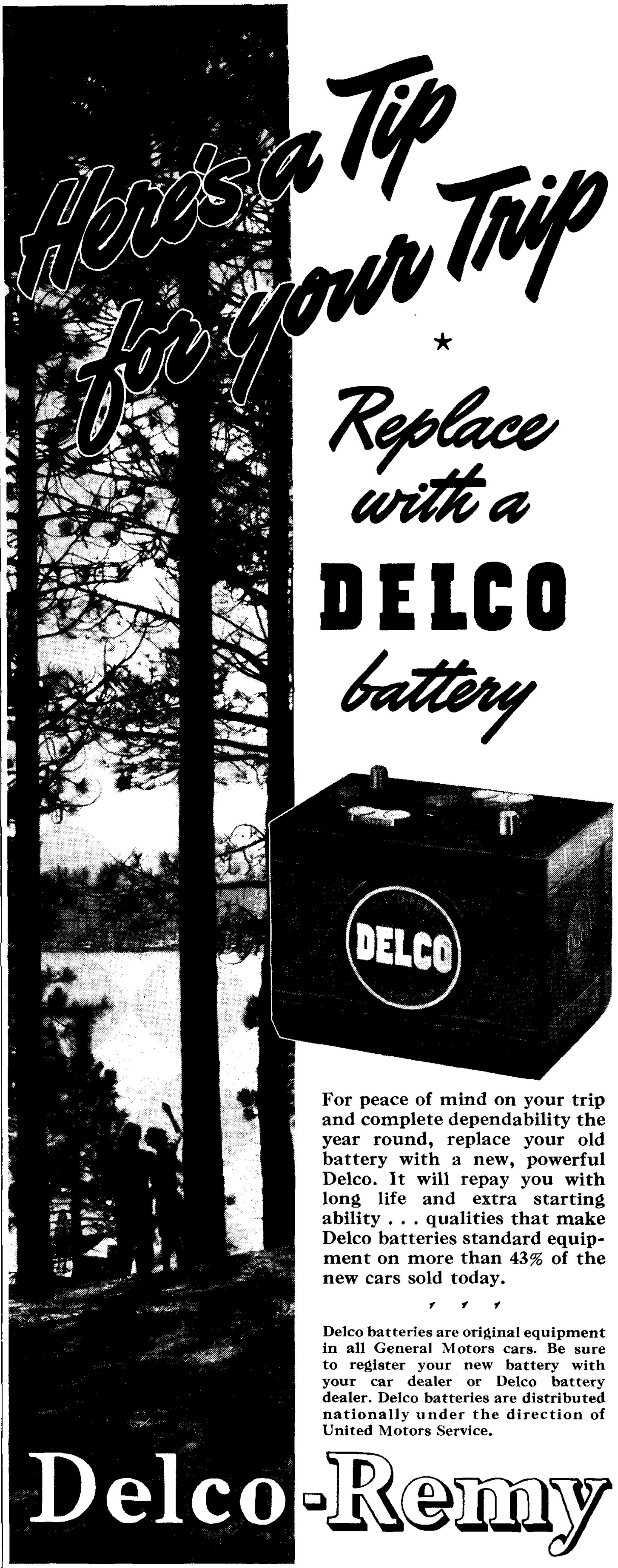
AGAINST that granite conviction she could do nothing. The weight of accusation, misunderstanding, hatred and mystery was suddenly too much. She bent over, sobbing. Caleb groaned: "Oh, Lord!" He let her cry for a while. "It's always too late when I remember to shut up!" He put an arm around her shoulders. "None of this is worth crying about, Hope—worth your crying—not John, certainly not me." She wondered if he had ever seen her cry before—well, maybe when she was twelve and their boat had lost a race, and those would have been friendly, innocent tears. Her cheek felt the rough cloth of his coat. Time was stopped. She had been crying forever in darkness, beside the sea.

His hand had been gently smoothing



"I fixed the leaky garden hose, dear!"

FRED BALK



For peace of mind on your trip and complete dependability the year round, replace your old battery with a new, powerful Delco. It will repay you with long life and extra starting ability . . . qualities that make Delco batteries standard equipment on more than 43% of the new cars sold today.

Delco batteries are original equipment in all General Motors cars. Be sure to register your new battery with your car dealer or Delco battery dealer. Delco batteries are distributed nationally under the direction of United Motors Service.

Delco-Remy

World's Largest Manufacturer of Automotive Electrical Equipment

"... there's Nothing like Simoniz!"

GIVES CARS YEARS OF SPARKLING BEAUTY

Your car stays beautiful, if Simonized. No more weekly polishing. Even washing is hardly ever needed. Just wipe off the dust and dirt with a dry cloth, and your Simonized car comes up bright and clean! Besides, Simoniz is necessary to protect and preserve the finish on any car. It keeps weather, dirt, and the sun's rays from dulling and destroying the lacquer or enamel. So, it's wiser by far to Simoniz your car . . . and the sooner, the better!

"Defies Gas and Coal Dust"

Writes Mr. Alfred Silva, Saugus, Mass., "Every week-day I've parked my 1932 Chevrolet outside a gas plant. But the acid fumes and dust have never dulled the finish, thanks to Simoniz. It has protected and kept my car beautiful for years."

MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ MAKES CARS STAY BEAUTIFUL

NEW EASY WAY TO USE
SIMONIZ
NEW EASY WAY TO USE
SIMONIZ KLEENER
MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ

TRY NEW EASY WAY (explained in directions). If car is dull or faded, first clean the finish with Simoniz Kleener. It quickly restores the natural lustre and color. Always insist on world-famous Simoniz and the wonderful Simoniz Kleener. Sold at hardware, drug, grocery, and auto supply stores, filling stations and garages everywhere.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

her hair, in a kind of forlorn, half-paternal comfort. It moved to her cheek—and in a moment it began to tremble. Abruptly he sat away from her, his arm forsaking her shoulders. He muttered something inaudible and there was a strained moment in the darkness. Then his arms were around her and he had turned her face up and kissed her. He kissed her again. Without volition her arms locked behind his head. It couldn't possibly be true, but she had answered his kiss, was answering it again. She broke away and stood up, shocked and frightened. He was on his feet, too, but not touching her, carefully standing out of reach in the darkness. "I'm in love with you!" he said.

"No, you aren't!" she said between fury and despair. "You've just thought of another way to strike at John! That's very brave, Caleb, and as honorable as can be." Fury ended and there was just despair. "I suppose it's my fault. What isn't? What did I expect of you? Don't ever come near me again!"

"We'll see about that." If he had had a similar anger, he had achieved a similar quiet. "We'll even talk about it sometime. When the world has straightened out. Meanwhile . . ." Never until the last few days had there been this steeliness in his voice. "Meanwhile, my dear, I'm sorrier than I'll ever get over that you're in this. But you are in it. And it's going to get worse and you'll be in it deeper. The only way out is to wade straight across. And that's too bad. . . . I'll be seeing you."

HE STRODE away, southward, toward the harbor end of the neck. Hope turned homeward. It had needed just this! Maybe when all this had ended, if it did end, she would have some kind of liking or respect for someone.

She got John on the phone, her very nerves drugged with fatigue. "You're right," she managed to say. "I won't see Caleb any more. I thought I'd tell you."

She couldn't say any more. . . . She couldn't sleep, either. She could only lie in bed wide-eyed, loathing herself, loathing Caleb even more. Lie in bed and remember that once there had been no conflict, passion and despair in the little seaside town of Wallisport, once there had been good friends and good times. . . . Most appalling of all was the undeniable fact that something deeply hidden in her had come out of hiding and responded to Caleb's kiss; that she had been rocked by a mutinous, instantaneous gladness.

Her thoughts spun and the hours rocketed. She sat up and turned on the light. It was a quarter past one. She got up and got a book—and threw it away. Could you believe this? Sleepless, all but hysterical.

She almost screamed. At a half-open window there had been a quiet tapping. Her breath was cut off. It couldn't be. But it was—there it was again. The window at the little balcony over the side door. She came alive again. It couldn't be anything dangerous, it couldn't be anything worse . . . could it be . . . ?

She crossed to the window and opened it all the way. A whisper said, "It's me—Hendricks. Can I come in for a minute?"

He didn't wait for permission but climbed in over the sill, closed the window, drew the shade all the way down and took Caleb's old brown beret from his head. "I'm sorry, babe." He was as imperturbable as ever, his face hard but smiling with the same debonair recklessness. "Maybe I wouldn't've come up that porch if you hadn't turned your light on. I was down there on the curb wonderin' how I could get hold of you."

She would have said that there had been left no new kind of fear for her to feel. But there had been, and here it was. "Have you lost your mind, Bert? Don't you know the whole town is trying to get hold of you?"

"No, I wouldn't've guessed! This ain't a social call, Hope. I had to see Caleb. I couldn't get him by phone, so tonight I borrowed a car. He wasn't at his place. I waited there till I got the heebie-jeebies wonderin' whether, now I was here, I'd ever get out again. You know where he is?"

"He was on Persis Neck three hours ago. He ought to be home now."

"He ain't. I can't wait any longer—not unless I want a meal ticket at your jail. And I don't." He turned to sit down, but the chair had some of her clothes on it. "Hell, babe, it ain't polite to break in on you in your nightie. But who else is there I can get word to Caleb by?"

"Don't be silly, Bert." She took the clothes away. She saw that under his composed surface there was running the wild excitement of a fugitive. He relaxed a little in the chair, pushed his feet out ahead of him, and said with vast relief, "How many trees did I see tonight? That's how many cops I thought I seen."

That exploded above her meshed fears. She should telephone John. She should telephone the police. For here he was, the man who had caused all the trouble, all her own trouble, the man everyone was looking for, the pivot on whom this whole intolerable affair revolved. Here he was, and John wanted him. . . . And it was altogether unthinkable. She knew now that she would never be able to face John again, or herself either. She was lost and sunk and covered over. And that was that.

She had to say something—anything. "You want your passport?"

"That ain't what I come for, but I'll take it."

She got the little jewel case and emptied it—silly little strings of coral, her first ring, some pins, an ancestral brooch, some ancestral earrings, John's seal on a chain which she had kept after he gave her the diamond. She took out the false bottom and there was the leather folder—pure dynamite, one more thing that could put Bert in jail.

"Thanks." He put it in his pocket. There was frank admiration in his eyes. "You're an eyeful, babe. If Caleb ain't a complete damn' fool he'll grab you and get you out of this Liberty League heaven."

THAT made her eyes blur, then it brought Caleb's kiss back, then it brought a hot blush flooding over her. This sheer nightgown—at half past one, with Bert Hendricks in her bedroom. She put on mules and a robe, and came back to him. Still another fear had lighted up, but now she knew what she was doing.

"What did you come for? I don't know how you got through town without being caught, I don't know how you'll get away. If you were the missing heir people couldn't be looking for you harder."

"I had to." The new fear got stronger, for it must be something perfectly tremendous to make him take the risk—and it was Caleb he had come to see. "And I ain't got time to go to jail now. Something's come up. I had to see Caleb, and I still got to. So that's the night he picks to go necking on the beach."

"It was quarreling, but let it go. What do you want of him?"

"I'm afraid it's up to you. I can't wait any longer. Hell, I'm always askin' you to take a chance for me."

"I take it, don't I?"

"And that's why. I come here when I thought I couldn't wait any longer. There I stood, wonderin' what the hell, and how could I get a note to you. So your light went on and I seen you movin' around." Bert stood up. "Well, will you go see Caleb for me in the morning?"

"Of course."

"Tell him I got to see him. I got to see him no matter what, and I got to see him tomorrow—that's today, I mean. I'll go to McCorison's bar in Boston, at one o'clock. He knows where it is. I'll be upstairs, and I'll wait till he gets there. McCorison's, off Atlantic Avenue. Got that, Hope?"

"McCorison's. You'll be there at one o'clock. You'll wait for him."

"That's it. Give him the idea I got to see him."

"If you've got to see him, he'll come."

"I know that. That's all, Hope. So I'll move on."

"You don't need to leave by the window."

SHE took him downstairs. He said, "Back door and never mind the lights." That brought it home—for everything he did was in the dark. His life was desperate and lost. And John, who held him responsible for the fire, had said also that Caleb was linked with him in some mysterious, dreadful activity. And, at the risk of capture, he had come to see Caleb. That could mean the very worst. And she had promised to take his message to Caleb—a couple of hours after she had told John she would never see Caleb again, three hours after the lightning flash had shown her that she must be done with him forever. Unplumbed grief rocked her, but it was quite true that she was going to keep the promise she had made to Bert.

And it was quite true that she did not, could not, believe that accusation. She stood beside him in the dark and her deepest instinct told her that he was not what they said he was.

In agony: "Bert, did you have anything to do with that fire?"

"Don't you know who set that fire? No, I didn't, babe. I didn't have anything to do with it. But when I seen it burning, I knew it was time for me to leave. And it's got round to that again."

"Don't let them get you!" Her desperate hands seized his arm. "Don't get caught! I couldn't stand it."

He patted her hand. "You shouldn't ever have got mixed up with me, babe, you're too decent. . . . I'll be all right. I got here okay and I'll get away okay. But remember I got to see Caleb. I got to. Hey, for the love of Pete, are you bawling?"

"No. Yes. Please don't get caught."

He brushed an awkward kiss across her cheek. "I ain't worth bawling about, Hope. But I'm glad you did. If we never see each other again, that's so much velvet for you. But I hope we do. I'll remember you're the girl who bawled about me. . . . Hang onto Caleb, Hope. There ain't too many friends in the world. So long."

He slipped through the door. She ran to a front window and saw him round the house and start down the sidewalk. He showed for a moment under the street light at the corner, walking without haste. He turned down the side street, and, opening the front door, she thought she heard a car drive away. Anyway, he was gone.

And now she had to face herself.

As she went into her room Aunt Elinor's door opened and Aunt Elinor said: "That man who was in your room, that couldn't possibly have been John."

This was unquestionably hysterics, but she said, "No."

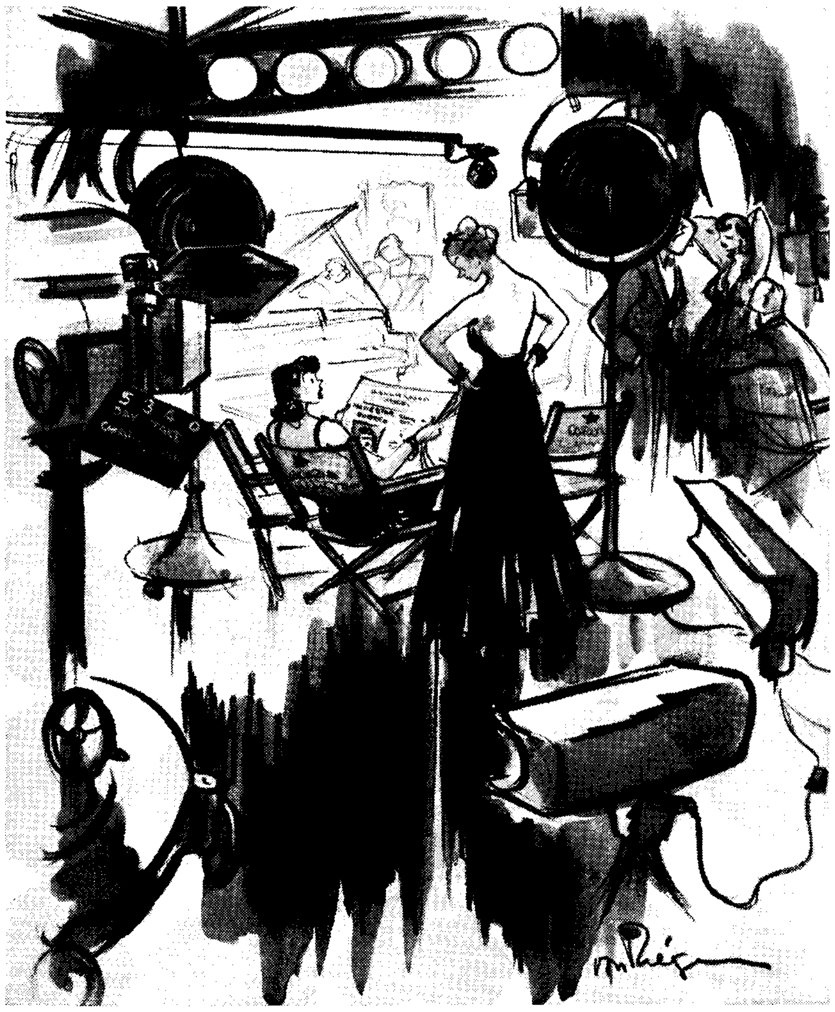
Aunt Elinor seemed more hopeful: "Was it Caleb?"

"No."

"I'm sorry. Do you mind telling me who it was?"

She heard her own voice, loud and blurred with tears: "It wasn't John Gabriel, it was the Angel Gabriel. This is the end of the world."

(To be continued next week)

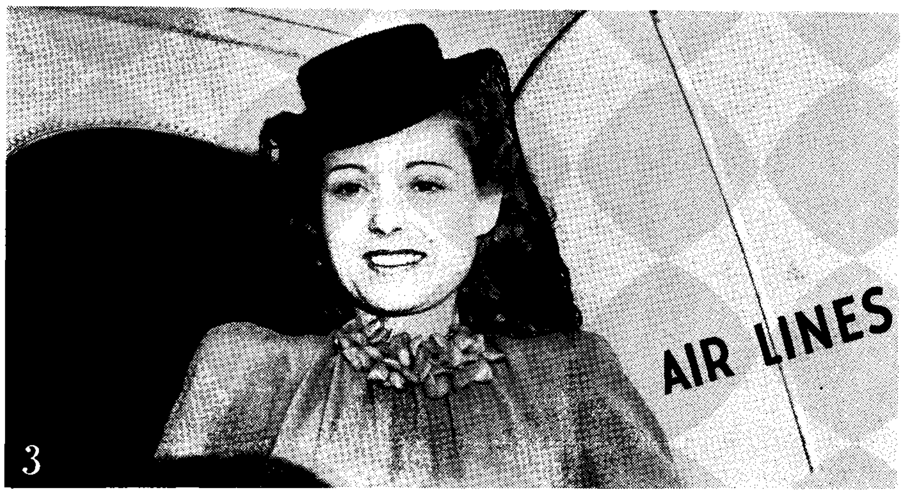


"I see by the morning paper that I was held up and robbed of $50,000 worth of jewelry"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

When Martha Scott, Broadway Theatrical star, was chosen to co-star with . . .

. . . William Holden in the Sol Lesser film production of "Our Town", she sped to Hollywood by . . .



. . . transcontinental airliner. More than 1/4 of all the oil used by airliners in the U. S. is Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil. You can get the same . . .

Copyright 1940 by Sinclair Refining Company (Inc.)

. . . quality Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil for your car at your nearby Sinclair Dealer. Try Sinclair Pennsylvania or Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil. You'll find they last so long they save you money.

FOR FATHER'S DAY

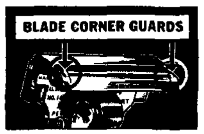
you wouldn't give your Dad a Shaving Mug

to Father
JOHN N. SMITH
1900

But doesn't he shave with a Safety Razor

JUST AS OUT OF DATE?

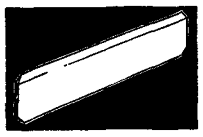
Why not give him the Greatest Improvements in Safety Razor Design in more than 35 Years



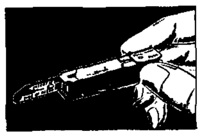
1. *Blade Corner Guards* . . . among the most important contributions to safer shaving are Schick Injector's corner guards which shield your face against nicks and scratches from sharp blade corners.

SOLID GUIDE BAR

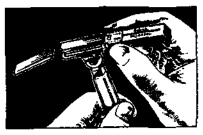
2. *Solid Guide Bar* . . . Schick Injector perfected solid "toothless" guide bar to control skin "action" in front of blade edge; avoids nicks, scratches by *flattening* skin. You can even shave against the grain.



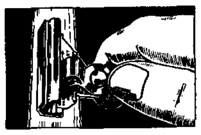
3. *Double Thick Blades* . . . Schick Blades are just as long and twice as thick as ordinary blades—3 times thicker than *wafer-thin* ones. They are able to take a really thorough sharpening at the factory!



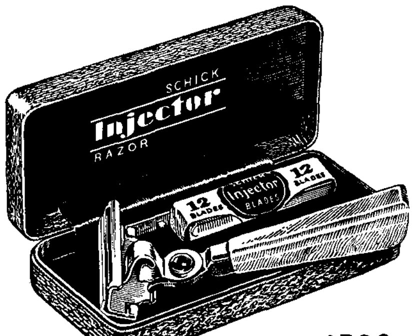
4. *Oil-Sealed Blades*... Schick Blades are sealed in this metal Injector cartridge in a bath of oil. Keen edges suspended in space. Nothing can rub or dull them. You buy blades 20 or 12 at a time.



5. *Automatic Blade Change* . . . A pull and push on Injector shoots out old blade, slides in fresh one *instantly*. Nothing to take apart. Nothing to reassemble.



6. *Instant Cleaning* . . . Nothing to take apart when you clean this razor. A quick flush under faucet does trick. No "teeth" to clog up. No wiping necessary.



The "POPULARITY" KIT $1.00

Smart, pigskin-grain case contains Schick Injector Razor and Injector cartridge of 12 double-thick Schick Blades. Guaranteed for 20 years. Specially packed in Father's Day Gift Box. Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport, Conn. and Niagara Falls, Ont.

Same prices now prevail in Canada

Special Father's Day Gift Box

To Dad
for years of happy shaving
FROM
SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR

➡ FATHER'S DAY IS JUNE 16 ⬅

GIVE YOUR DAD A SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR

The Secret of the Marshbanks

Continued from page 15

and went to take her shower. Cherry sat stunned, fear holding body, mind and senses in an iron grip.

The ballooning of a negligee distracted her. The door of Fran's big closet was open, and within the closet the window must be open, too, for the row of garments neatly aligned upon hangers was in great agitation. Cherry went in and shut the window, and coming back, picked up the negligee that had fallen and restored it to its hanger. She hated the sight of it; that was what Fran had worn on the night of the tragedy; she had had on this negligee as she ran downstairs ahead of them all.

Cherry stopped short, stood with a suddenly arrested breath, with icy fear touching her spine. The negligee was slightly rumpled in one of its folds. It had been squeezed together, loosened again. It had wiped something oily and dark, something metallic, something thick and liquid that was stained with black.

A trifling discoloration, the size of a woman's finger possibly. Not noticeable at all, unless one happened to look straight at it as Cherry was looking now. A crumpled tiny circle, as if the cloth had been forced into a small tube, a tube as small as a pistol barrel, a finger-sized smudge that might have been made by the oil from that barrel, by the blackness of gunpowder.

MORNING. A heavy, dark morning, with a stiff wet wind blowing the bay into whitecaps and tossing the garden shrubs about roughly. Low clouds so darkened the world that lights shone in breakfast rooms and spanned the bridge over the Gate with spots of red long after the line of office workers' cars had come and gone.

When Cherry went downstairs old Mrs. Marshbanks had had breakfast and was reading the papers by the fire in the breakfast room; Fran had not yet appeared; Greg was reading the sports news, and everyone in the house, including the staff of the assistant district attorney, the police, the maids and Martin, was acutely conscious of the headlines that announced the marriage of Amy Marshbanks to Count Constantino the day before.

"Well, so we have a countess in the family," Mrs. Marshbanks said grimly.

"She had said she would," Cherry said. "And I suppose that under the circumstances she wouldn't have wanted a big wedding."

"*He* wouldn't have wanted a big wedding," the old woman said darkly, "the less publicity the better for him!"

"He may really be in love with Amy, you know. She told me of lots of women who would have snapped at him. He's handsome, and he does play marvelous golf and polo and everyone's making an awful fuss about him," Cherry offered. Not that she felt any particular confidence in the engaging nobleman herself, but upon consideration that now the mischief was done there was no particular object in maligning him.

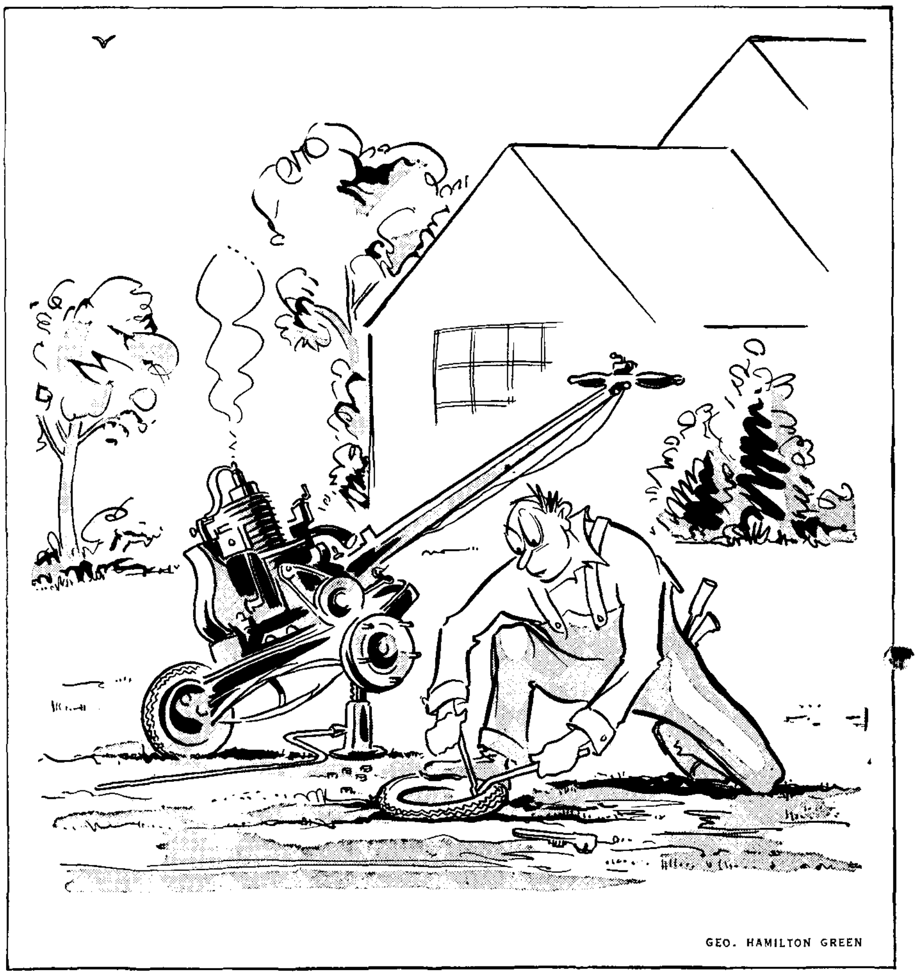
"It'll cost Amy just about a hundred grand," said Greg, from behind the paper. He had previously declined to express himself in answer to his grandmother's overtures, being in a mood to feel that women made too much fuss about nothing, anyway. But now that Cherry was defending Gogo, Greg cast in a masculine opinion.

"Amy's the sort," Cherry said, stimulated by hot food and coffee in spite of herself, "who has to find out things for herself. But she isn't a fool, and I wouldn't be surprised to see her take the whip hand and get a lot of excitement out of her marriage."

"Fran says he's asked her for money already," Greg said scornfully.

"No, he didn't ask her, really; she made him take it. She told me so. She had a balance at the bank, and she split it with him."

"Otherwise they'd have gone to Reno



SET YOUR COURSE FOR
"Double-Rich"
PLEASURE!

Norman
Rockwell

SCHENLEY'S

Cream of Kentucky

THE *"Double-Rich"* Bourbon

Pleasure-craft ahoy! Take aboard a store of the "Double-Rich" Cream of Kentucky straight Bourbon that gives more pleasure to more people... the largest-selling straight Bourbon whiskey in the world! Able-bodied in robust sea-goin' character—but gentle as a summer breeze in "easy-going" taste. Put in at your favorite place and *try* it!

"DOUBLE-RICH" MINT JULEP
In bowl, crush fresh mint covered with powdered sugar and just enough water to melt it. Half-fill glass with shaved ice. Add mint; then fill with ice. Pour Cream of Kentucky, to top. Stir till frosted. Garnish with mint, sprinkle with sugar . . . Serve!

Schenley PRODUCT
MADE IN U.S.A.
BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY
Cream of Kentucky
Straight
Bourbon Whiskey
90 PROOF
BOTTLED FOR
SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORPORATION
NEW YORK N.Y.

90 proof. Copr. 1940, Schenley Distillers Corp., N.Y.C.

LEADS the FIELD in MILEAGE!

EXCELS IN SILENT, GLIDING-SMOOTH RIDING—

The famous RX Tread—Safe! Non-skid! Non-swerve! Assures quick, straight stops! More rubber where it's needed most.

Until you have ridden on the RX—you cannot conceive of the remarkable difference this great tire gives to the riding qualities of your car.

Smooth, gliding, fully resilient—it absorbs the bumps and knocks of road travel with effortless ease—Super-Pressure Curing—the art of doubling previous curing pressures—forces live, vibrant rubber into and around each extra-strength Supertest Cord in the entire carcass—thus giving not only tremendous added life and mileage to the tire—but giving it a degree of resiliency not equalled by any other method!

Put Pennsylvania RX TIRES on your car—ride on them—and you'll quickly understand why they are the most talked about tires in America today!

Smart in appearance—and tops in performance—the finest tire that ever graced a car!

There's extra value in every inch of this great tire—smart in appearance and tops in performance.

Dealers everywhere have found the RX to be the Number One Good-Will Builder. Satisfied Buyers spread the word of RX's startling superiority!

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY

Factory and General Offices: Jeannette, Pennsylvania

PENNSYLVANIA RX

The tire that gives you amazing mileage

by bus," Greg submitted. Cherry laughed, although she had felt a little while earlier that she never would laugh again.

"The most generous little heart in the world," mourned Amy's grandmother. Cherry knew that she would like to think that it was true; perhaps she really did believe it. The happiest years of the old woman's life had been Amy's orphaned young years, when the girl had belonged wholly to her grandmother, when they had traveled together, shared social adventures in London and Paris and Palm Beach. Possibly in her youth, proud old Dora Marshbanks had known higher moments of arrogance and power, but certainly of late years all her joy and confidence had been vested in Amy. If she could possibly bring herself now to believe that Amy's marriage was not a mistake, that happiness and success and the pride of a high position might come to Amy through it, she would be so grateful to believe so! "After all," she said, dropping her newspaper, "what object would he have in deceiving Amy? Surely she's not rich enough to make her money any object to *him?*"

"Will the papers get it?" Cherry asked.

"Oh, the papers have it already! Photographs," the old woman said wearily.

UNBELIEVABLE as it might appear, Cherry and old Mrs. Marshbanks were amicably conversing. To be sure, the air was charged with shock and grief and change; to be sure, nobody in the house was quite his or her normal self. But yet there was a certain thawing on the part of her perverse old grandmother this morning that warmed Cherry's heart; in their common distress and strain they could somewhat comfort each other.

Only yesterday Cherry had learned of the existence of those love letters from Kelly to Fran which might wreck all her happiness in wrecking her faith in him. The police had the letters despite Fran's effort to hide them; they might use them, and if the press got hold of them their most innocent expressions could be misconstrued, their fatuous phrases become public property!

Cherry was heartsick with despair at the thought of it. He had told her that he loved her, but only a few months ago he had loved Fran, too; how could matters ever be straightened out now, so that her trust in him could be restored?

Yesterday's second shock had been the discovery that the gown Fran had been wearing upon the fatal night of the murder had been stained with unmistakable marks of gunpowder and gun oil. There had been no mistaking that twisted smirch of discoloration upon the fabric of the negligee. Slight as it was, it was easily identified. Nothing else could cause that streak of powdery blackness, that little circle of oil. Fran must have been living in terror of its discovery.

For inconspicuous and small as it was, she might have had trouble in getting rid of it. To cut that little piece from the gown would be perhaps to evoke comment and start suspicions. To send it to the cleaner was as much out of the question as to give it to Molly to clean. Fran had taken the much safer course of simply hanging it among her other clothes, trusting that it would escape notice, as, in spite of all their investigating and examining, it had. Lying awake in the night, Cherry had seen that fatal little stain in her mind's eye, had remembered detail by detail the horrors of that dark night when the judge's shout had rung through the house, and when they had all awakened, just too late. For the pistol had been smoking on the floor and the echo of his voice had hardly died away when they had found him.

Had Fran had on that negligee then? Cherry asked herself. Yes, she thought she had. Certainly she had not had it on a short while afterward, when the police arrived. But to Cherry's inexperienced eyes she had never seemed to betray the slightest consciousness of guilt, and the police presumably had found her explanation of the night's events acceptable.

This morning Fran came downstairs while Cherry was finishing her breakfast and wearying her brain with inchoate speculations. Like the rest of the household Fran was showing the strain; her face was almost colorless except for her lips, and she was either not using lip rouge now, or using the palest possible shade. The skin that had been an exquisite deep, creamy ivory was sallow; the eyes were sunken, and the black bang was only another note in an effect of weariness and fatigue.

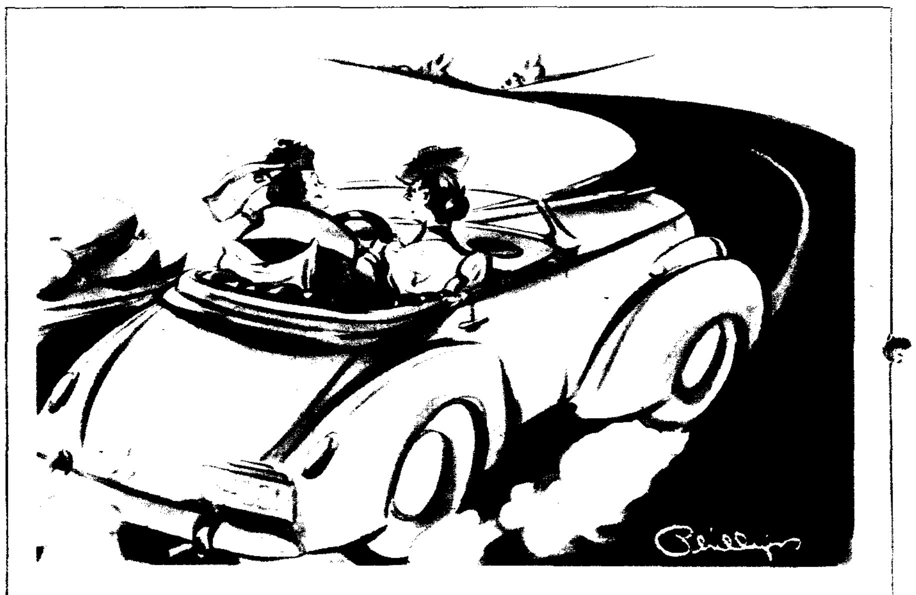
"Sleep, Fran?" Cherry asked.

"No—very badly." Fran sat down and looked at her grapefruit, pushed it restlessly away. "Those letters worry me," she said.

"What letters?" asked Mrs. Marshbanks, eying the younger woman over her glasses.

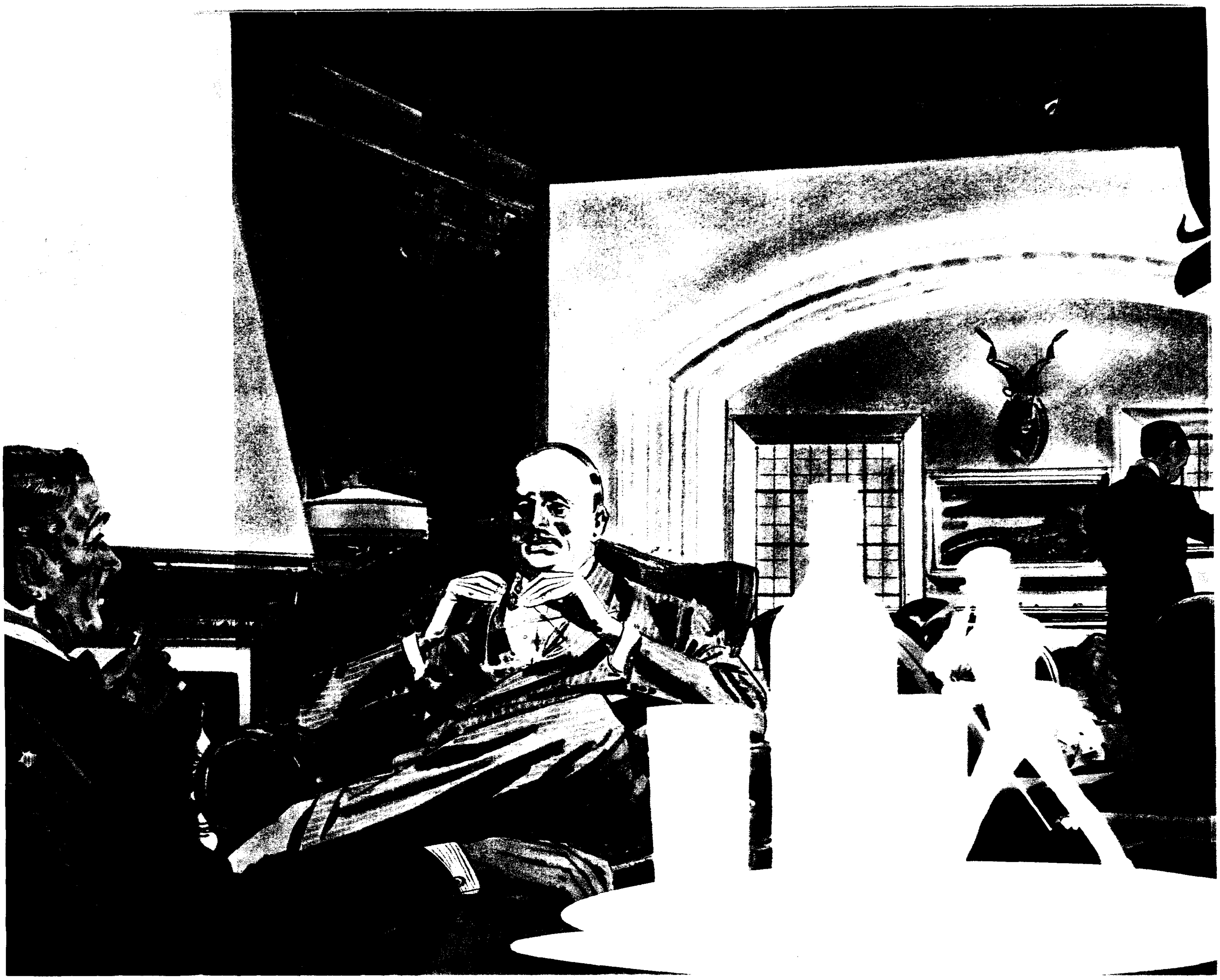
"Some letters Kelly Coates wrote me—silly, perfectly harmless letters, but wait until you see what the papers make of them!" Fran answered, impatiently.

"This is the first I've heard of *this,*"



"There's really no difference driving in heavy traffic—just a lot of other cars scrambling to get out of your way"

IRVING PHILLIPS



SOMEBODY'S MISSING

There's somebody missing in this picture of contentment...and it won't take you long to find it out.

In fact, it won't take you long to complete the picture...no matter where you live. For friendly, well-travelled Johnnie Walker is as available in Borneo as in Boston, in Tangiers as in Tucson, in Johannesburg as in Joplin.

Not indispensable, mind you...but pleasant to have at hand when the mood calls for a rich sip of that flavour which speaks of Scotland's finest to so many tongues.

Little wonder, then, that Johnnie Walker Black Label is one of Scotland's proudest exports. For people of taste everywhere agree...there's no finer whisky than Scotch, and Johnnie Walker is Scotch at its smooth, mellow best. Sip it...and see!

IT'S SENSIBLE TO STICK WITH

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

BORN 1820...still going strong

BLACK LABEL 12 YEARS OLD (86.8 proof)

Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc. • New York, N. Y. • *Sole Importer*

NED DAY
World's Individual
Match Game
Bowling Champion
Velvet
AND CIGARETTE
TOBACCO
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
Set 'em up
with Velvet

...perfect score
for pipe or cigarette

Right down the alley for mildness and aroma ... *that's Velvet!* Its good old Burley and maple flavor makes a 10-strike every time. You'll get a lot of "300" smokes from each big red tin.

Velvet

the Right Word for Smooth Smoking

MILD and COOL
Positively NO "BITE"

Copyright 1940,
Liggett & Myers
Tobacco Co.

said the old woman, in a voice of desperate resignation.

"I only knew of it myself yesterday. I'd put them in a place that seemed absolutely safe. They ferreted them out."

She opened a newspaper lazily.

"Ah, here's Amy! That horrible picture they took when she got back from Honolulu. Well," Fran said, sighing, "we seem destined to make the headlines lately!"

Cherry had finished. She went to take the chair opposite the older Mrs. Marshbanks at the fire. Rain spattered the windows; now and then the wind rose to a howl about the house. She wondered if she would act as Fran did had she been widowed only a fortnight. But Fran was not like anyone else.

"Hello, everyone!" Kelly Coates stood in the doorway.

CHERRY'S heart gave a great spring, began to tremble with fear and pain. Oh, she did not want to see Kelly this morning, not after Fran's story of the letters, not after the wonderful day he and she had had together at Topcote!

She had gotten to her feet; she would have escaped, but there was no escape. He came in, greeting Fran and old Mrs. Marshbanks and Gregory, catching Cherry's hand as he stood beside her, but with no other look or greeting, and spoke at once of Amy's elopement. He hoped it had not too much distressed her grandmother.

"I don't know any good of him!" Mrs. Marshbanks said of Count Gogo, visibly touched at Kelly's solicitude in spite of her stiff manner.

"At all events, Amy is a determined young lady and knows her own mind. She may mold him into just the husband she wants," Kelly said comfortingly. And then to Fran: "You telephoned that you wanted to see me about something?"

Cherry's eyes went to Fran's face and found there an expression that she could not define. It was a tragic expression, mingled with one of—well, what? Fear and warning and solicitude combined? A strange look, disquieting and significant. But significant of what?

"Could we talk for a few minutes, Kelly?" Fran asked, rising. "Something has happened," Cherry heard her say as they went away together, "and I don't know how serious it may be."

Her own heart sick with apprehension, she went through the gloomy big halls up to her own room a few minutes later, catching with the usual odors of carpet and curtains the inevitable smell of cigars. Life was a heavy burden upon her as she climbed the stairs. Fran had evidently taken Kelly to her own room. Cherry could hear their voices in there—Fran's urgent, stressing every word; Kelly's deep, so low that she recognized *it only by the tone.*

She went to the window of her room and stood looking out at the trees in back gardens tossing wildly in the storm, and the whitecaps racing on the sea, and it seemed to Cherry that life would never be right and happy again. Amy was gone, and although they had never been intimate, yet Cherry missed her and felt lonely. Kelly seemed to be gone too; the new complication of the letters had moved him far away and Cherry was without her friend.

She was standing at the window entirely unconscious of the passage of time when May came in with the message that Mr. Coates was downstairs in the front drawing room, and would like to see her a moment. Immediately Cherry went down.

He was alone in the great gloomy room, and came toward her, half smiling, half puzzled, and held out both his hands to her, saying, "Cherry, what's the matter? Were you going to let me go without seeing me?"

"Would you like a fire in here, Miss Cherry?" May asked, following her into the room.

"Oh, no—or yes, May!" Cherry answered confusedly. And then more decidedly: "No! We'll go into the breakfast room; it's nice and warm in there, and I think they've all gone upstairs."

She and Kelly went into the room together, finding the remains of the breakfast fire still burning, all traces of the meal cleared away and nobody but themselves to take possession. It was then that Kelly squared her gently about with his big hands and asked her why she had been crying.

"I've felt—so horrible!" Cherry faltered, fresh tears welling in her eyes. She could not face him.

"What about, Marchioness? Nerves? Is all this beginning to get you?"

"Oh, Kelly, I'm so wretched about those letters! I knew—of course I knew," Cherry faltered, "that you were fond of Fran; I knew that just as soon as I met her, or you! But it hurts me so—it hurts me so—when I was so happy thinking that you and I would be together—to have this happen now! To have the police get them and the newspapers; it spoils everything!"

"Why does it spoil everything?" he asked gravely, still holding her lightly with both hands behind her shoulders. "Look at me, Cherry. This doesn't spoil anything. Do you mean that you *don't* want to come to Sausalito now?"

She smiled up at him through tears.

"Oh, Kelly, but it makes it all so horrid!" she said, even though hope was dawning in her voice.

"Cherry, you just said that you knew I'd cared—or that at one time some months ago, I thought I was crazy about Fran. I never asked her to come to Sausalito and run me; I never thought of her doing any such thing. It was a hopeless, unhappy thing from the beginning. I think I always knew that she wasn't in earnest, and I hadn't seen you very often when I knew that I wasn't. What's the trouble?"

"DIDN'T she tell you about the letters?"

"Of course she did. She took me up to her room to tell me. She stopped at the library and told Higgins—the assistant D.A.—he's here this morning—that I had arrived. I don't know why. Perhaps you can tell me why."

"You—you comfort me by just s-s-saying anything!" Cherry said, laughing with wet lashes. She seated herself in the big fireside chair that old Mrs. Marshbanks had occupied that morning, and Kelly came to sit on the broad arm, looking down at her, holding tight to her hand.

"Let's have it. What about the letters?"

"She had them, Kelly. And a day or so ago the police found them."

"So what?"

"So what?" she echoed dazedly, as the clouds began to break. "Can't they use them, Kelly? Can't they make it seem that perhaps if you loved her—?"

"Why," Kelly said, "what on earth do you suppose was in those letters, dear? Plans for murdering Jud Marshbanks?"

"You comfort me," Cherry whispered, her eyes shut. "You—you don't know how you *rest* me, Kelly!"

He twisted about a little so that he could get an arm around her, and she leaned against him.

"What was in them?" she asked faintly.

"Well, I suppose the usual thing. That I was—oh, Lord—perhaps that I was happy in my new friendship for one of the most fascinating women I'd ever known," Kelly said, half amused and half impatient. "And here was a book that I knew she would like, and thanks for a wonderful talk yesterday afternoon, and did she know what an inspiration a woman like herself—that sort of slush! The kind of thing she knew the moment she met me I would be writing her pretty soon, and the kind of thing I knew the moment I met her she'd like. Show-off stuff, about Dante and Beatrice, and Love in Diana's Lap."

"There *must* have been more than that because she was so frightened. I've never seen Fran anxious before, not through all of this!"

"Well, there wasn't, Marchioness. I remember a brief time—ten days maybe—when I thought perhaps she'd get a divorce, and we could go on showing off to each other for a while, but none of that ever got into writing or even into words as far as she was concerned! I think I told you. I let off steam to you right from the start. And I knew right from the start that there never was anything so pleasant as talking to you."

"I'M HAPPY," Cherry stated blissfully. "But oh, Kelly, I was so scared!" she said with a reminiscent shudder.

"I'll be damned if I know what scared her," he said, in a genuinely puzzled tone. "She was beside herself. 'Kelly,' she said, 'it isn't for my sake but yours! Your career is ruined.' And she wanted me to take her away. 'Take me away and marry me!' she said over and over again."

"And what did *you* say?" Cherry asked, paling.

"I said that I loved you."

Her eyes filled again. Cherry could not speak.

"Then she said that I didn't know what might happen," the man pursued, still in the tone of one completely bewildered, "and I asked her what on earth she was afraid of. She said, 'You don't know, you don't know how they sound! You've not seen them for months.' It was the darnedest thing I ever knew! Oh, don't fool yourself," Kelly broke off to say, "I'm not proud of having made her think I was mad about her. Whenever I think of you and what you've done to me and the new values you've given the place over there, and walking and cooking and talking with you. . . . However, that's enough of that! But I wish it wasn't on my record. But as for the police and the press and the Lord knows who or what else exploiting it, and landing me in jail, why, it's just silly."

"She didn't really ask you to marry her?"

"Indeed she did."

"But she wasn't in earnest?"

"Well, she wasn't in earnest as far as caring for me goes. That was perfectly obvious. But what *was* she after? She said that the men downstairs would bag me as I went out if she didn't come down too; she went with me to the front door and said, 'Kiss me goodby, Kelly,' with Higgins standing right in the library door and Martin in the hall. I've not kissed Fran for months; I never kissed her at all except once or twice."

"But you didn't go out?"

"Yes, I did. I was out on the steps before I thought that I'd not seen you. I was in a fog over the whole thing. So I promptly rang the bell again and asked May to tell you I was here."

"And you really don't think there's anything dangerous in those letters?" Cherry asked on a long sigh, reveling in reassurance.

"I know there isn't. What gets me is that she thinks there is."

"Could there be one that you've forgotten, Kelly?"

"There could not."

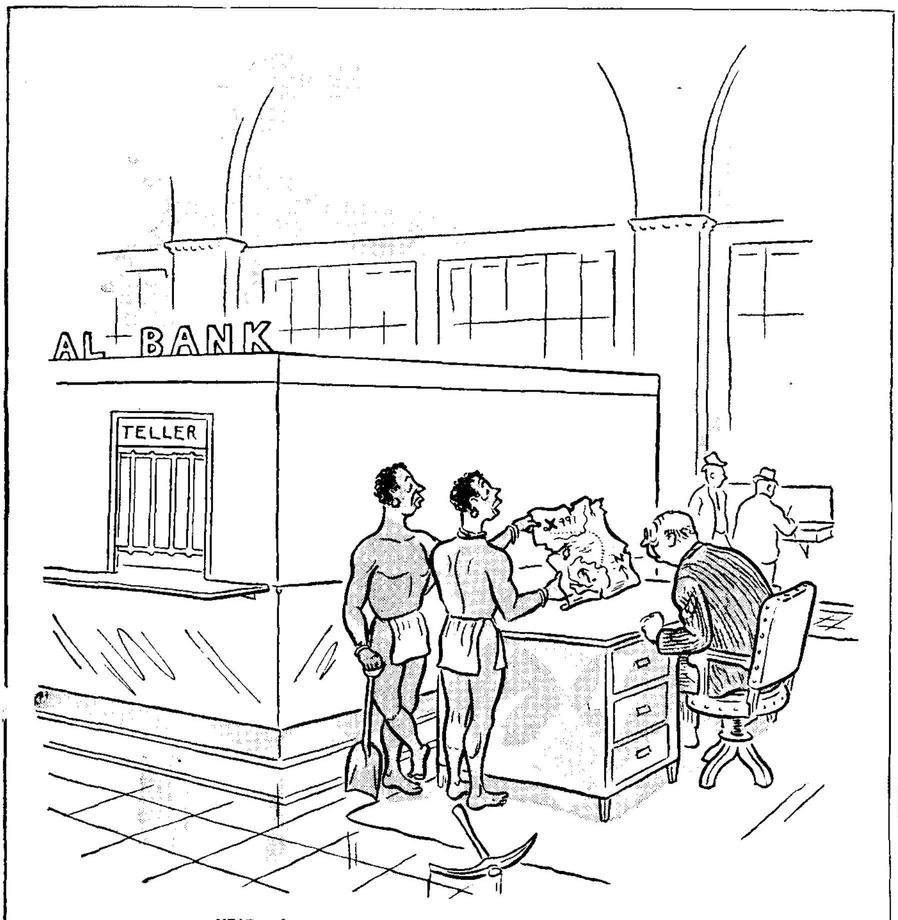
"And now that you could marry her, I mean when all this smoke blows over," Cherry mused, "you don't want to?"

"Cherry, it's as if it never had been. She was always playing, I think, and the moment I got onto that, it seemed to cool me off too. Long before I went to Honolulu it was all over."

"Remember the time that I thought she had been to Sausalito and the judge thought so, and she had given him to understand that I had been with her?"

"The night he was murdered, Cherry."

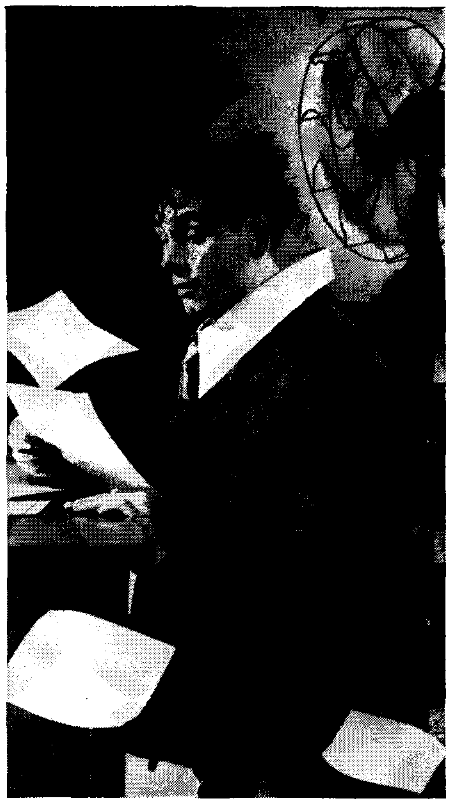
"Oh, so it was, so it was!" She was silent a moment. "It all happened at once, didn't it?" she said reflectively; "Amy wanting to marry Gogo, I telling him what Emma had told me, and Fran



"We found this on our island. It leads to your safety-deposit box Number 991"

4 ways to keep cool this summer

1. POUR ICE WATER over your head every half hour. Cool, but not neat. Ever so much neater is a lightweight Arrow Shirt, with thousands of little pores to air-condition you.



2. COLLARS TWO SIZES too big create nice drafts on your nape. But the collars on Arrow Summer Shirts are just right, never tight! Arrows are *Sanforized:* the fabric can't shrink even 1%!

3. GO NUDIST, but that's not smart any more. Arrow tailoring, however, is always smart. Arrow Summer Shirts have good-looking Arrow collars; come in handsome patterns and fine whites.

"MITOGA"
FIGURE-FIT

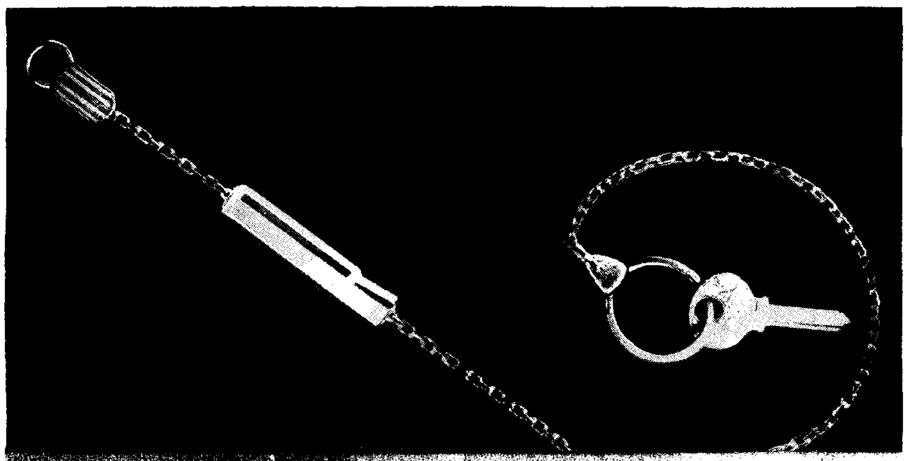
4. THE BEST IDEA is to ask your Arrow dealer for cool, comfortable Arrow Summer Shirts. No bunching in the middle, thanks to Arrow's famed "Mitoga" fit. $2, 2.25, 2.50, 3.50, $5.

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

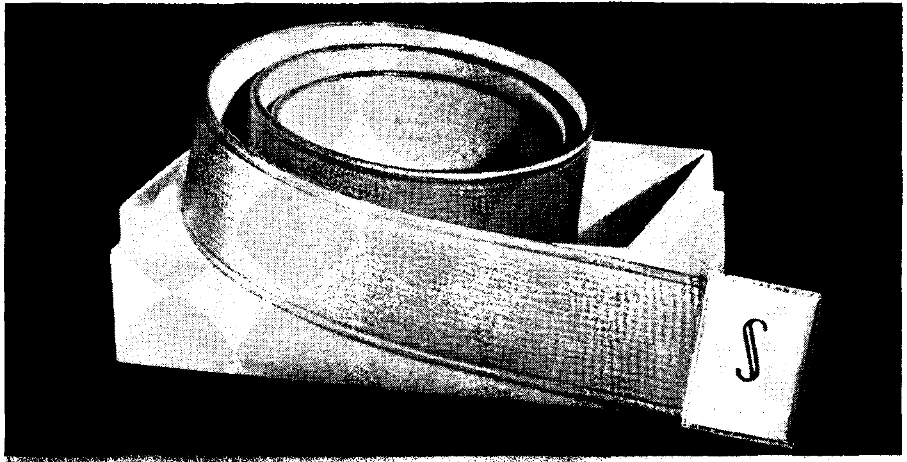
Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit

Look between the lines



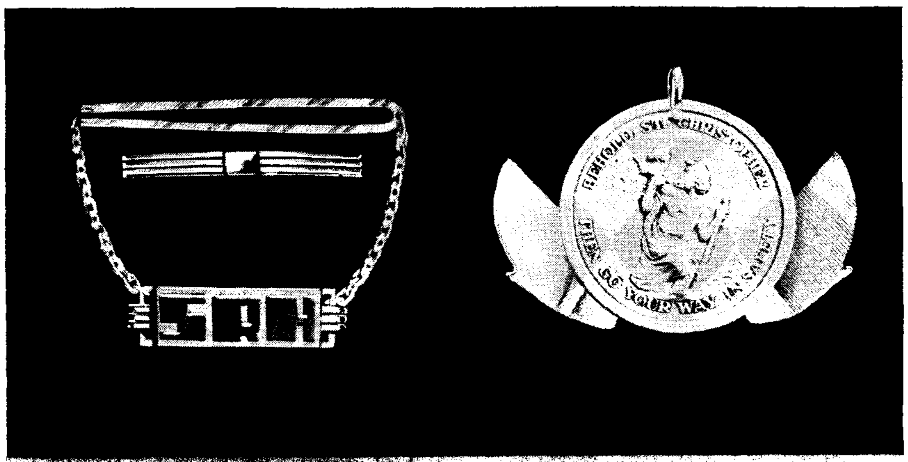
New Sky-Hy Initial... modern, massive... distinguishes this Hickok golden-yellow Key Chain. It's smart, unusual—and only $1.50, boxed. With his three initials, $2.50.

for the year's smartest gifts



Hickok Belt and Buckle Set, $2, boxed. Full grain steerhide, brown or black... Hickok Plate initialled buckle, silvery-white with golden-yellow finish. Other sets to $7.50.

for Father's Day & Graduation



A Hickok innovation... new Block Initials on Chain Tie Clip, $1. In set with Alligator-Grip collar bar, $2. *KoiNife, the novel pocket-piece*, with St. Christopher design, $2.50 and up. Other KoiNife designs to $50.

HICKOK

BELTS • BRACES • JEWELRY

lying—for it was a lie, Kelly, a deliberate lie—about where she had been."

"I was thinking of that. Where *had* she been?"

"And I was thinking of that too. Is there somebody else?"

"That certainly has occurred to the police. You can bet they're asking questions of her crowd down in Burlingame, sleuthing around and following clues."

"I was so worried for fear those letters were something they wanted."

"They may try their best to work them up into something," Kelly conceded, unalarmed. "But that's a long way from turning them in as exhibit three hundred and eight for the state. It's clearing, Cherry. Get on your coat and rubbers and tie something over your head. We'll go for a walk."

"If I can keep my feet on the ground!" she said, adding in a longing tone, "Oh, Kelly, it'll be so good to get out of this house some day and into the free, open air and to forget everything that's gone on here!"

"Don't you think sometimes of the fact that if things had gone just a little differently you might be a rich woman, Marchioness?" he asked, as they walked along the wet sidewalks a few minutes later, under a sky of pale blue and wildly streaming clouds.

"No; I never thought of it, really. I wouldn't want it. I'll feel so rich as your wife, Kelly," Cherry said, "that it would just be a bother to me. What could I do with it? Furs and pearls—I don't know what women are like who buy pearls! To be over there . . ." She had stopped on a windy street corner, and now she gestured toward the northeast where the great bridge rose over leaden waters against a strip of leaden sky, and where the far hills were beaten under rain. "Just to be over there, alone with you," she continued; "there's no money in the world, and there's no Count Gogo in the world who could tempt me to give up a minute of it!"

The gale had whipped rosy color into her face, her tawny hair was blown about under a blue beret, and she had braced her strong, splendid young body against the current of the wild airs, and plunged her hands deep in the pockets of her snug, rough, blue coat.

"It's going to be a great adventure," Kelly said, his eyes all for her.

"It's going to be heaven! I can't believe it yet. I'm not experienced enough to pretend I'm not insane with happiness and—and excitement!"

They paced along together, facing the wind.

"Aren't you ever afraid of anything?" Cherry said.

"I think being afraid," Kelly said, "is the only thing to be afraid of."

"But this was murder," Cherry persisted, with a little accent on the last word.

"It was murder, sure enough," Kelly agreed, sighing and shaking his head. "They'll get someone sooner or later."

"How—how far are we walking?" Cherry demanded, out of breath.

"Oh, miles!" They were out on a headland on the Presidio road now over the sea; the softened wind, infinitely refreshing, was in their faces. "You must walk until you feel you can't go any farther," Kelly told her bracingly, "and then you're just started!"

"I LOVE it! I've wanted it so. Oh, I'd forgotten, what with Amy and everything," Cherry said suddenly, "there's something else I wanted to tell you. Yesterday when I was in Fran's room, and she was showing me the overnight case that the police had broken open when they had gotten your letters, she went into the bathroom to take a shower and while she was there I was standing sort of dazed because I was so frightened for fear you'd be in trouble over them, and the wind blew in through her closet—it's really a sort of little room with hangers and shoe boxes and all that—and I went in to close the window—this storm was blowing up then—and one of her dressing gowns blew against my hand, and Kelly, she'd wiped a pistol barrel on it! No mistake. Grease and gunpowder, and it was all puckered up—"

"What are you talking about?" the man demanded, interrupting.

"I mean it! That's true."

"Fran had wiped the barrel of a revolver on one of her dresses?"

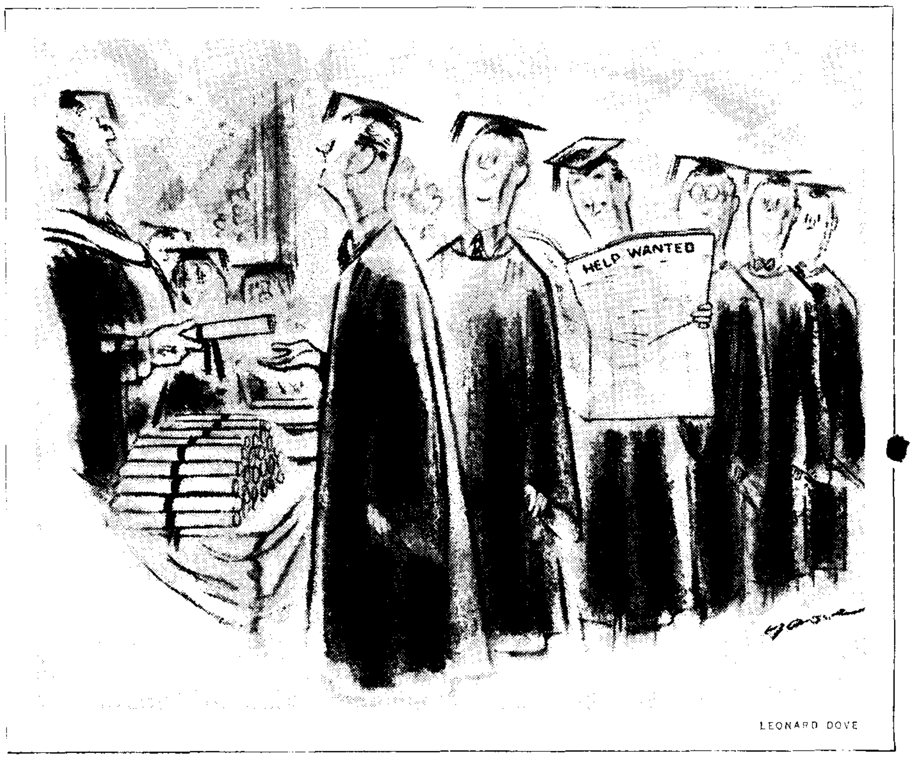
"One of those negligees she wears. And that was what she had on when she ran downstairs that night—when we'd all heard the judge shouting and we all ran to our doors. The minute I saw it I remembered it, although I'd forgotten it until then."

"Forgotten what?"

"That that negligee was what she had on."

"But someone would have seen her if she'd picked up the gun."

"Not necessarily. We were all so frantic! Martin kept calling for a doctor and I was telephoning and Amy had fainted. But, Kelly," Cherry went on impressively, laying a gloved hand on his shoulder as she stood facing him in



Back from Havana:—

ASTERN
Lines

OWL:
Hello, Fred—did you have a good time in Cuba?

PERRY:
Yes . . . thank you. I'm only sorry I had to leave that part of the world so soon.

OWL:
Did you smoke any Havana cigars while you were down there?

PERRY:
That's a treat I never miss when I'm in Cuba. That Havana taste suits me.

FRED PERRY APPROVES HAVANA FLAVOR OF NEW WHITE OWL

OWL:
Do us a favor, will you? Try this *new* White Owl Cigar and tell us what you think of it.

PERRY:
Sure thing—but I warn you I'm finicky about cigars. (*After several puffs.*) Say, that's something, now. There's Havana flavor for you . . . mild, too!

NOW BLENDED WITH HAVANA!

FRED PERRY, internationally famous tennis star, recently returned from an exhibition tour of Cuba. We interviewed him when he arrived in New York. Knowing that he smoked cigars and that he would be fresh from the home of Havana flavor, we asked him to check the *new* White Owl for Havana flavor.

The *new* White Owl, with its Blended-with-Havana filler, does have a rich Havana flavor—thousands of smokers will go along with Fred Perry on that. And the fact that you now can get this preferred cigar taste in a good 5¢ cigar accounts for the *new* White Owl sales record. Are you missing out on this cigar "find" of the year?

New WHITE OWL Cigars
To Father ... ON HIS DAY
New WHITE OWL
New WHITE OWL

Give Dad a *real* treat!
Special Father's Day gift box of 25 cigars.
Limited quantities available.

5¢

See how the new White Owls are made—New York World's Fair, 1940

Copyright, 1940, by General Cigar Co., Inc.

THE HANDS OF

Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe

Physician

On May 28, 1934 in a simple homestead in a backwoods Canadian village five baby sisters were born *at a single birth*. The world *credits the skill*, experience, and indefatigable efforts of a "country doctor" that these babies lived and blossomed into charming little girls. The world honors Dr. Dafoe for one of the most brilliant accomplishments in medical history.

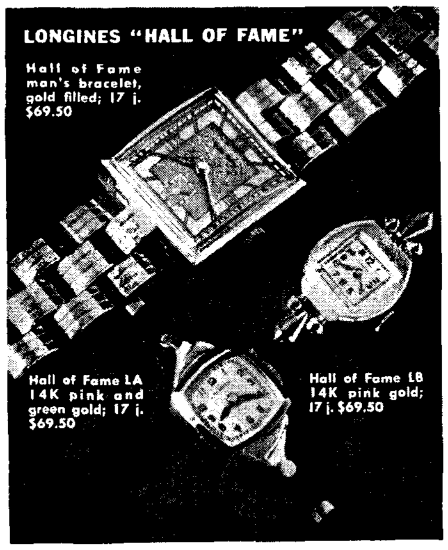
Dr. Dafoe's watch is a Longines "Presentation"

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED HANDS
WEAR *Longines*
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

Because of its own distinguished quality and brilliant international reputation, Longines has long been the pre-eminent *presentation watch* to express merit, appreciation or honor. Longines is for these same reasons most appropriate for presentation at graduations, weddings, and anniversaries. The Longines Watch, itself, has been honored by 10 World's Fair Grand Prizes, 28 Gold Medals and more honors for accuracy than any other timepiece.

Longines Watches are priced from $37.50 to $4000.00. Longines "Hall of Fame" series at $69.50 are the feature watch values for this season. Longines Watches are sold by authorized jewelers everywhere.

LONGINES-WITTNAUER WATCH CO., INC.
580 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.


LONGINES "HALL OF FAME"
Hall of Fame man's bracelet, gold filled; 17 j. $69.50
Hall of Fame LA 14K pink and green gold; 17 j. $69.50
Hall of Fame LB 14K pink gold; 17 j. $69.50

the shelter of a vine-covered garden wall, "this is the strange thing. Fran did have that negligee on at first, but when the police and the doctor and all the others got there she didn't. She had on only her nightgown, for she was shivering with cold, and one of the maids in the house went and got her an overcoat from the hall closet."

"Ha!" Kelly said, his brow knitted. "Sure of that?"

"I'm absolutely sure. I was so terrified, when I waked in the dark, that it seemed to me I couldn't get fast enough to light and people and voices. And the first thing I saw when I opened my door was that the halls were lighted, and May and Molly and Helene, the other maid, were coming down from the upper floor, and Fran halfway down the stairs saying it was nothing, that we mustn't get excited, and wearing that negligee. It's etched—it's *etched* on my mind," Cherry said seriously, "and it gave me a sort of sick feeling to see it again. But when the doctor and the police got there, she didn't have it on."

"SHE could have run upstairs, hung it up, and gone down again without anyone's noticing?"

"Easily! Old Mrs. Marshbanks was prostrated, as the papers said; they didn't let her come down at all. We were all running about, perfectly distracted—someone telephoned Greg and someone else got brandy for Amy—it was a madhouse for a while. And nobody was watching or checking."

"She wiped that revolver on the first thing that came handy, a fold of her dressing gown," Kelly formulated it slowly. "And then it occurred to her that the stain would be a hard thing to get rid of. She couldn't count on anything she had to clean it with—"

"But Fran never cleans anything anyway. Molly does all that."

"Exactly. And to change and come downstairs in something else might be noticed. But just to wear her thin nightgown was a thing that couldn't be questioned. She thought that out. And nobody commented on the fact that she had taken off her dressing gown?"

"Nobody that I ever heard. Naturally Molly and May and Martin saw nothing but poor Judge Marshbanks, and Amy wasn't noticing anything. Fran may have made the change within those first five minutes."

"You didn't see her handle the gun?"

"I didn't see anything but the judge."

"She grabbed that gun instinctively and cleaned it before she realized that if those smudges were discovered matters would be worse than ever," Kelly said, as they came down the sharp slopes of the hills toward the water front in a sudden darkening of the sky and freshening of the wind that meant more rain. "So she took the boldest course and as it turned out the safest one. We're not far from Fisherman's Wharf, Cherry; how about an oyster stew?"

"Oh, Kelly, I'm starving!" She laughed her old joyous laugh as he caught her arm tightly in his, and they went along together at a walk that was almost a run. The restaurant they entered was as plain as coarse linen and cheap chairs could make it.

But glasses and plates were clean, the fragrance of the boiling crab kettles outside scented the place appetizingly, and just under the window at which they cozily established themselves the sea was rushing in gray and swollen, and fretting at the piles of the pier. There were no other lunchers today; with the sudden return of the storm the place was deserted, and Cherry and Kelly knew they could loiter over their thick crackers, their creamy boiling-hot stews, their platter of tiny sweet shrimps, as long as they liked.

"Honestly, Kelly, is there one chance in the world Fran did it?" the girl presently said.

"I don't think so. I'd swear she didn't have the nerve. But it strikes me—it's seemed to me all along—that her position is that of someone who knows something, or thinks she does; she's protecting someone. But who? Amy? The old lady? I don't know."

"Suppose—this sounds like a murder mystery—but suppose the judge knew something about Martin the butler, Kelly, and Martin killed him to keep the secret?"

"You don't have to go so far afield," Kelly, manipulating shrimps deftly, reminded her. "We know he *did* know something about Amy. Something she would give a good deal to have kept quiet. He was your one witness."

"But yet they never really suspected Amy," Cherry mused. "They took a statement from her as they did from me, but they never bothered her any more. I think the police are terribly stupid!"

"I'm in the dark," Kelly said, shaking his head. "They don't always tell all they know. . . . Here are our oysters."

"It's just one o'clock," Cherry said, "and I think I'll telephone home that I'm not coming. Martin keeps things waiting until after two if he expects us. Of course I'll get one of the police, but he'll give Molly or someone the message for me. I'll not be a minute."

"Want me to do it?"

"Oh, no; it'll only take three seconds."

She was gone perhaps as many minutes. When she came back it was with an altered face and a faltering step. She sank into her chair, gripping the table, trying to speak.

"Cherry, for God's sake what is it? What's the matter?" Kelly stammered, jerking his chair beside her, catching at her hands.

"It was Mullins," she whispered. "They want us to come straight home. She said—she said they had quarreled—over you. Fran has confessed!"

WHEN they went out onto the wharf looking for a taxi, Cherry held Kelly's hand tightly, too frightened to speak. The man's manner was one of simple puzzlement.

"Fran's confessed, eh?" he said more than once. "I wonder what *that* means?"

"Wouldn't it mean that she did it?" Cherry asked, her face white, her voice breathless.

"But why does she drag *me* in?" Kelly mused. "She knows darned well that whatever she's up to I'm not in it."

"But—but she could say you were!"

"Yes, but that's not enough. I wish we'd waited to finish our good hot oyster stew!" he said in whimsical dissatisfaction, looking at her keenly. "You look as if you were going to fall over."

"I couldn't swallow. It was so horrible! I telephoned, thinking that I'd get Martin or Molly, and just leave a message, and it was one of the police, and he asked if you and I would return to the house immediately. He said, 'We have here Mrs. Marshbanks' signed confession, and we would like to question Mr. Coates.' He said, 'The quarrel between Mr. and Mrs. Marshbanks was about Mr. Coates.' Kelly," Cherry finished, frantic with apprehension, "couldn't you just—go away? I mean, just get on a train and go to Canada or somewhere? They haven't indicted you now; they've nothing against you; it'd be days before they could find you!"

They had stopped in their walk at a little fish stall in the pelting rain, sheltering themselves as well as they might under its narrow, dripping awning. Pyramids of sprawling, clawing purple crabs were waiting for the great black kettles that stood smoking on the rough plank sidewalk; the rain fell through rising clouds of odorous steam. Rough wet

COHAMA
America's NECKWEAR *Nobility*
CRAVATS

FOR FATHER'S DAY

. . . including Your Father

There's a Cohama Cravat for every father who ever wore a tie. Whether he's a business man or a sportsman; a stay-at-home or a stepper-out, you'll find *his* ties under a Cohama label. Look for it!

at better men's wear and department stores $1

1412 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Cohama Cravats

air, blowing in from the sea, curled Cherry's hair and beaded her eyelashes with tiny diamonds.

"Fran advised me to get out," Kelly told her. "You're shivering, Marchioness," he added concernedly. "Darn it, you oughtn't to have sat still in those wet clothes! Yes," he resumed, still in puzzled manner, "Fran urged me this morning to run for it while there was time. Run from what? I don't know anything about Jud Marshbanks' death."

"But sometimes they do accuse innocent men, Kelly, and convict them, too!"

"Not on what they've got against me!"

WET, gray sea running high and rough; low, ominous sky pressing down over the shabby wharf; crab kettles blowing smoke and steam into the spattering rain. Cherry felt as if the picture would be imprinted forever upon her soul.

"But she evidently mentioned you!"

"That's what I can't make out."

"Kelly," she said, when they had signaled a lone, cruising taxi and were on their way up the steep, wet hills, "promise me something."

"Anything," he said.

"Promise me that no matter what happens now, no matter how tangled things get, you and I are—forever and eternally—bound to each other! If they have a trial, if they put you into jail for fifty years, promise me that it'll always be you and me! That some day we'll be free, and together, and we'll go over to San Rafael, get our license, be married and have the studio and the little girl in a blue smock and the little brown boys. I'll wait for you, Kelly, and you—you wait for me!"

"Why, Marchioness," the man said tenderly, "don't cry, my dear. You're making me cry. D'you suppose there'd ever be anyone else but you? And d'you suppose that even if I did go over to San Quentin, I wouldn't know you'd come to see me every chance you could?"

"Oh, you know I would," she sobbed, trying to laugh.

"But it isn't going to be anything like that," he assured her. "For one thing, if Fran had quarreled with Jud that night, and had picked up his revolver in a rage and fired at him, she'd have been the first to confess."

"She did wipe off that pistol some time or other," Cherry reminded him, drying her eyes on his damp handkerchief.

"I know she did. Oh, there's a lot that can't be explained," Kelly conceded. "But—it's possible, of course, even if it's not likely, that when she went downstairs that night the quarrel between him and someone else was still going on. She knows more than she'll say; I'm sure of that. Or perhaps the murderer came up to her room afterward and frightened her, and *she* wiped the gun—No, that won't work. You heard that call for help too close to the discovery for anything like that. But anyway, if Fran had done it, she's smart enough to know that her safest way out was telling everyone, pleading impulse, excitement, accident. Accident!" Kelly interrupted himself to exclaim, struck with the idea. "It was his gun. He was showing it to her. It went off in her hands."

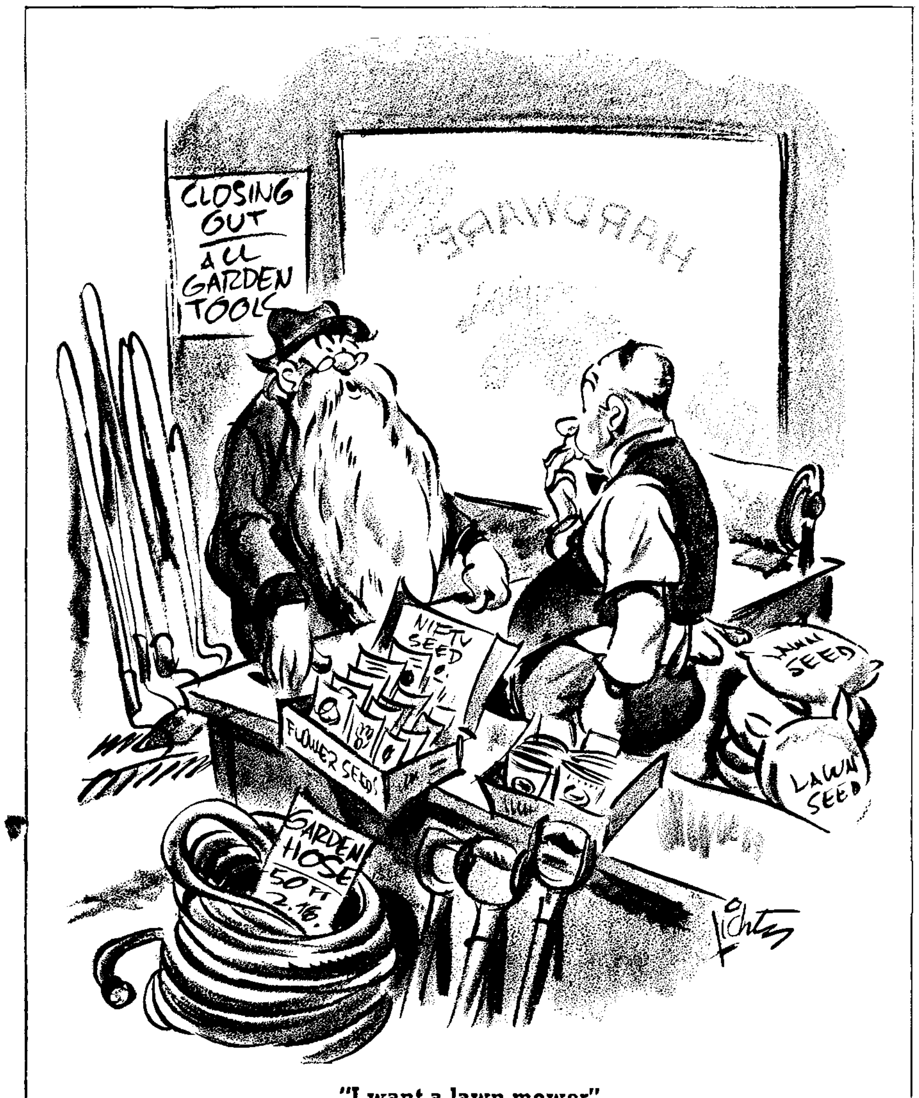
"It wouldn't go off ten feet away," Cherry objected.

"They couldn't prove anything though. They might not believe her story but at least it would keep them from a murder charge; it wouldn't even be manslaughter, if it turns out to have been an accident. No, Fran would have seen that way out, Cherry. She'd have taken that position."

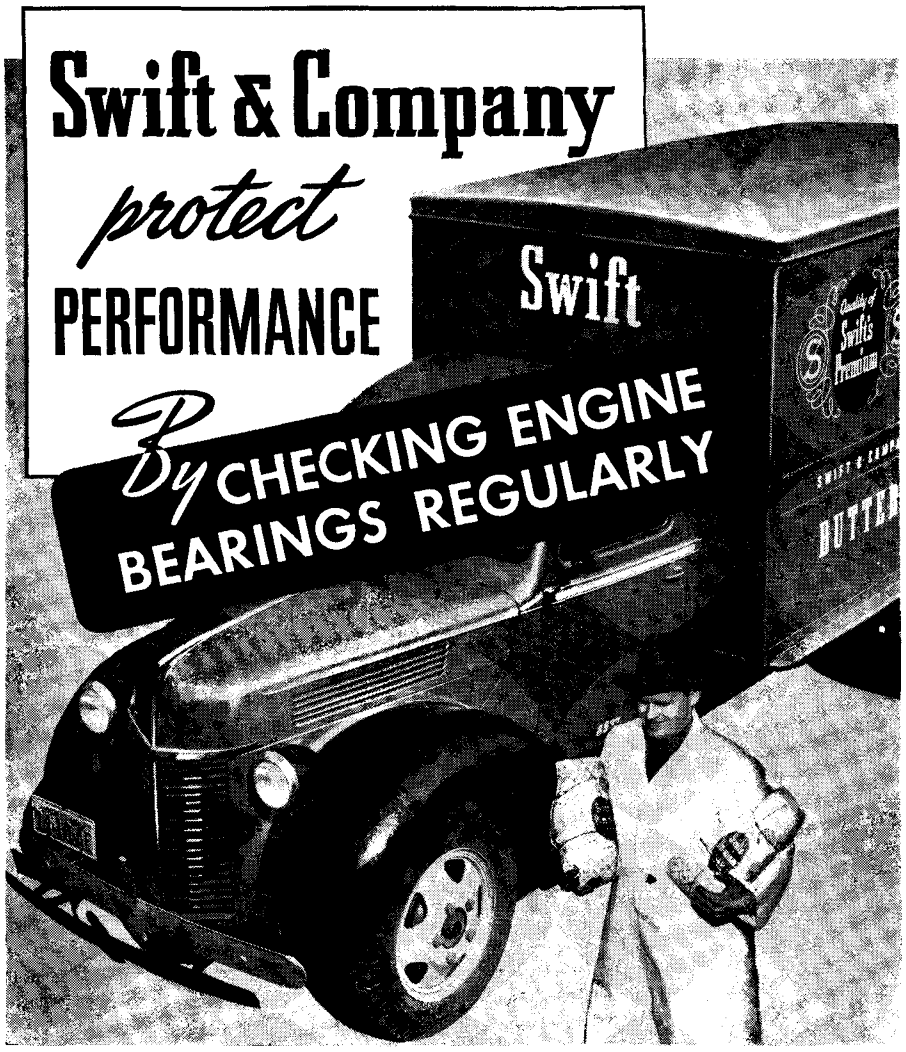
"But then, if she was going to confess today, why *didn't* she do it before?"

"Because," Kelly said, scowling and thoughtful, "something's changed her mind."

(To be continued next week)



"I want a lawn mower" GEORGE LICHTY



Swift & Company protect PERFORMANCE By CHECKING ENGINE BEARINGS REGULARLY

FAMILIAR sight to millions of people are the clean, bright, smoothly-running Swift & Company trucks delivering the popular Swift Premium food products to thousands of stores everywhere. "We pride ourselves on the cleanliness and fine, smooth performance of our trucks, free from oil fumes and engine sluggishness," say Swift service experts. "We keep them this way by checking engine bearings regularly. When we find worn bearings we replace them to restore power, pep, economy."

Save time and money by having your car's engine bearings checked now, before they wear excessively and cause motor-fouling oil waste, fouled spark plugs and piston rings. *Do as the big fleets do*—have your service expert check the bearings. *Don't blame piston rings for oil pumping caused by worn bearings*—replace with Federal-Mogul Oil-Control Bearings to restore power, pep, economy. See your Federal-Mogul Bearing Service Expert today—look for the Sign!

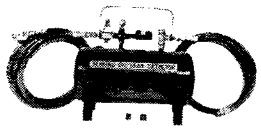
FEDERAL-MOGUL CORPORATION
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

THE SIGN OF SCIENTIFIC CHECK-UP

AUTHORIZED FEDERAL Mogul ENGINE BEARING SERVICE

Using oil? Stop where you see this sign. You'll find an engine expert who can accurately tell you what's wrong and what's needed to stop oil waste, restore fine performance! He knows his business. He knows there is no magic cure-all for oil pumping—he will give you the facts! Look for this sign!

GET THIS *Quick* TEST



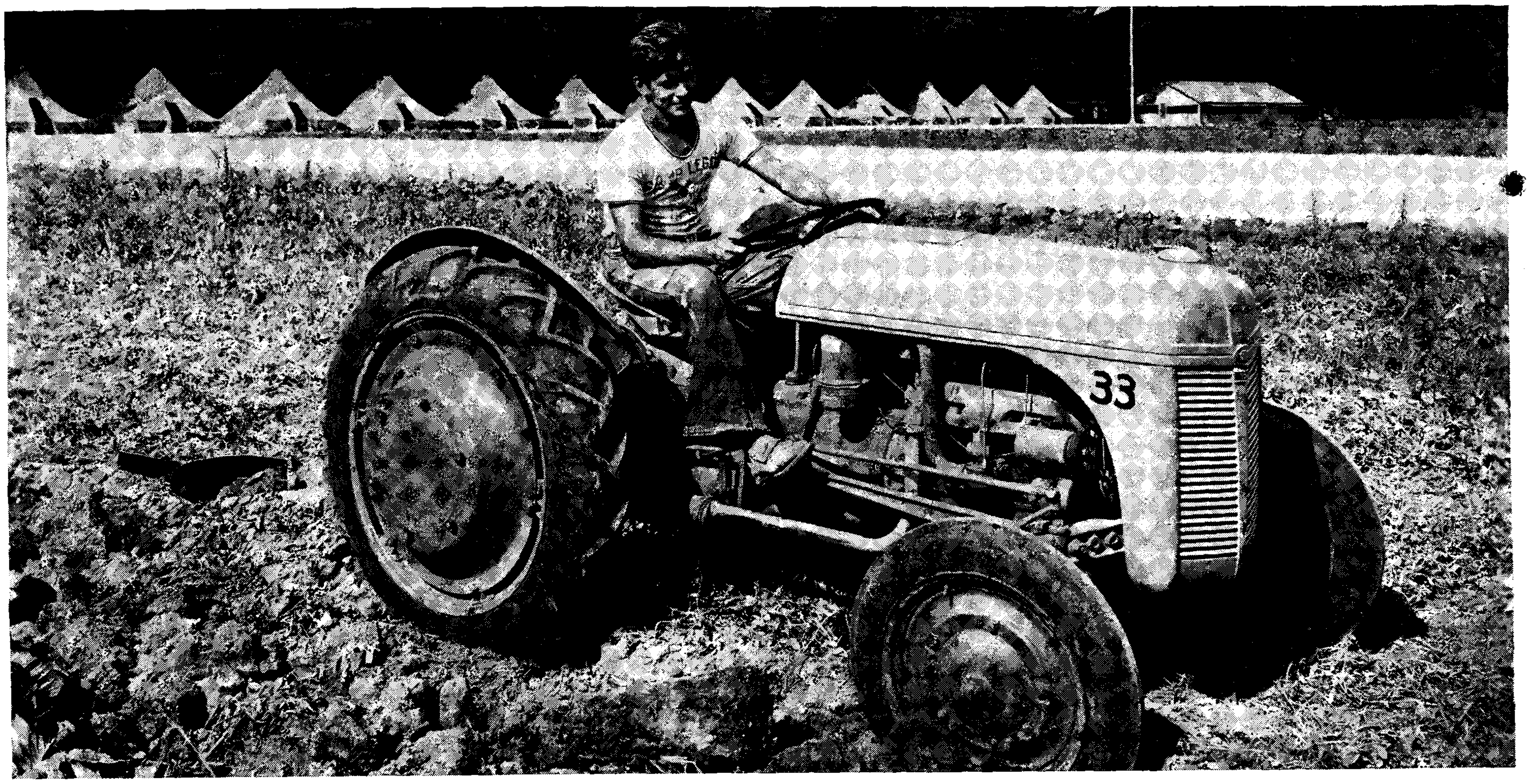
Don't guess at the cause of oil pumping! Ask for the Federal-Mogul Oil Leak Detector Test, which now makes it possible to check internal engine conditions in a few minutes, without opening up engine. *See for yourself* what causes oil pumping, how to stop it!

WORN BEARINGS CAUSE OIL PUMPING

REPLACE WITH

FEDERAL Mogul

ENGINE BEARINGS FOR EQUIPMENT—FOR SERVICE • ENGINEERED FOR OIL-CONTROL



• *Camp Legion boys take a lot of pride in the trim appearance of their tents and equipment.*

"They are creating something"

There is something that a boy needs beyond food and sleep, books and play. It is the satisfaction of working, with sweat on his face and calluses on his hands, close to the earth.

One of the real tragedies of the past decade has been the denial to hundreds of thousands of boys of any opportunity for useful labor.

Early in 1938 Henry Ford, who was once a farm boy himself, looked around him at this waste of a generation of youngsters. He decided there was something he could do about it.

That was the origin of "Camp Legion," near Dearborn, Michigan. When the frost was out of the ground that spring, sixty-five boys pitched a row of army tents at the edge of the woods and went to work. Many of them were sons of dead or disabled war veterans. Some had no homes. Most of them were pale and undernourished.

By the end of the summer their own mothers might not have known them. They had grown husky, tanned, self-reliant. They had earned their keep and a good sum over.

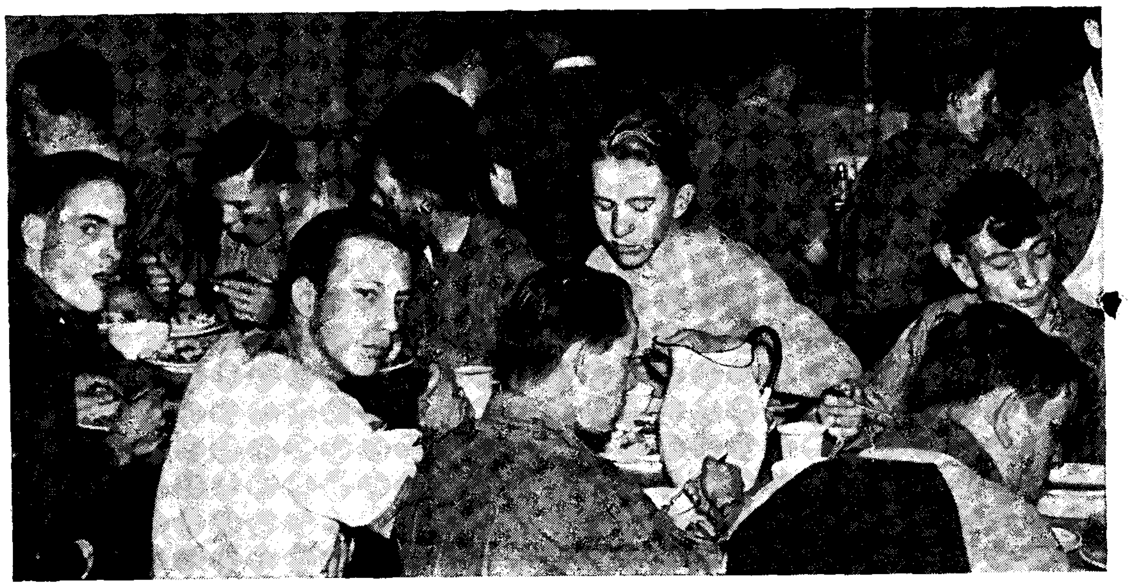
The success of the experiment was so thoroughly proved that Mr. Ford laid plans for a similar project—"Camp Willow Run," near Ypsilanti. And in 1939 the two camps wrought the same change in 130 more boys.

The system on which these camps are run is simple enough. The boys govern themselves. The camp foreman and sub-foremen are chosen from among their own number. They live in tents and eat in a mess hall where they are given plenty of good food. A farmer shows them what to plant and how to take care of it, and Mr. Ford supplies tractors and other modern implements. The working day is limited to eight hours.

The garden truck produced by the camps is sold at neat roadside markets, staffed by camp members. Each boy receives a daily wage, and at the season's end, all share alike in the remaining profits. Last year each member of Camp Legion received $128 in addition to his wages.

With the work-day ending at four o'clock, there is time for recreation. The boys have access to baseball fields and swimming pools.

When fall comes, the camp workers are not simply dropped back on the street corner. If



• *Plenty of good food for hungry boys.*

• *"I guess he understands us. We get along with him fine." That's what the boys at Camp Legion say about Henry Ford.*

useful . . ."

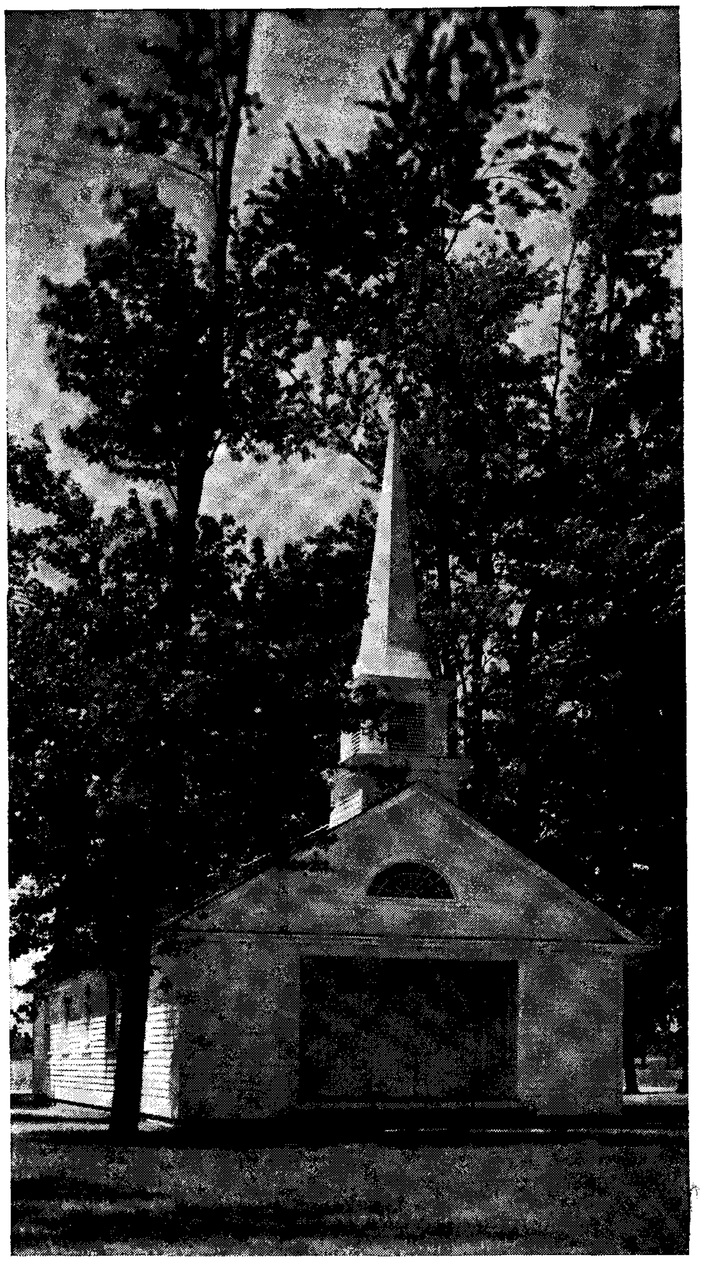
they show ability along mechanical lines, they may enter the Henry Ford Trade School, or go directly into one of the Ford plants.

Henry Ford stops often to talk to the youngsters. "I'd rather do this than anything else I know of," he told a visitor. "These boys have the opportunity to DO things here. They are creating something useful—something that other people can use. That's the most constructive effort in the world, and their early contact with it will be one of the most constructive influences in their lives."

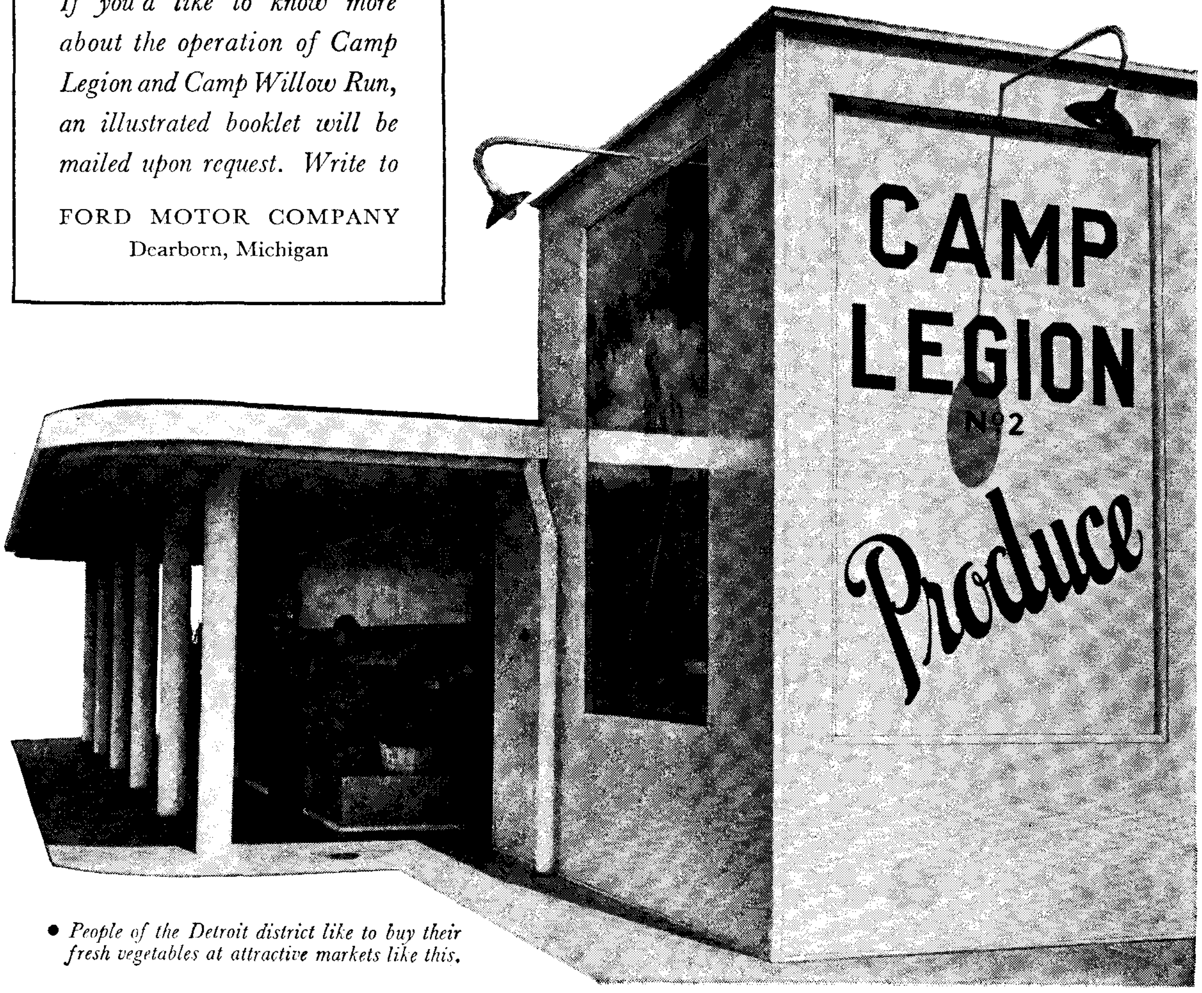
FREE BOOKLET

If you'd like to know more about the operation of Camp Legion and Camp Willow Run, an illustrated booklet will be mailed upon request. Write to

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Dearborn, Michigan



• *This little white chapel was given the camp boys by Mr. Ford. The boys conduct their own services.*



• *People of the Detroit district like to buy their fresh vegetables at attractive markets like this.*

The average lad gains 7½ pounds during the summer.

I Like a Man in a Whitehall† Shirt

"I like the way his Whitehall looks ...the way it fits. It reflects refinement, good taste, character. I like a man in a Whitehall shirt and I like a Whitehall shirt for the man I like."

● The Whitehall by Jayson is Troy-tailored with custom-features of fine, lustrous white broadcloth. It is guaranteed without qualification to give complete satisfaction. Featured by good dealers everywhere at $2. Sizes 13½ to 19, sleeve lengths 31 to 37, in neckband, regular soft collar or *Jaysonized no-starch, no-wilt collar. Also available are Whitehall pajamas in white and solid colors, $2. If you cannot locate a Jayson dealer, send size and money order. We will see that you are served. *Made under Celanese patents. JAYSON SHRUNK—fabric shrinkage less than 1%—Federal Specifications CCC-T-191A.

WHITEHALL
SHIRTS & PAJAMAS BY
Jayson
†Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
F. JACOBSON & SONS, INC., 1115 BROADWAY, N.Y.

Land of Milk and Honey

Continued from page 19

in from Seattle, and oddly enough, van Horn took a great fancy to our Mr. Gill, so they were often together. Andy was a solemn fellow around thirty and of striking appearance, having perfectly white hair. Sometimes Andy played bridge with us and we found him a quiet-spoken, friendly man.

His golf game wasn't so hot. He was good on the fairways and good off the tees, but I have never seen such putting as came from the putter of Andy van Horn. He was terrible. In due time, Westbrook Cox and Bill Ray discovered this fact and so you could see the four of them banging around the Midwood course for small stakes. Cox and Ray were admittedly the two champion hangnails in that club. They were fair golfers but not lovable citizens, and everybody in the club hoped they would fall over dead or lose all their matches, which would have been fairly even, except for van Horn's putting. . . . There has never been such putting before.

THE greens at Midwood are famous and not like ordinary greens. They have been rolled and pounded and shaved and pressed down hard so that they are more like skating rinks. They are roomy greens and wave in ocean rolls. The greenkeeper must have been a mild lunatic and it was his idea to pat down and harden the surface until it was like putting on a mahogany floor. Everybody had a tough time on the greens, Cox and Ray often three-putted from ten feet away, but Andy van Horn, formerly from Seattle, simply got on the greens and gave up the ghost. He was helpless and even I could have done better.

Omar explained that Andy was worried over his putting stroke, which anybody could see. He had lost his stroke and was fretful and afraid, acting like a man standing over a bomb. He practiced daily, but they tell me when a man's putting quits him it's like losing a leg. You can't practice it back.

Andy's ball might start for the pin, but it went elsewhere. It moved in almost any direction. When he hit it gently, it sped briskly past the cup, sometimes passing clear off the green into a bunker. He was bad. Five and six putts, and of course, Cox and Ray enjoyed this terrible putting and hoped Andy would never leave them. If Andy suffered, he certainly concealed his pain, for he never murmured, and as I said, the rest of his game was as steady as any man could ask.

"Andy's a swell bozo," Omar remarked to us, "and those other two we play against are a couple of All-America heels, and I certainly hate to see them beat us, which they couldn't do if only Andy would putt straight."

"Bill Ray is all right," Harmony said.

"Is he? Well, why does he carry a sixteen handicap when everybody knows he should be ten? He's a cheater, is what he is. Cox is the stinker. They should both be fired out of the club and I hear that everywhere."

Omar must have fumed inwardly, for he seemed preoccupied, and during the next week he rose at an early hour so that he could hasten into the city on some mysterious mission. He wouldn't tell us. But in ten days we had the explanation, for he suddenly cornered us at the hotel and displayed a package from which he began removing string.

"You say you're an inventor," he said to Harmony, "but you are a phony. I'm the inventor. When I invent something, it changes the course of mankind. Looka."

Speaking so, he removed the paper wrappings and unfolded his invention, which had just come from the shop in town. That's what he'd been doing.

"What is it?" we inquired in honest amazement.

"It's a putter," he replied proudly, "to end all putters. I invented it to save the life of Andy van Horn, who is a guy slowly going nuts."

We examined the implement, child of Omar's fuzzy intellect, and it was truly an invention, if that means something hitherto not existing.

First of all, it was a hollow-tubed putter, the shaft part containing a plunger, ending at the top with a sort of trigger. The plunger bar ran down inside the shaft and was attached at the bottom to a mechanism, like a tongue or the tip of a billiard cue, which moved horizontally to and fro when given impetus by the trigger and plunger.

The putter itself, in action, was placed firmly on the green and did not thereafter move backward or forward like the ordinary putter. It remained solid and motionless on the ground, like Cleopatra's Needle, or any other fixed object. Only the agitator or piston inside the head moved. You grounded the putter beside and touching your golf ball, with the impeller in contact with the ball, faced the putter toward the cup and pulled the trigger with your forefinger.

The horizontal plunger tapped the ball, sending it toward the hole, and naturally the ball went where it was aimed. Once in proper position, a dozen balls would roll over the same line and into the same cup. Nothing was left to the nerves of the golfer.

"Andy," said Omar, "will never be able to putt the old way, for he stands over his ball and trembles like an aspen leaf. My putter banishes trembling and indecision. Watch this."

He operated his instrument, tapping several balls, and I must say they all rolled the same way.

"Does Andy know about this?" I asked.

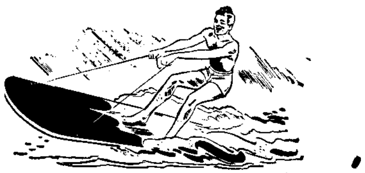
"No. It's a surprise. The poor guy is losing weight worrying. If this cures him, we'll have a chance with Ray and Cox. I don't say it will help him, but it might."

"Even if it doesn't work," Harmony grunted, "it's more brains than I thought you had."

THAT particular contribution to modern science was a success from the start. Omar practiced with it himself and discovered that once you placed the putter head in the right position, once you aimed it correctly at the hole, ten feet off, you could stand there all day and sink golf balls unerringly. Omar Gill is not a golfer in the sense of being mad about the game, but Andy van Horn was the kind who suffers, and so when Omar presented the putter, saying it was made for him, the Seattle lad was moved.

He scrutinized the tool with a wondering eye, took it out immediately and began testing and, to his delight, he found he could work it. His shakes seemed to leave him and he putted better. There was no temptation to lift his head and it made no difference. It was done by the gentle movement of the plunger and all Andy had to do was regulate the speed of the ball.

After that, Messrs. Cox and Ray had less fun with Andy and Omar Gill. The white-maned athlete from Seattle gained control on the slippery greens of Midwood and our two won as often as they lost.



Ride the tide in Allen-A Life Guard SWIM TRUNKS

Be the envy of old Neptune, in this Life Guard Swim Trunk styled in California to give you greater swimming comfort. ● Six riotous colors to pick from . . . sponge cloth is knit to give you 2-way super s-t-r-e-t-c-h with glove fit. ● Knitted-in Lastex gives you a lift even if the surf socks you down. ● Popular models. Moderately priced. Name of local dealer on request.

Allen A
Makers of Men's Underwear, Hosiery, Swim Trunks, Sweaters, Sportshirts
THE
Allen-A
COMPANY
BENNINGTON, VERMONT

In the meantime, business affairs were at a complete halt. Our income was down to zero, jobs were waiting in Hawaii, with Joe Leddy intimating that if we didn't want to work for him he knew some fellows who did. But no boat fares. Harmony and I discussed the matter, but found no solution. If you require money to reach Honolulu and haven't any money, then what do you do? Just what we did. Nothing.

True, we continued to eat, drink and be merry at Midwood, as cheerful and leafy a spot as California can produce. Omar came in one night, bellowing with fresh news. It was a Monday evening, his face was redder than ever, his eyes shone and his hair was standing up, like when a man has been warming himself with beer, wine, whisky, ale, rum and cocktails. I mean he was mildly plastered and the odor from him was not roses. Triumph was in his every gesture.

"We'll murder them," he announced, speaking like a fight manager.

He was referring to the detested Cox and Ray, for it seems there had been a slight commotion at the club that very afternoon. It began when Westbrook Cox, after beating Omar and van Horn, openly announced that Andy was a putrid golfer and that Omar cheated by stepping on the grass in front of his ball. It was added that Cox and Ray had only been fooling with them.

These comments came along after some postgame drinking in the club bar and apparently everybody in the place had too much to drink, including our fat hero. Omar announced that if Cox and Ray felt as they did, they could damn' quick find out, and added that Cox was a ten-cent bettor, a petty-larceny fugitive from the municipal golf links and a loudmouthed blabberhead.

This led to further words and all members present joined in, a thing that can happen in any bar, lounge, tavern or liquor room. Omar staggered out of the place with sixteen hundred dollars bet on himself and Andy.

"What was that?" Harmony asked, thinking he had heard amiss.

"Yes. Sixteen hundred bucks and it might be more. I'm a little vague."

"You're a little drunk. Are these bets on the cuff or what?"

"The money goes up," said Omar heatedly. "It's up now. Pete Bellowes is also betting on me and Andy, and staking me as well. All the smart gang bet on us."

"You better go to bed," Harmony advised. "And I would urge you to play your golf at some prohibition golf course, as liquor is no friend of yours. Sixteen hundred dollars—and us trying to beg our way to Honolulu!"

Omar retired in undimmed cheerfulness, and the next day at the club we discovered he had reported the facts accurately. All hands were discussing the proposed money contest and it was seemingly such a good betting opportunity that all hands wanted in. Mr. Cox accepted bets at even money and was scornful, saying that soon he would be giving heavy odds. Mild-mannered Andy said he'd take about fifty dollars, so's to have an interest. I took ten myself, my golfing record, but Harmony refused to join us, stating that if Westbrook Cox wanted to bet, just lay off and leave it alone, as Cox bet only on sure things.

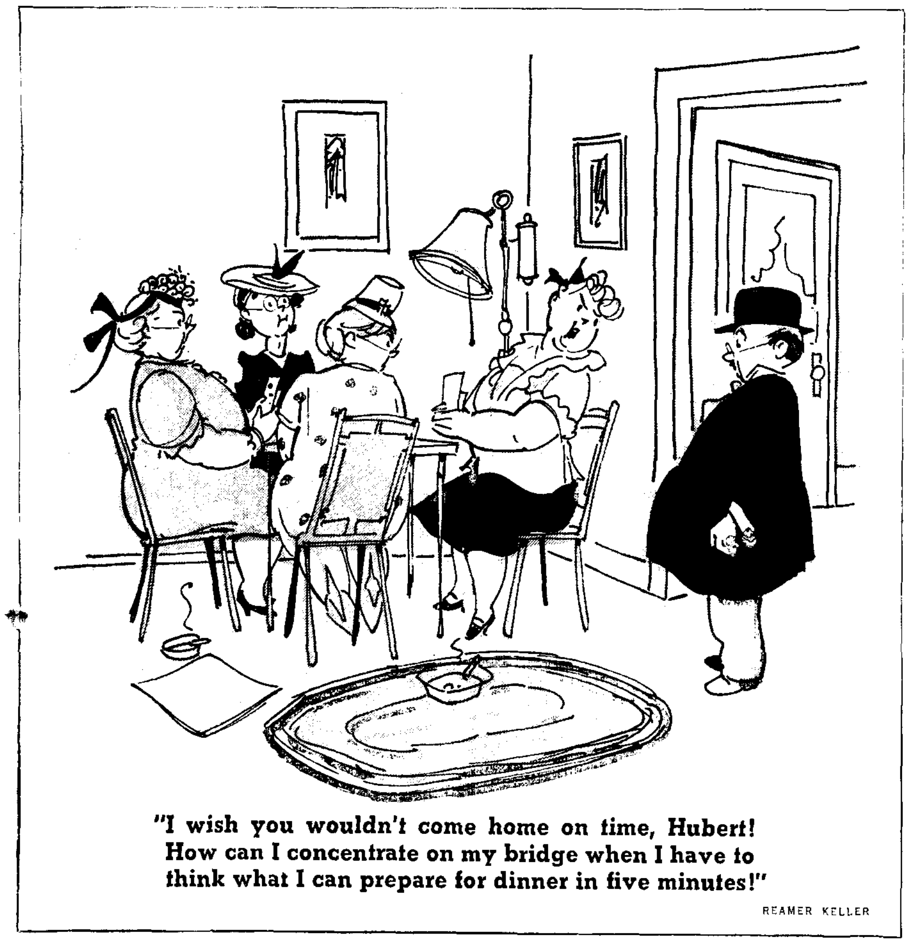
I HAVE never seen a peaceful golf club so torn with dissension and financial negotiations, and when I mentioned the matter to Pete Bellowes, the money man, he said: "Sure, Omar and Andy'll beat 'em. I never throw my dough away—do I?—and I'm betting on 'em. If you want to make an easy, honest dollar, get all you can. I'm telling you."

So I tossed caution to the winds and put up another ten spot, but in vain did O. Gill plead with Harmony to step in and gather some moss.

That dough match was arranged for Saturday at noon, and when the hour arrived every able-bodied member of Midwood was present and they told me more money was at stake than at any time since the joint opened in 1890.

We were there early and the first tee looked like the national Democratic convention in session with the Elks. Omar was quietly beaming and Andy van Horn wore his usual serious expression, while his white locks tumbled in the breeze. Old Poison-face Cox came out of the lockers with Bill Ray, crowded through to the tee, shoved people aside and said abruptly:

"There is one thing before we start



"I wish you wouldn't come home on time, Hubert! How can I concentrate on my bridge when I have to think what I can prepare for dinner in five minutes!"

FITTED FOR FUN

● Good times call for good feet—feet that can take it and come up smiling at work or play. Can yours?

You'll go through Summer in top style if you're fitted for fun—in shoes that match your active feet—in *Walk-Fitted* Bostonians! Their Foot-Form inner-soles fit as ordinary shoes cannot—support every arch and curve, give a lift to every step—because they're made to fit your feet in *action!*

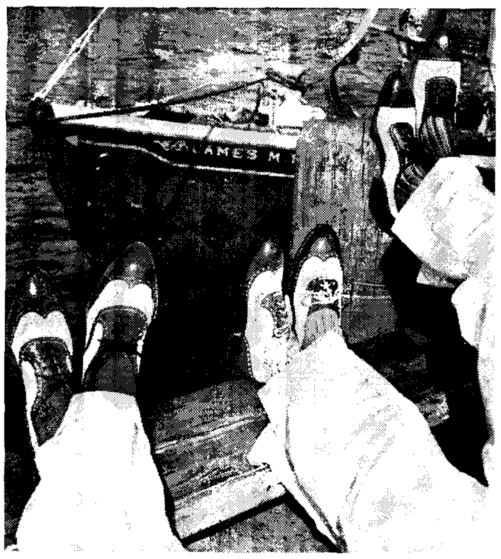
Take the load off your feet today. Step into good-looking, light-hearted Bostonians. Know what it means to sail through Summer in Walk-Fitted comfort.

Bostonians . . . Whitman, Mass.

$7.85 to $11.00

Catching the Ocean Breezes (above) are *Braeburn*, tropical white calf and tan wing-tip with ever-cool ventilations. At rear, *Rivoli*, the imported white buck oxford that is always correct and cool.

You're as Young as Your Feet in Bostonians. Choose *Spruce*, *Rivoli* or *Braeburn* (above) and take Summer in your stride.



Heat Waves Fade in cool Bostonians, above. Left: *Braeburn*, handsome, ventilated wing-tip. *Kendall*, center, is the newest thing in white buck and tan. *Spruce*, at right, is a trim straight tip, unlined and ventilated.

Bostonians

FIT RIGHT - FEEL RIGHT

they're WALK-FITTED

No doubt about it
Drinks Never Taste Thin with Gordon's Gin
GORDON'S
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
94.4 PROOF
and here's the reason
Gordon's has the Advantage of Liqueur Quality & High Proof, 94.4

● Experts know that all gins are not alike. And Gordon's has Liqueur Quality and High Proof, 94.4. That's an important advantage. For it assures you richer flavor, velvety smoothness—drinks that never taste thin. So ask for Gordon's when ordering gin by the bottle or the drink.

Gordon's Gin

100% Neutral Spirits Distilled from Grain

COPYRIGHT 1940, GORDON'S DRY GIN COMPANY, LTD., LINDEN, NEW JERSEY

this match. You can't use that putter."

He pointed at Andy.

"What!" Omar roared.

"That's what I said. I said he couldn't use that trick putter and he can't. That's golf. That's golf rules anywhere on earth—no mechanical devices may be used by the player. That putter's a mechanical device, I hope to say."

He glowered at Omar. Andy said nothing.

"Yes, but we've been playing you this way and you never said a damn' word about the putter."

"This is a game for money, my friend," Cox said nastily. "While playing peanut golf with you, we didn't mind, but when you get ambitious and want to play serious golf, then you use the proper clubs. Am I right?"

He looked about him at the blank faces and he certainly was right, which I didn't know. I thought you could use anything in golf. Arguments followed, harsh words, sarcasm and profanity, but when they looked in the book of rules there it was. No devices of a mechanical nature—not in golf. Even Pete Bellowes admitted Cox was correct and I could see my poor twenty bucks flying far away. You can see why this old scoundrel was so eager to snap up wagers.

"Did I tell you?" Harmony said to me. "Didn't I warn you to stay away from that man? Omar will do well to walk in the clubhouse and shoot himself."

If Omar and Andy felt suddenly ruined, they didn't betray it, and Pete Bellowes looked about the same. The contest began, with Andy's trigger putter stowed away in a bag. Omar looked at me stonily and Harmony made a vulgar gesture with his thumb, which translates into plucked again by Chinese labor. Bill Ray hit the first ball, with two hundred eager faces watching.

Well, sir, there was a golf game for the end book. Omar and Andy beat Cox and Ray one up on the first nine, with the crowd breathless and Cox starting to sweat blood, radium and cobra juice. Using his old, rusty putter of regulation shape and design, Andy had no trouble at all on the greens that had formerly killed him and it was solely on this expected wildness that Cox and Ray depended for victory.

Mr. van Horn putted firmly and surely, showing no nervousness. He putted amazingly well and his ball seemed trained and almost human as it rolled across the green, pausing either in the cup or on the lip thereof. Long putts, short putts, undulating or flat—they were all the same to this changed athlete, and Omar's round, red face was wreathed anew in gentle contentment. He didn't have to play much golf himself, leaning heavily on Andy. The crowd looked stunned, especially those gentlemen who were about to lose their shirts.

Passing into the second nine hole, Andy and Omar merely toyed with the repellent enemy. Andy sank a birdie on the tenth from a distance of fifty feet. His expression remained about the same, sort of pleased and calm. Old Man Cox blew all to bits, cursed in low tones and informed those about him that crooks had got into the club.

Our side finished the match long before the eighteenth, and when Andy sank the ruining putt on the sixteenth green, Cox and Ray picked up, passed a few general remarks and walked off the field, followed by genial jibes. We all shook hands with the winners and started for the bar, with Omar still grinning widely.

THAT was Saturday afternoon about two o'clock. Sunday afternoon, the three of us were on a fine steamer, bound for Honolulu, having cabled Joe we were coming. We lolled in roomy deck chairs under rich rugs. We sipped soothing drinks. Omar was still audibly triumphant, having paid our boat fare with the winnings.

"You," he said to Harmony, "are a putrid inventor, but I'm good. Boy, what a putter!"

"Yes, but it wasn't legal," said Harmony, "and Andy couldn't use it and I'll be damned if I can understand the sudden change that came over his game."

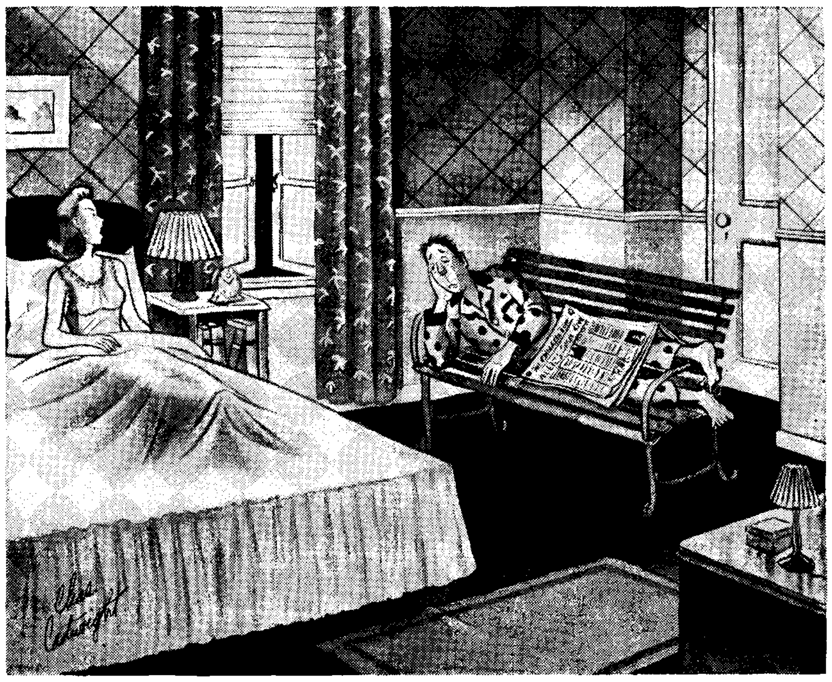
"Listen to this," said Omar, and he drew from his coat a page from an old sports magazine and began reading an article on golf by Grantland Rice.

" 'It is generally admitted,' " Omar read aloud, " 'that at the top of his game, Walter Hagen was probably the finest putter ever produced in America. He was a pro. What is not so well known to golfers is that the best putter among the amateurs is a little-known player from Seattle, Washington, named Andrew van Horn, who has never won a championship, but is a wizard on the greens.' "

There was a pause.

"Smart feller," Harmony said with a chuckle.

"I invent," said Omar solemnly, "only when it is necessary."

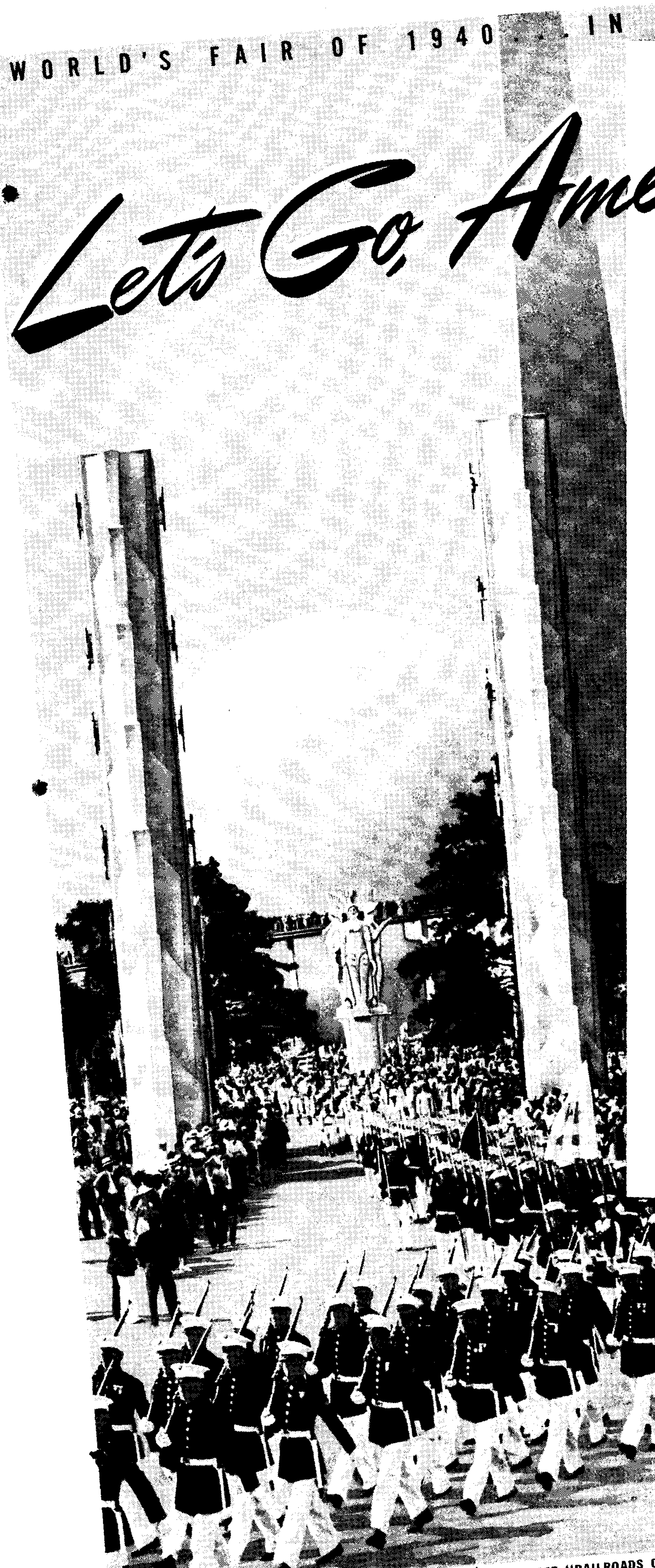


"Let me spend a few dollars on clothes and right away you start 'toughening' yourself for the future!"

CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

WORLD'S FAIR OF 1940 . . . IN NEW YORK

Let's Go, America!



Straight to the Gate by "The Direct Route"

It's all there waiting for you . . . $155,000,000 of splendor—*and something more.*

A new spirit; the spirit of the carnival, gay, light, lively.

So there's *twice* the inducement to see this spectacular Fair! *Plan to go.* Straight to the gate by Pennsylvania Railroad's "Direct Route" is the best way, as you can easily see here.

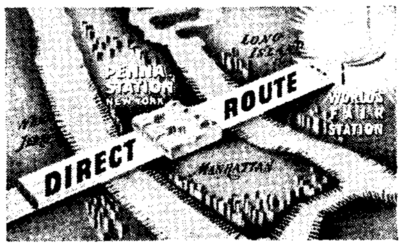


Diagram of "The Direct Route"

As your Pennsylvania train from the West or South glides smoothly into Pennsylvania Station, New York, you merely step to a waiting electric train . . . in 10 minutes, for 10 cents, you're at the Fair. No hot weather travel over crowded highways . . . no big-city driving . . . no parking worries. You're free of responsibility from beginning to end!

Observation Car, Broadway Limited

And how grand your beginning is! You can relax in a private room of your own, amid the newest Pullman innovations, if you take *The Luxury Fleet*—enjoy the modern at surprisingly little cost. Or settle down in a soft-upholstered reclining seat in an air-conditioned Luxury Coach—available on nearly all of Pennsylvania's great East-West fleet.

Smart Diner of The Trail Blazer

Your direct route is through a land made sacred by history and tradition. Philadelphia, with its Liberty Bell, Valley Forge and Revolutionary War shrines. Or you can see Washington, and Niagara Falls—as tickets from the Midwest and West are good to these interesting places at *no extra cost.* Take in gay Atlantic City—it's a quick, inexpensive side trip.

So plan to go to the Fair—by "The Direct Route." Your travel agent or Pennsylvania Railroad Ticket Agent can lay out an exciting itinerary costing very, very little.

See how low fares are!

Examples of Coach Fares to New York

	One-Way	*Round-Trip*
From Chicago . . .	$18.20	$27.25
From St. Louis . . .	21.15	31.75
From Indianapolis .	16.25	24.35
From Cincinnati . .	15.05	22.55
From Cleveland . .	11.45	17.15
From Pittsburgh . .	8.80	14.10

Round-Trip Tickets good 60 Days

STILL LOWER FARES on week-end Excursions from Detroit, Dayton, Cincinnati and intermediate points; also on 1-day and week-end Excursions from Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburgh and nearby points. Practically all trains carry coaches.

ASK ABOUT LOW PULLMAN FARES

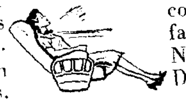
Let your Ticket or Travel Agent give you all the facts about new bargain all-expense tours to the World's Fair.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

DIRECT ROUTE TO THE WORLD'S FAIR . . . STATION ON FAIR GROUNDS

SEE TWO FAIRS FOR ONE FARE! Grand Circle Tours. Both coasts, both Fairs (San Francisco as well as New York) . . . from your home station and back again . . . $90 in Coaches, $135 in Pullmans, plus Pullman charge. A bargain!

SEE "RAILROADS ON PARADE" at the New York World's Fair . . . the big show in the Railroads' Building. Early engines as well as the latest streamliners operate under their own power. **SEE MAGIC MOVIES** at the Pennsylvania Railroad Exhibit. San Francisco World's Fair. Motion pictures in 3 dimensions.

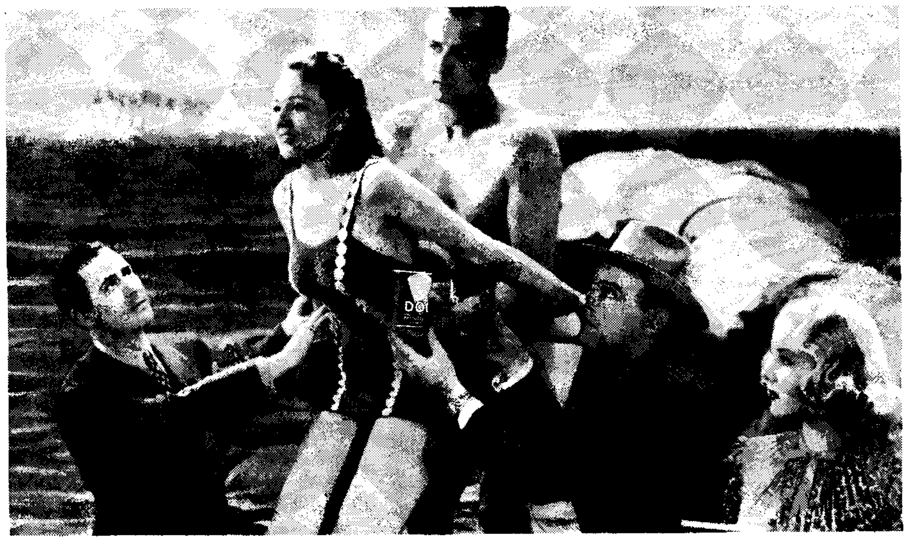


TAKE "THE TRAIL BLAZER"—17-hour de luxe all-coach train—Chicago to New York at low coach fares. Observation Car, Radio, Club Lounge, New Coaches with big washrooms, modern Diner, Low-priced Meals; Reserved Seats.

"TURNABOUT" While making this hilarious new comedy, all-star picture cast enjoy Dole Pineapple Juice between scenes.

The Hal Roach players in the current Thorne Smith comedy "Turnabout," as shown in these photographs, include such popular stars as Carole Landis, John Hubbard, Mary Astor Bill Gargan, Franklin Pangborn, Donald Meek, and Joyce Compton.

On a movie set Dole Pineapple Juice is refreshing, and you will enjoy it, too, at breakfast, between meals, at any time when thirst calls.



What goes on here? In this scene in "Turnabout," they are having difficulty trying to create a Hawaiian setting. No wonder. That is just as difficult as it would be to try to imitate the flavor of Dole Pineapple Juice. Only Nature and Hawaii can give Dole Pineapple Juice its matchless flavor. *Wouldn't a tall glassful taste good right now?*

DOLE PINEAPPLE JUICE FROM HAWAII

Change for the Bettor

By Dan Parker

Pari-mutuel machines have blasted the bookie out of his last stronghold—New York State. Now horseplayers can lose their money at more reasonable rates

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

REVOLUTION was still in the air in La Belle France in 1872, although Napoleon III had rereceived the tramp's toss two years before and the Third Republic was about to be established under the presidency of Marshal MacMahon. Citoyen Pierre Oller, for one, still wasn't satisfied with the way things were being run. Take those thieving bookmakers, for instance. Every time Monsieur Oller went out to Longchamps to play the races, he came home, not only broke as was to be expected, but also seething with indignation. Pierre was a mathematician and one glance at the bookmakers' slates told him that 50,000,000 Frenchmen were being wronged. The books allowed themselves such outrageously large margins of profit in quoting odds that a Frenchman didn't even have the proverbial Chinaman's chance of beating the races.

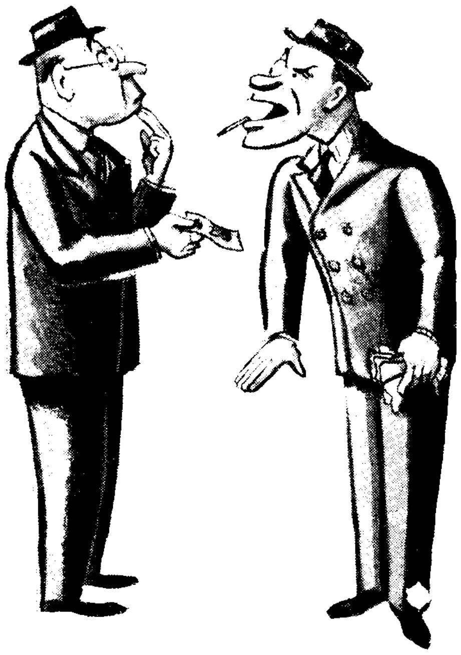
"Name of forty-three suckling pigs!" swore Pierre. "This cannot go on! To arms, to arms, and crush the tyrant!"

Thereupon, Monsieur Oller, the *mad mathematician*, sat down and with his good right arm figured out a mathematical formula for dividing the money bet on a race among those who picked the winner. In Oller's system, the odds depended not on a bookie's larcenous whim but on good old long division. The number of francs bet on the winning horse was divided into the number of francs bet on all the horses in the race and the quotient was the amount paid each winner per franc bet. Thus, the bettors were creating their own odds.

The Bookmakers Capitulate

Being a practical man as well as a mathematician, Monsieur Oller knew that he couldn't interest the racetrack people or the government in his scheme for revolutionizing turf wagering unless he made it interesting financially for them, too, so he proposed that 11 per cent of the amount bet on each race be set aside for track and the state. Meeting with little encouragement at first, Oller set up in business for himself at the track in opposition to the bookmakers. Soon, the new system gained such popularity that the tracks ousted the bookmakers, and the state, sensing a new source of revenue, gave its benediction to the plan.

Thus did the pari-mutuel system of betting on the races come into being on the tail end of a revolution. Now, sixty-eight years later, Pierre Oller's system has completed its conquest of a sister republic (Lafayette, we are here!) by finally blasting the bookmakers out of their last stronghold in America, the state of New York. With the opening of the metropolitan racing season at Jamaica in mid-April, the pari-mutuel machines, which compare with Pierre Oller's first crude device like the Santa Maria with the Queen Elizabeth, replaced the bookies' line that had withstood all assaults since 1877, when Oller's invention was first tried out in America at Morris and Jerome Park in New York City.

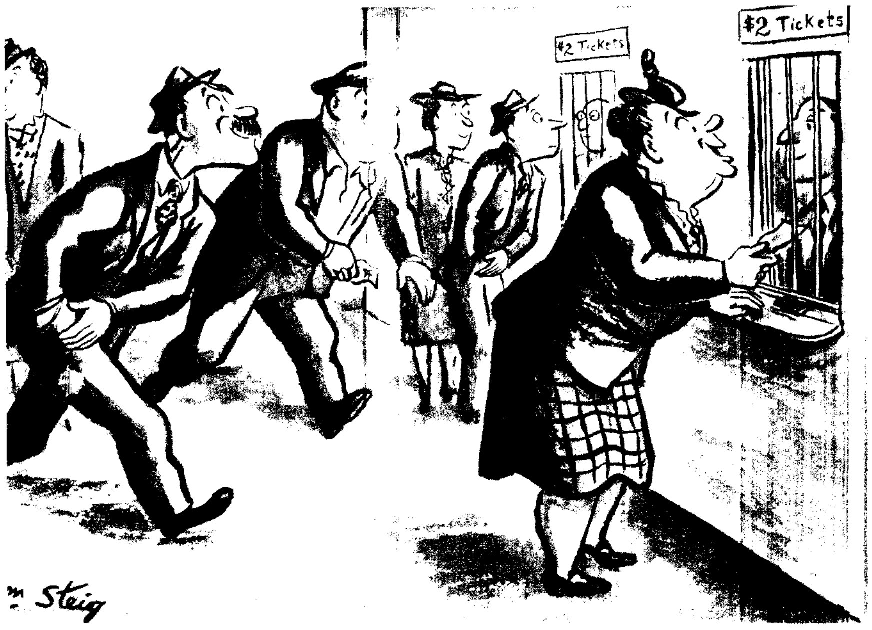


Bookies may insult you if you offer a "deuce"

There are two versions of the origin of the name "pari-mutuels" for Oller's system of betting. One is that the first Americans who heard of the system weren't familiar with French pronunciation and when it was described to them by a Frenchman as "the Paris mutuel system," they spelled Paris the way the Frenchman pronounced it—"pari." The other version is that the compound word "pari-mutuel" is of mixed Latin and French parentage, "pari" meaning equal in Latin and "mutuel," mutual in French.

Oller's system might never have gained more than an insecure foothold in America had it not been for the missionary work of a Bowery boy who arrived on the scene four years after "his baby." Mortimer Michael Mahony, Mahout of the "Mutes," was born on the Bowery, New York City, in 1876, Centennial Year, and was one year old when the first pari-mutuel machines were set up at Morris and Jerome Park in the distant Bronx, to supplement the bookmakers' line.

As a boy he worked as a runner in Wall Street and spent most of his time running to the race track with the bets of brokers, who, failing to get action enough from the bulls and bears, occupied their spare time with the ponies. In those days, a trip to the race track was a day's excursion in a horse and buggy. Mahony soon learned his way around the race track



According to bookmakers, pari-mutuels inoculate the poorer classes with the gambling fever

and attracted the attention of John Cavanagh, arbiter of the betting ring, who gave him a job as his assistant.

It was Cavanagh's job to settle all the disputes arising in the betting ring between the players and bookies. The post required rare tact, judicial temperament and rigid honesty. Cavanagh had all these qualities and so did his young assistant. By 1904, young Mahony had made such progress that Cavanagh sent him to Pimlico to handle the spring meeting all by himself. It was Mort's first taste of supreme authority and he stood up under the test like a patriot during the playing of The Star-Spangled Banner. All this time, Mahony had a chance to study bookmaking from the inside and it didn't take him long to make up his mind that, from the public's point of view, it was as undesirable as a dictatorship.

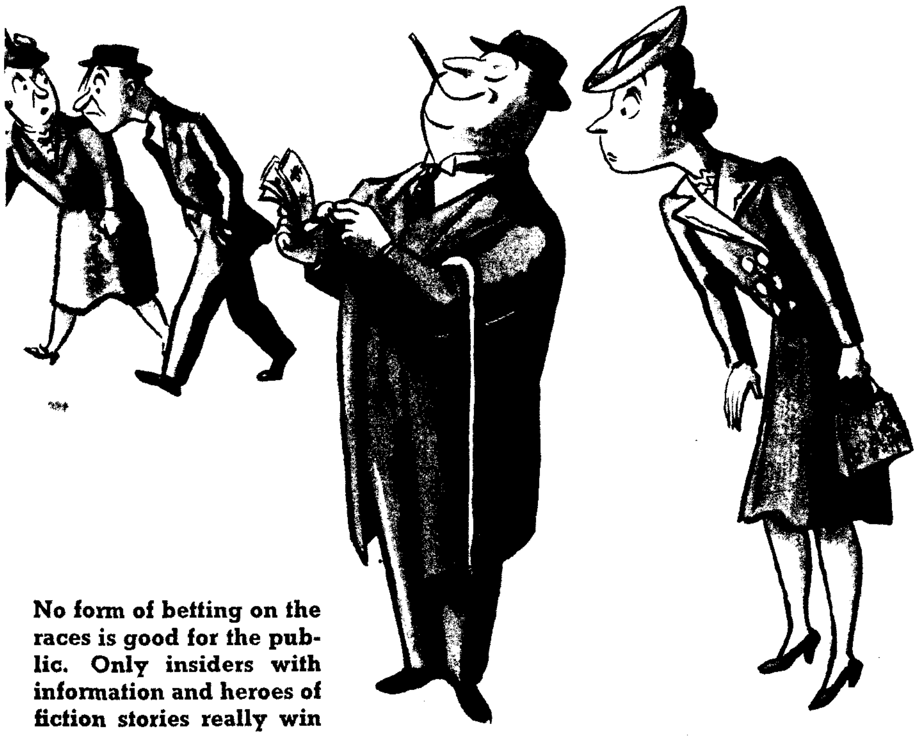
His nimble mind had quickly assimilated the mathematics of the race track and he could see, like Monsieur Oller, as he strolled through the betting sheds, that the bookies were taking the players the way Hitler took Poland. There was nothing Mort could do about it, though, for he was a loyal employee of John Cavanagh and knew The Chief was 100 per cent behind the bookmakers. This was natural enough for a man whose livelihood—and an excellent one it was, too—depended on the survival of the bookie system.

In 1908, racing had reached such a low estate in Kentucky, adopted home of the thoroughbred, due to the machinations of bookmakers, that the track owners decided drastic action was needed to save the sport. At this critical juncture, someone connected with the Churchill Downs track recalled that in one of the old barns over behind the backstretch were stored some of the pari-mutuel machines that had been tried out at the track years before and consigned to the storeroom in 1889. These rusty contraptions were hauled out of storage, dusted off and set up and the bookies were cleaned out of the track like a plague of hoof and mouth disease. The machines clicked almost at once and, within two years, racing in Kentucky had been restored to a healthy plane. By that time, one of the local iron foundries was turning out its own pari-mutuel machines to replace the relics of the stone age of mechanical betting.

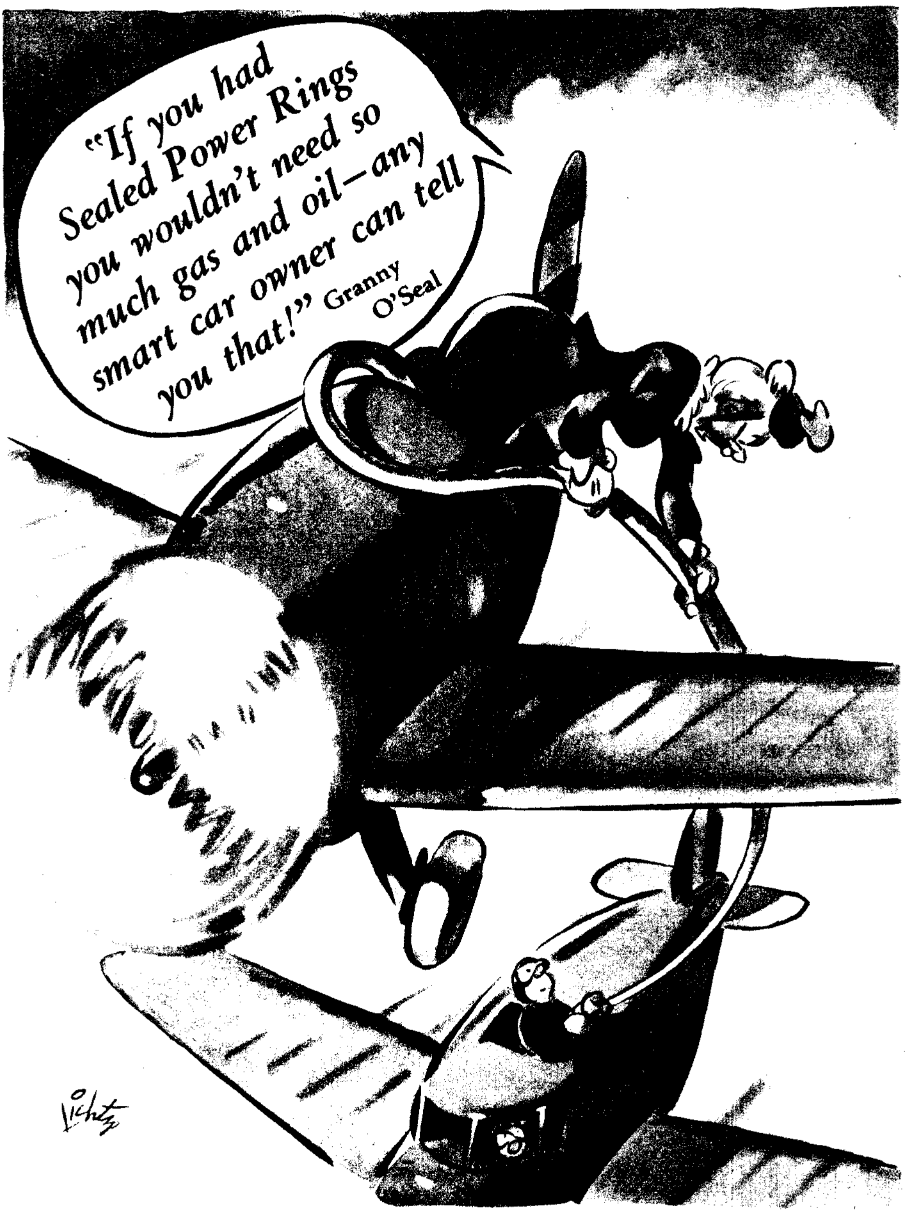
Mort Mahony went to Louisville to study the pari-mutuel system in 1908 and the next year induced the owners of the Pimlico track to install some of them, experimentally. Three machines, vending straight, place and show tickets of $1 and $2 denominations, were installed to supplement the thirty-five bookmakers operating at Pimlico. Popular from the start, the machines brought about the doom of the bookies in 1913 when Pimlico's betting shed was completely mechanized, with Mahony in full charge.

Woodbine, a Canadian track, invited Mahony to take charge of its betting department in 1911 and Mort's first move on accepting was to induce the owners to oust the books

(Continued on page 59)



No form of betting on the races is good for the public. Only insiders with information and heroes of fiction stories really win


"If you had Sealed Power Rings you wouldn't need so much gas and oil—any smart car owner can tell you that!" Granny O'Seal
Ichty

Seal the cylinders! Save oil!

"I understand Sealed Power Rings can really cure a bad oil pumper."

● "Right you are! Cars that use 12 to 14 quarts between changes are usually restored to original oil economy after installing Sealed Power Rings."

"But what about worn valves, pistons, bearings? Don't they cause oil waste, too?"

● "Yes, they do. That's why your car should be checked carefully by an ace mechanic who follows the procedure in Sealed Power's Oil Economy Manual."

"What do the manufacturers of America's automobiles think of Sealed Power?"

● "They evidently think they're tops. For the makers of over 83% of America's cars use Sealed Power Rings as original equipment."

Look for the Sealed Power Girl—the trade mark of quality in motor parts. And ask for Sealed Power Rings by name. Any car dealer or repairman can supply them. Be sure he uses the Sealed Power Oil and Gasoline Economy Manual in checking your motor before making any repairs.

SEALED POWER CORPORATION
Long the ring leader . . . Now the line leader
MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN WINDSOR, ONT.
Piston Rings, Pistons, Pins, Valves, Sleeves, King Bolts Bushings, Water Pumps, Tie Rods, Front End Parts

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

Sealed Power Piston Rings

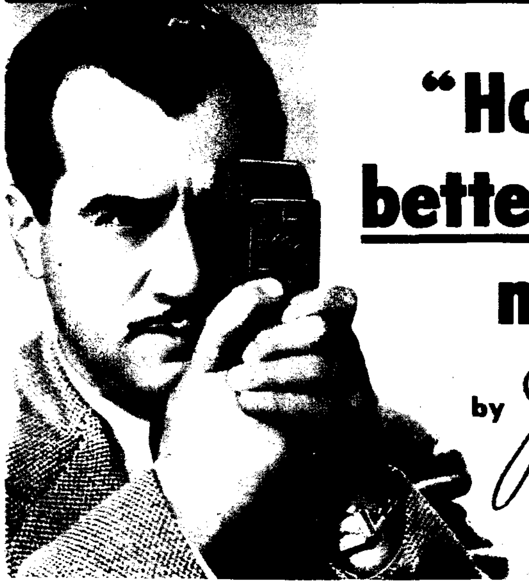
BEST IN NEW CARS! BEST IN OLD CARS!

Home Movie Hints by Hollywood's Ace Cameramen

"How I get **better** personal movies"

by Joseph Valentine A. S. C.

DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY, UNIVERSAL PICTURES CORP.



"GOOD CAMERA—GOOD MOVIES: That is the first step. You can't get good movies unless you have a *good* camera. I use a palm-size Filmo. Preference for Filmo is natural in my case, because Filmo is made by Bell & Howell, who make the professional studio equipment we use in Hollywood. Years of experience with this equipment make me feel that anything with the Bell & Howell name on it is as fine as human skill can create.

"MUST YOU BE AN EXPERT?—NO! Filmo makes it almost unbelievably easy to get good movies. Just press the button—what you see, you get!... in color or black-and-white; inside or out of doors; in slow motion, too, if you want it. Frankly, that little Filmo 8 is a wonder. It gives you everything you need—extra speeds, device for animating titles and cartoons, provision for special lenses and accessories. Your skill won't outgrow it. And you can take all the movies you want—they're as inexpensive as snapshots. And now for a good show....

"GOOD SHOW—good movies deserve to be shown with a Filmo Projector." The Filmo 8 Projector being used here provides 400- or 500-watt illumination that does justice to good pictures—shows them clearly and brilliantly up to six feet wide. No belts to slip or wear.

PALM-SIZE Filmo 8 ONLY $49.50—TERMS

Projector with case, $118. Other Filmo Cameras and Projectors up to $1275.

PRECISION-MADE BY BELL & HOWELL

MAIL COUPON!

BELL & HOWELL COMPANY
1802 Larchmont Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Send me all the details about Filmo Cameras that make movies at snapshot cost.

Name..........

Address..........

City.......... State.......... C 6-40

Tony's Girl

Continued from page 14

They got into the elevator.

"I know almost all the type faces now," Tony said earnestly. "I got some type books from the public library and memorized them."

Meade continued to nod gravely. "You never can tell, I may yet be working for Wadlaw, Morris, Biscomb & Sturza."

Tony grinned sheepishly. "Yeah, I'll bet."

As they left the elevator Meade said, "If you're going home I'll give you a lift."

"Swell," said Tony, thinking quickly: what about Marian? Then he decided he could walk over to Brownfield's and pick her up. Or even see her later that night. Maybe that would be best.

IN THE cab Mr. Meade said, "Well, Tony, I hope you never regret your choice of a profession."

"Don't you like advertising?" asked Tony surprised.

"Don't breathe this to a soul, Tony. I loathe it. I look forward to going on relief so that never again in my life will I have to have truck with an adjective."

"But you're a copy writer," said Tony defensively.

"There's probably as unpleasant a madness associated with Production. I think you should welcome the splendid inertia of the stock room."

"You mean you wouldn't recommend my changing—if they asked you?"

Meade looked quickly at Tony's unhappy face. "I talk too much, Tony. Forgive and forget my maunderings. I'll be glad to say something to Mr. Biscomb about you. Sometimes he listens—"

"That would be swell, Mr. Meade. I'd sure appreciate it."

Meade said, "Save the effusiveness until something comes of my talking to Mr. Biscomb. There'll be plenty of time for grateful outpourings then."

After bolting dinner under his mother's disapproving eye, Tony went over to Benny's. Skeet and Luigi were already there.

"Here's the great lover," said Skeet.

"Yeah. Now we can start."

"Aw, tie a can to that stuff—" began Tony.

"Every night," said Skeet. "Every night he sees her. Who you afraid of, Tony? Can't she come home alone without being picked up?"

Tony grabbed Skeet by the tie and twisted it.

"Hey, quit! Cut it out—hey!"

Chuck and Carl arrived together and Chuck—who lived next door to Marian—said: "Hey, Tony, how come you let Marian walk home alone tonight?"

"Aw, cut it, you guys. You'd think you never seen a guy with a girl before."

"Not all the time with her. Why don't ya get married?"

"I'm not marrying anybody," said Tony flatly.

"Boy! Wait'll Marian hears that!"

Tony sat back, lit a cigarette.

"Gee, let's talk about something else. I get fed up with this."

"Okay," said Benny. "Let's talk about money. These Yorkville guys are bringing plenty Sunday. So don't spend all your dough on beer Saturday night."

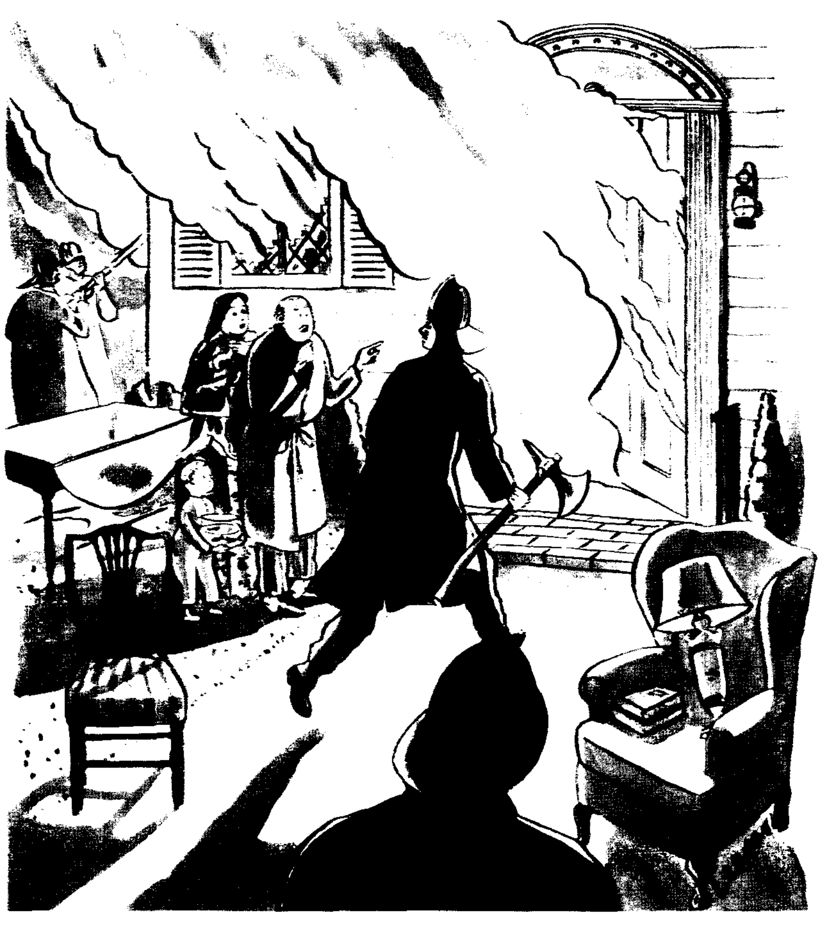
"They any good?" asked Skeet.

"I saw 'em last week. They licked Acqtin 6-0."

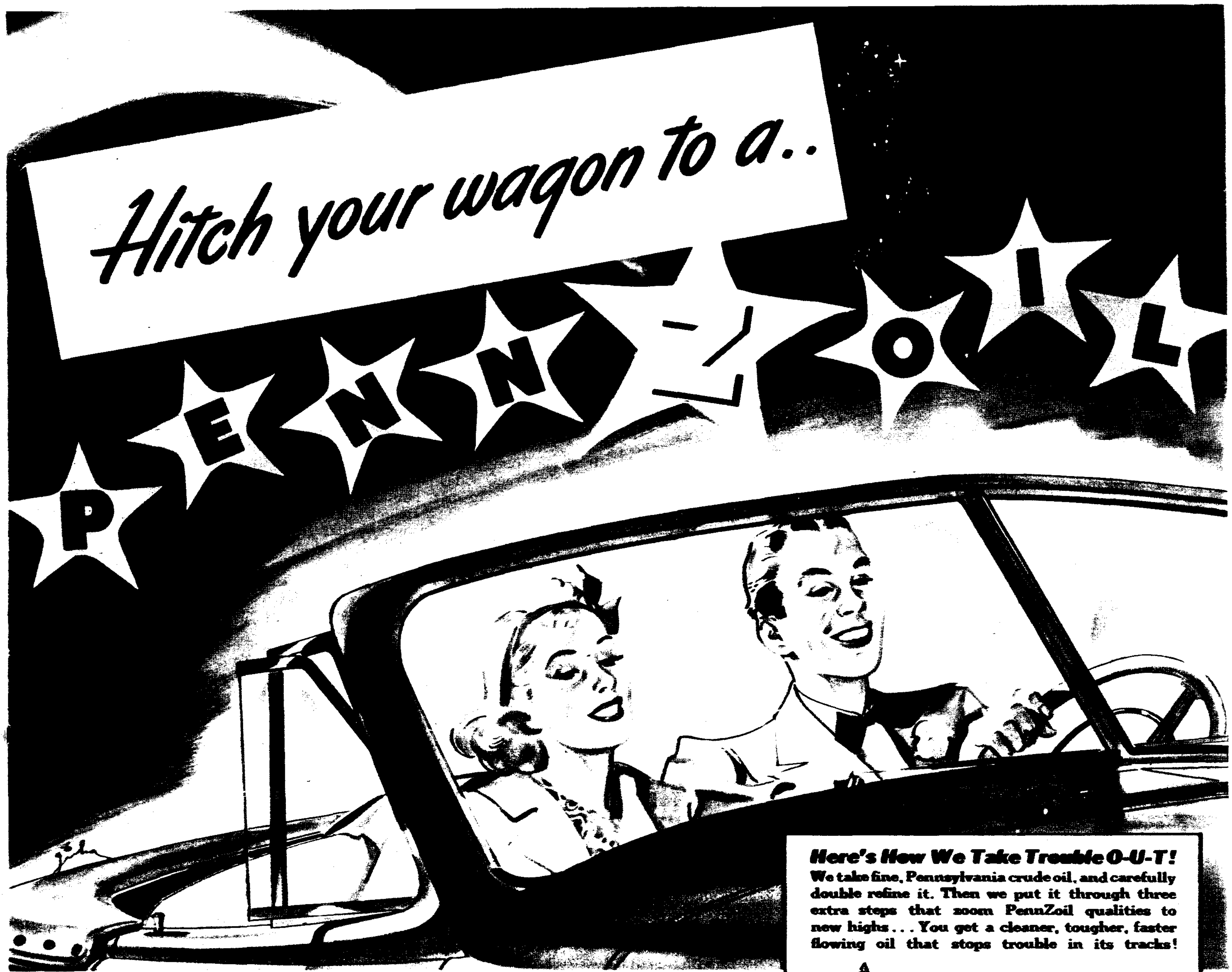
"Acquin ain't got nothin'."

"These guys got a pitcher who's okay. You'll break your neck on his roundhouse curve. And they got a couple of long-distance sluggers."

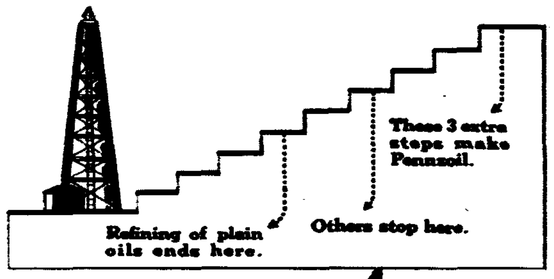
About ten, Tony said he had to be getting along. "I need some shut-eye," he told them. "Things are moving down at the office." He was going to tell them about his chances for a Production job but decided against it. Marian ought to know first. She would probably be wait-



"You'll find a fire extinguisher on the second-floor landing next to the bathroom door" CHARLES PEARSON


Hitch your wagon to a..
PENNZOIL

Here's How We Take Trouble O-U-T!
We take fine, Pennsylvania crude oil, and carefully double refine it. Then we put it through three extra steps that zoom PennZoil qualities to new highs . . . You get a cleaner, tougher, faster flowing oil that stops trouble in its tracks!


These 3 extra steps make Pennzoil.
Refining of plain oils ends here.
Others stop here.

Sound your "Z" and get

STAR PENNZOIL PERFORMANCE!

From an engineer's standpoint . . . careful refining that removes sludge-forming impurities makes PennZoil cleaner, tougher, faster and lots safer!

It Doesn't Take a G-Man To Find These Thousands of Z-Men!

In the last few years PennZoil's popularity has blanketed the nation with four times as many PennZoil signs as you've ever seen before!

Yes, there's a PennZoil Z-Man near you. Ask your PennZoil branch or distributor for his location . . . then sound your "Z" for real service!

Be oil-wise specify PennZoil

Give me economy and safety first! . . . I'll take PennZoil because its tough film prevents needless trouble . . . and it lasts and lasts, AND LASTS!

I want things to happen FAST when I step on the gas. PennZoil's my choice because it resists formation of sludge and varnish that slow down motors!

BONDED PENNZOIL DEALER
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication

Member Pa. Grade Crude Oil Ass'n Permit No. 2

GIVES YOUR MOTOR AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY!

I'll make a fine BEST MAN after this!
DAVE SWELTERED— PERSPIRED! LATER CAME B.O. (BODY ODOR) MADE WORSE BY HIS UPSET NERVES
LATER
BEST MAN AT THE WEDDING, BUT I FEEL LIKE THE LAST MAN ON EARTH. WHY IN THE WORLD AM I GETTING THE COLD SHOULDER FROM EVERYBODY?
WELL, I WAS CERTAINLY A BUST TODAY! EVERYBODY TREATED ME LIKE A BILL COLLECTOR
AND I KNOW WHY! THIS SETTLES IT —WE'RE GOING TO STOP AND GET SOME LIFEBUOY RIGHT NOW!
YIPPEE! I FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN! THESE HOT DAYS, A LIFEBUOY BATH IS REFRESHING AS A SEA-BREEZE. THE LATHER IS SO FULL OF ZING AND PEP. NO MORE 'B.O.' WORRIES FOR ME
NERVOUS TENSION
WARM WEATHER
WATCH OUT FOR "B.O."
SO GLAD YOU COULD COME! THE WILSONS ARE MOST EAGER TO MEET YOU!
SHE THINKS
HE'S SO KEEN— SO WELL LIKED, NOW! THANK GOODNESS I HAD THE COURAGE TO TELL HIM ABOUT 'B.O.'
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Beware of "B.O." from two causes now!

Hot weather causes perspiration and "B.O." all by itself. Then, besides, upsets, thrills, emotions bring on nervous perspiration, later "nervous B.O." Prevent "B.O." by using Lifebuoy in your daily bath. Lifebuoy has an *exclusive*, hygienic *deodorizing* ingredient. So much creamy, purifying lather. So tangy! A Lifebuoy bath puts the starch back in you! Makes you feel glowing, gloriously alive. Get Lifebuoy today. Learn why more people use it for their bath than any other soap.

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Its crisp odor goes in a Jiffy—Its Protection lasts and lasts

ing for him in the soda shop now.

Going down the street, he thought sourly how sick he was of all this cheap wit about him and Marian. But that was the way all their friends were. They acted as if they didn't care about each other, as if there were some kind of war going on between the sexes. It didn't make sense to Tony.

In the soda shop Marian was waiting.

"Tony!" she said. "What happened?"

He was suddenly mad. "Nothing happened. Gosh, just because I miss meeting you one night—"

Marian looked startled, she dropped her eyes and her fingers toyed nervously with her soda glass. Her olive-smooth, well-boned face was unhappy.

"Well, I was just worried a little," she said.

"Don't worry so much. I'm all right." Then, feeling that discipline had been carried far enough, he told her about Mr. Meade and what he had said.

She listened and tried to look at him with eager intentness, but her heart wasn't in it.

It was all pretty flat, and when they had finished their sodas he and Marian walked silently to her house. And, standing in the doorway, they both knew they wouldn't kiss good night, that something had gone wrong.

"Maybe we shouldn't see so much of each other," murmured Marian.

"You're crazy, baby," said Tony, but he agreed silently. "I'm practicing with the team tomorrow. I might not get over to the store so don't wait—"

"I won't," she said and went swiftly away from him, down the dark hall.

ON SUNDAY afternoon Tony arrived at the athletic field with Benny and Carl and, while Benny carefully wrote the line-up in an official scorebook marked with ink "Alley Cats—1940 Season," Tony and the others dressed.

When he went out on the field there was quite a good crowd already, two or three hundred people and, among them, a sprinkling of Sutton Place residents.

Tony cut behind the backstop, where a Yorkville Star was batting out flies, and looked eagerly for Marian. He couldn't see her.

Betty Klinefelter, standing with two other girls, said: "You'll find her waiting down by third base."

"Thanks," grunted Tony.

Marian gave him a fragmentary smile as he came up.

"Hi," said Tony.

"Hello, Tony."

He stood by her, knocking mud from his spikes against the stone seats.

"How much are you fellows putting up?" she asked, guardedly friendly.

"Eleven seventy-five. Two bucks of it is mine. If we beat these guys let's take in a movie tonight."

"Oh, swell, Tony."

Benny came back from a conference with the Yorkville manager. The other players gathered around. "They got twenty bucks to bet," he announced. "Anybody got any more dough?"

Skeet, crouched over the bats, whistled. "Moneybags."

"They musta robbed the old lady," said Chuck.

Tony said, "Tell 'em we play for eleven seventy-five or nothin'."

"Could I get in on this?" asked a voice.

Tony turned, jumped up. "Hello, Mr. Meade."

"Hello, Tony. Can you take these fellows?"

Tony shrugged. "You never can tell."

"I think their uniforms are too pretty," said Mr. Meade. "It looks like a good even-money bet to me." He gave ten dollars to Benny, then sat down beside Tony. "Go out there and die for dear old Wadlaw, Morris & Biscomb."

"Yeah," grinned Tony, "the old college try."

Meade offered him a cigarette. "Or are you in training?" he asked.

"Thanks, Mr. Meade. Not now."

"The young lady, perhaps."

Marian smiled her thanks, took one.

Tony cleared his throat. "This is Marian Caravello, Mr. Meade."

"How do you do," he said. Then to Tony: "We'll be your cheering section."

Marian giggled.

The Yorkville Stars ran out on the field; pounding their fists in gloves, they began yelling about the old pepper and put it in there, boy. Their pitcher, a chunky fellow with a jerky motion, tossed over three balls and then the umpire—after collecting his thirty-cent fee for the first three innings—called: "Play ball!"

Skeet went up to the plate. And went down swinging. Then Chuck hit an easy roller to the first baseman. Luigi got a walk.

"Okay, Tony," said Benny.

"Lean on it, boy," said Mr. Meade.

Tony swung heavily and missed and the Yorkville catcher got the ball down to second just in time to nab Luigi.

The Alley Cats flowed out on the field.

The game was scoreless until the third when—with one out—Yorkville pushed over a run on a walk, a scratch hit and an error by Skeet. Tony struck out the next two batters.

The Alley Cats came back with one in the fifth and Yorkville got another run in the seventh.

Skeet opened the first half of the eighth with a walk, stole second and went down to third when the throw from the plate got away from the shortstop. Chuck singled sharply to left field and Skeet scored standing up. Luigi flied out. Tony went to the plate, pounded the first pitch right at the shortstop; the ball caromed off the infielder's shin and rolled out to center field. Tony was held on first but Chuck scored.

With that error the Yorkville Stars went to pieces and four more runs came over before the Alley Cats were retired.

Tony held the Stars to a single hit in the remaining innings and, with the last out, came grinning toward Meade and Marian.

"Very, very good," was Meade's opinion. "You did a *très élégant* job, Tony."

"Thanks, Mr. Meade."

"And I think we should celebrate. Let's go over to my place for a drink."

Marian looked wide-eyed in anticipation.

"I have to dress—" began Tony.

"You do that," Meade told him. "We'll go on ahead. You know where I live. . . ."

TWENTY minutes later Tony opened the grilled gate to Mr. Meade's house, rang the bell. A white-jacketed colored man opened the door.

"This way, sir," he said.

Mr. Meade and Marian were in a large sunlit room with Venetian blinds and wall-length drapes. Meade was stirring a shaker of Martinis and he smiled at Tony.

"The conquering hero," he said.

"Gee, you got a nice place here," said Tony.

"We like it," Meade answered in his bantering way. "Here you are, Tony."

He passed over a fragile-stemmed glass and Tony held it carefully. He didn't like Martinis much and felt clumsily big among all this metal tubing and mirrors and modern furniture.

He looked over at Marian and knew she was uncomfortable too. Not as uncomfortable as he was though. She was sitting back in a low chair with one leg curled beneath her and the other curving slimly to the floor. And he saw, with some surprise, that a setting like this became her; she looked valuable against this expensive background.

"It was a great game," said Meade,

sipping his Martini. "Yes, a great game."

Tony and Marian smiled appreciatively at him and all three of them felt the awkwardness, the limp collapse of talk. They had nothing at all to say to one another.

"Oh!" said Tony. "Here's your money, Mr. Meade."

He took out the twenty dollars Benny had given him, handed it over.

"No need for my ever working again," Meade commented, taking it. "I can live in idleness all week and bet on you each Sunday."

"We don't always win," said Tony.

Marian exclaimed: "Gosh!" Beside her was a ceiling-high bookcase with its lower shelves given over to a record library. She read aloud: "Tchaikovsky, Beethoven, Bach, Brahms—"

"You like music?" asked Meade.

"Of course." She got up, drew out a book. "And here's Scheherazade, Tony!"

Meade looked a little surprised. "Don't tell me we're all music lovers?"

Tony grinned. "I'm not much."

Marian said, "I can only get Tony to take me to Lewisohn Stadium when they play Scheherazade. He likes that."

"Let's play it for him." Meade racked the records in his machine and the music flowed out at them.

"Where did you develop your enthusiasm?" he asked Marian.

"From my father, I guess. He was a violinist."

"He's dead?"

"No. No, he's alive. But he lost his right arm at Vittorio Veneto during the war."

"Oh."

Marian said, as one states a recognized fact: "He's waiting to die. He's been waiting to die since the war. He wouldn't stay in Italy, not being able to play, and with all his friends musicians. So he came over here." She looked at Meade. "He spends all day looking out the window at what goes on in the street, or working out chess problems. That's all he does."

Meade lit a cigarette, looked at her attentively. "I'd like to meet him. I have a great kinship for defeated people."

From then on Meade and Marian talked music and played movements from symphonies. Tony watched her fondly, liking the way her face lighted and the way her eyes shone darkly at a passage she enjoyed, liking her disagreement with Meade about the merits of certain composers and the way she used words like counterpoint, theme, massed strings.

And he saw, too, that the little amusement that was always in Meade's voice had vanished, that he was talking to Marian as to an equal, without banter or his phony long words. He felt proud and pleased with her and, obscurely, with himself.

Afterward, walking home, Marian said, "Gee, he's nice."

"Yeah—"

WHEN he brought the mail into Meade's office the next morning he wasn't just sure how he should act. But Meade smiled in friendly fashion, made a comment about the game.

Then he asked, "Is Marian your girl, Tony?"

Tony made his instinctive response: "Naw. I haven't any girl."

"Juan of 59th Street, eh? Well, she's a cute kid, Marian is. Smart, too. I like her. What's her last name again?"

"Caravello," said Tony.

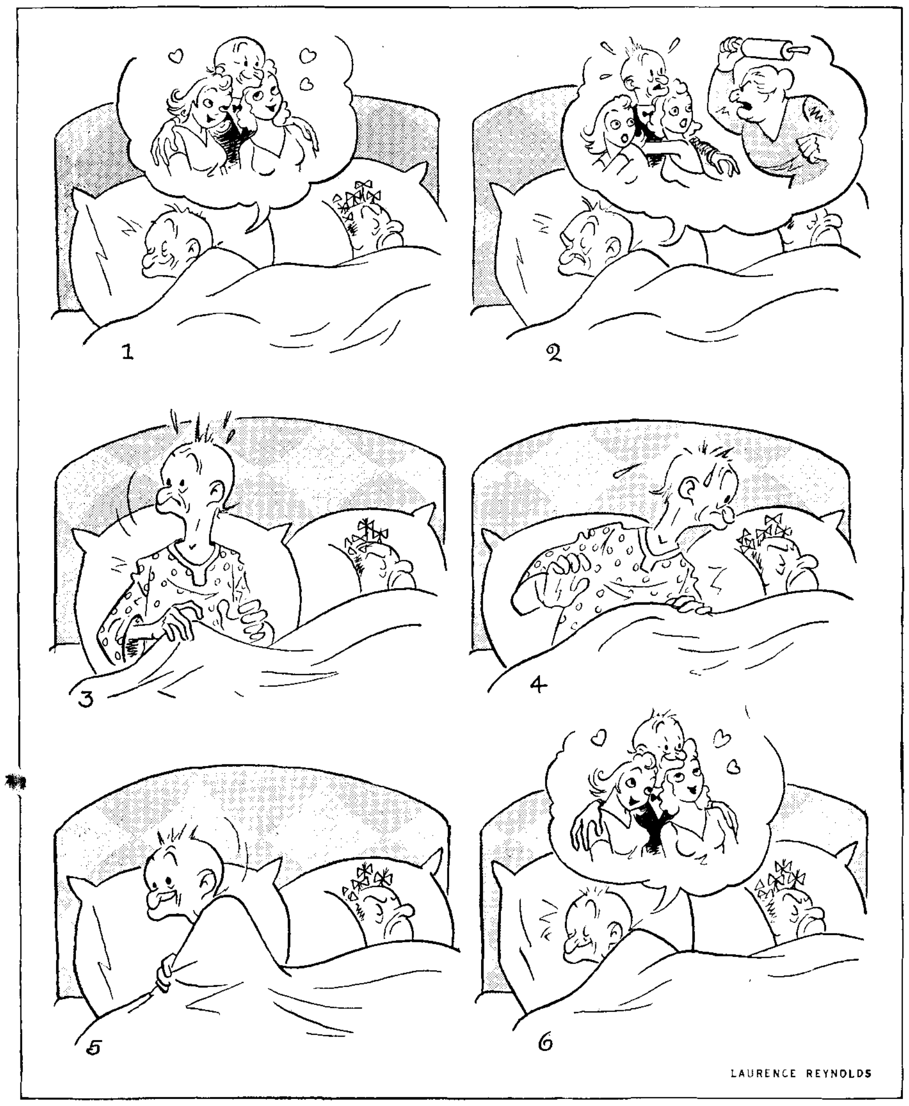
Meade nodded. "Does she work?"

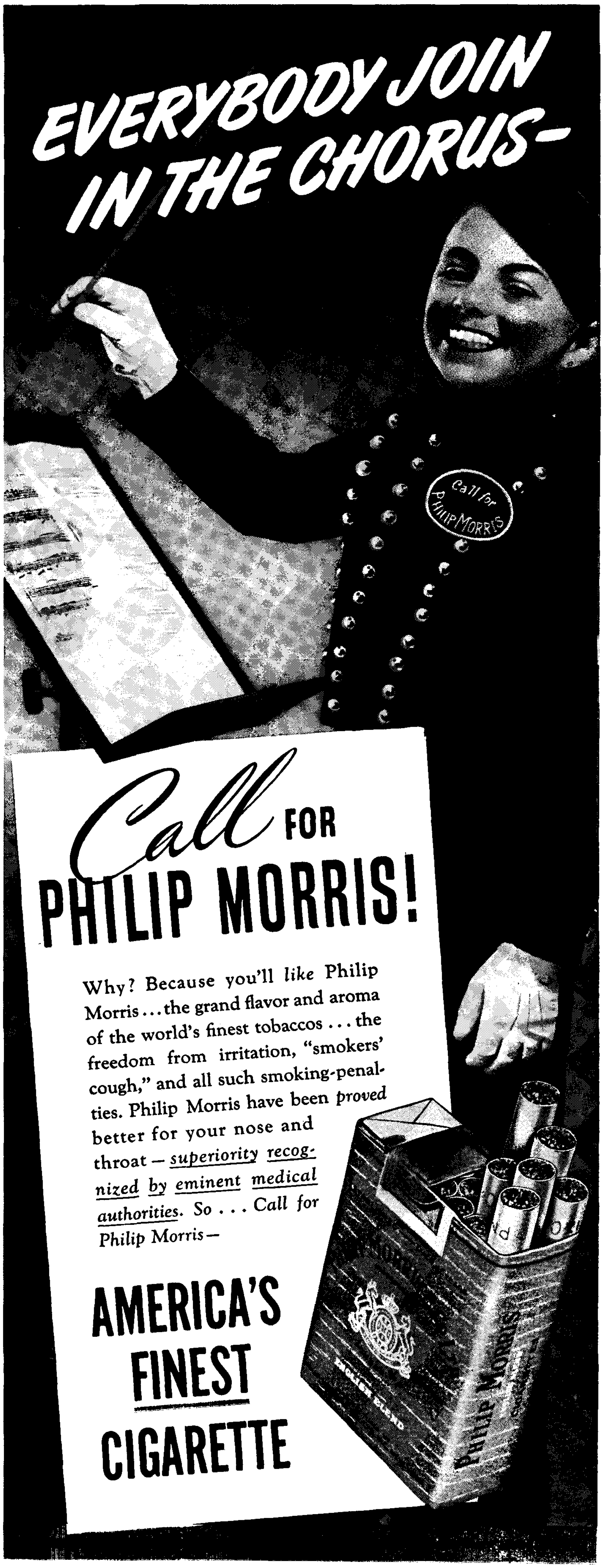
"Sure. She sells jewelry at Brownfield's."

"Jewelry, h'm." He smiled at Tony. "I suppose that, as the leading athlete of our neighborhood, you can pretty much take your choice of admiring ladies?"

Tony, not sure whether he was being kidded or not, smiled weakly. "I do all right, I guess."

"Youth," said Meade. "Ah, youth." He lit a cigarette. "When you've lost





Call FOR PHILIP MORRIS!

Why? Because you'll *like* Philip Morris...the grand flavor and aroma of the world's finest tobaccos ... the freedom from irritation, "smokers' cough," and all such smoking-penalties. Philip Morris have been *proved* better for your nose and throat — *superiority recognized by eminent medical authorities.* So . . . Call for Philip Morris—

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

ATHLETE'S FOOT STRIKES HOT, STEAMING FEET

Cracks between the toes WARN of DANGER!

The fungi that cause Athlete's Foot thrive in hot summer weather. They feed on the excessive perspiration and dead skin. Then when cracks appear between the toes, they strike—*through* those cracks. Don't let Athlete's Foot get this start with you!

DRENCH Those Cracks at Once!

Look between your toes tonight! At the first sign of a crack, drench the entire foot with Absorbine Jr. *full strength.*

1. Absorbine Jr. is a powerful fungicide. It *kills* the Athlete's Foot fungi *on contact.*
2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.
3. It dries the skin between the toes.
4. It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.
5. It relieves the itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. Absorbine Jr., $1.25 a bottle at all druggists.

ABSORBINE JR.

Kills ATHLETE'S FOOT fungi on contact

Also QUICK RELIEF for:

Sore, aching muscles • Tired, burning feet • Sunburn • Bites of mosquitoes and other small insects.

W. F. YOUNG, INC., 201M Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. Send me sample bottle of Absorbine Jr. FREE.

Name________

Street________

City________ State________

Sample bottle Free

your own, Tony, then you won't be quite so cavalier, oh, my no. You'll look back on these departed days with considerable regret; you'll be sorry you didn't avail yourself of more of youth's opportunities."

Tony said, "I guess so."

Meade waved his hand. "That's all for today, Tony. Next week: The Wages of Sin."

That night when Tony came up to Lexington Avenue from the subway Marian was not in her accustomed place. He waited, smoking idly, and then went to the employees' entrance. But though a few girls still came out, none of them was Marian.

There was no use hanging around any longer, so he went home, grumped through dinner, talked back to his mother and quarreled with his young brother.

He left his house angry with his family and with the universe. He tried to find relief in playing cards with the fellows at Benny's but only succeeded in losing thirty-five cents in addition to his temper.

About eleven they all went down to the soda shop and sat at a table next to some of the neighborhood girls, with both sexes insulting each other genially. And Betty Klinefelter, his particular nemesis, called: "Hey, Tony, where's Marian tonight?"

He looked at her sideways. "How do I know where she is?"

Betty laughed. "I know you don't know. I do, though.'

Both tables were suddenly quiet.

"Tony's getting two-timed," Betty explained generally.

Chuck said, "Has some low-life copped Tony's girl?"

Betty nodded. "And an old man at that. The same guy who bet on the game yesterday."

Tony sat up. Meade!

"Gee, you letting an old man beat your time, Tony?" asked Skeet. "Boy! I couldn't take that!"

All at once Tony realized what he had to do. "Skeet," he said levelly, "if you or any of the rest of the guys so much as crack about me and Marian again, you're going to get your lumps."

Skeet whistled. "A tough guy."

Tony lashed him across the face with the back of his hand. "I'll give it to you closed, the next time," he snapped.

HE LEFT the shop. He walked through the dark streets, head down, and desolation spread within him. Meade and Marian! So that was what he meant by all that talk today, about youth, and those questions about where she worked.

Tony arrived at Sutton Place, so he walked down to the river, walked past Meade's house, seeing the glimmer of light behind the Venetian blinds, knowing that beyond those windows Meade and Marian were together. . . .

He went on to the street end, stared out at the river, feeling the twisting of the knife inside him.

But worst of all was the fact that he didn't know what to do. If Skeet or Chuck or Carl tried to cut him out with Marian he'd know the answer all right. But Mr. Meade! An old man like that. Over forty.

It just wasn't right. It didn't make sense. Unless, maybe, he got Marian to come over to his house just to hear some more records. Tony shook his head. He'd seen too many movies to be that unsophisticated.

No. What with all of Meade's talk this morning he knew what Marian was there for all right.

"Damn Meade," he said bitterly. "Damn him!"

He heard the sound of a car in the street and turned. A taxi had pulled up in front of Meade's house. While Tony watched, stunned and dry-mouthed, Meade and Marian came out, went toward the cab.

The street lamp showered them briefly with light, showed him Marian smiling up at Meade as they crossed to the curb.

He started forward but, as he moved, the taxi slipped into gear, swung out into Sutton Place.

Feeling as though his insides had been gripped by an arctic chill, Tony went heavily toward home.

TUESDAY morning Tony walked into Mr. Meade's office, closed the door. He had decided what he had to do. Just as he had had to settle with Skeet and the rest of the guys, now he had to settle with Meade.

Meade was drinking coffee sent up from downstairs and reading a newspaper. He looked up. "Ah, good morning, Tony."

Tony advanced to the desk and Mr. Meade recognized menace in every step. "Oh, oh . . ." he said.

"What do you mean fooling around my girl?" demanded Tony.

"Unclench your fists, relax," said Mr. Meade. "You'll not get any answers out of me if I'm knocked unconscious."

"I don't want any answers. There's been too much talk out of you already."

Meade said aggrievedly, "You distinctly said yesterday that she wasn't your girl."

"She is," said Tony illogically but firmly. "And you're staying away from her."

"I found out that she is," Meade replied.

Tony stared suspiciously. "If you laid a hand on her—"

Meade leaned forward. "Don't be a fool, Tony. Would you like to know what we did—Miss Caravello and I—from the first presupper cocktail through to midnight? Well, I'll tell you. I thought we'd have some more music. And, dodderer that I am, I suppose I thought that before the evening was over we'd get in some talk about what a great guy the fellow Meade is when you get to know him. But we didn't. We talked about Tony Sturza. More correctly, I listened and Miss Caravello talked.

"I know what grades you got in grammar school and how many letters you won in high school and how well you like wiener schnitzel and why you don't like cauliflower. About six hours of Tony Sturza, that was my menu last night." He stared thoughtfully. "I've heard so much about you that I can't view your face with equanimity. You're a constant reminder of middle-aged folly. In fact, the only way I can be freed of the dreadful memory of last night is to get rid of you instanter."

"Yeah," said Tony, "I thought it would mean I was fired. But not until—"

Meade said, "That would be a solution, of course. But I'm afraid Miss Caravello might descend on me if I arranged that. No, Tony, I'm going to have you transferred to Production—"

"Gee—"

"But only on the condition of your never coming down here to the copy department. I want you to lose yourself on the next floor."

That evening Tony Sturza emerged from the 59th Street subway station. And Marian came running through the crowd toward him.

"Tony!" she cried.

"Hi, kid!"

And, as they walked together along the street, he told her of his new job and she listened, nodding, smiling, pleased that she had been able to help last night by telling Mr. Meade what a really capable boy Tony was.

"Gee, Mr. Meade is sure swell to do all this," she said.

"Yeah," said Tony doubtfully. "I guess so."

WILSON-*EXCLUSIVES*

PORONET

WHEN you wear a PORONET you'll say, "No wilt, no weight, no warmth." PORONET'S porous texture has thermostatic qualities, because it lets cool breezes get in and body heat get out. Wilson-*Exclusive* PORONETS are $2.

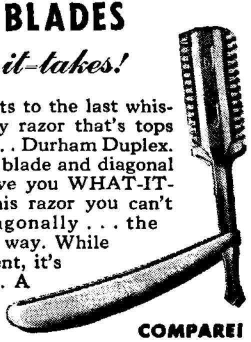
CONGO TIE
shown on shirt, $1
At selected stores or write
Wilson Brothers, Chicago

Mows and Trims Lawns in One Simple, Easy Operation

Save Time and Labor with a MONTAMOWER

Tired backs and aching arms just don't happen to users of MontaMower. All the drudgery and noise of lawn mowing is done away with. No dead weight to push and pull. Instead, just 7 pounds of live mechanism that first gathers then cuts the grass closely, smoothly, and to the correct height; no matting; no streaking; no clatter; no rattles. Cuts a 16" swath through long grass, dandelions, spike grass and weeds. Cuts right up to walls, fences, trees or posts; leaves no fringes to be trimmed by hand. Cutters are self-sharpening. Built to last many years. Many thousands in use. Sold direct from factory. Costs little. Write at once for guarantee information and literature.

MONTAMOWER DISTRIBUTING CO.
323 HOUSEMAN BLDG. GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN



DURHAM BLADES

have what-it-takes!

If your beard fights to the last whisker, try the safety razor that's tops for tough beards . . . Durham Duplex. Its hollow-ground blade and diagonal shaving stroke give you WHAT-IT-TAKES! With this razor you can't help shaving diagonally . . . the most comfortable way. While Durham is different, it's no trick to use it. A few shaves and you get the knack easily.

SHAVE KIT $1.00
Compact soft roll case with Durham Razor, pkg. 5 blades, stropping device . . . Money back guarantee . . . At dealers or order direct.

COMPARE!
Durham Blades are heaviest made (15/1000th gauge) selected Swedish steel. Hollow-ground. Leather-stropped. Hair tested. Rigidly inspected. Cost more per blade (5 for 50c) but less per shave. More shaves in every blade.

DURHAM DUPLEX

DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO., Mystic, Conn.

Change for the Bettor

Continued from page 53

and install machines. From that point on, Mahony added track after track to his chain, and everywhere he went the pari-mutuels were sure to go. In all, he mechanized twenty-six of the leading race tracks in America, doing more to spread Oller's system than the inventor himself.

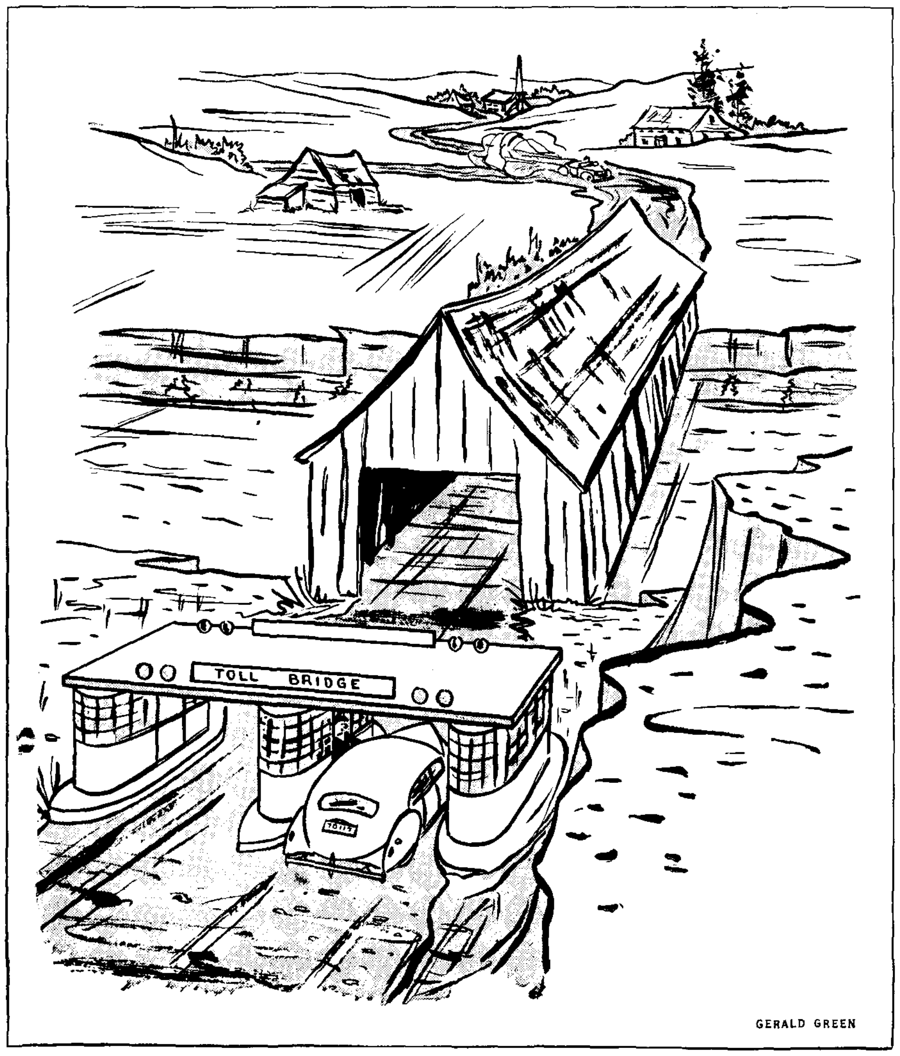
Mahony gets $100 a day from each track he works for, and during the season he may be drawing this simultaneously from several tracks. His chief rival in this limited field is a Baltimore man named Herman Frank whose string of tracks includes Laurel, Havre de Grace, Delaware Park, Jamaica, Aqueduct and Empire City. Mahony and Frank have skeleton crews of highly trained specialists who accompany them from track to track. But the exigencies of local politics require them to take the men the politicians give them for the positions calling for less skill, such as cashiers, ticket vendors, messengers, guards, and so forth.

The prima donnas of the crews are the calculators. These figure jugglers are born, not made. Calculators figure out from the totals delivered to them by the pari-mutuel machines the current odds on each horse in the race, and, after it is over, the prices paid by the three horses that finished "in the money." The erroneous impression exists that totalizators, or bet-recording devices that keep track of the progress and volume of the betting, automatically calculate the odds for each horse in the race. While it is true that the latest models of the Australian or premier totalizator can add, subtract, multiply and divide (they can't pick the winner yet), there are none of these models in America. The "totes" used at American race tracks are simply glorified adding machines that record totals wagered on each horse but not the odds. It is the job of the calculator to take these totals as the "tote" delivers them in the brain room of the betting department and figure out in a few seconds what the current odds are.

Mahony found it harder to locate calculators than the average horseplayer does to land on a 100 to 1 shot. Only through the process of trial and elimination did he build up a staff and even now, after thirty years in the business, he's still looking for calculators. They get $25 for the three hours' work and have the tightest little union in the world. Bank clerks make the poorest calculators. Some of the best have been bookies' figure men, sports writers and gamblers. High-strung gamblers make the best. Caution ruins a calculator. The average calculator had rather be reckless than right; though he's usually both.

Every Ninety Seconds

The pari-mutuel plant at a race track consists of the vending machines, the "tote," the tote-indicator board and the pay-off window. The vending machines each contain a rotary press, which prints the tickets as it vends them. On the face of the machine are twelve buttons, each corresponding to the number of a horse in the race. The horses are listed by their numbers on the program and the customer calls his bet by number. Each vending machine issues tickets for only one type and denomination of bet. There are vending windows for win, place, show and combination or across-the-board bets, and in each of these classifications there are windows for vending tickets of different denominations—usually $2, $5, $10, $50 and $100. The bettor goes to the proper window, calls his horse's number and stipulates the number of tickets he wants. Suppose he wants to bet $5 on



FREE
DUAL FLIGHT COURSE
for Every Purchaser of a New
PIPER CUB

DOWN PAYMENT
PRICES NOW START AT
$333
FOR THE EASY-TO-FLY
PIPER CUBS

Do You Know...

that more than 70% of the airplanes being used in the Civilian Pilot Training Program are Piper Cubs?

that the higher in the air you fly the less sensation you have of speed?

that you don't have to know any more about an airplane engine to fly than you need know about an automobile engine to drive?

that a Piper Cub can be operated at a cost per mile of only 1.3 cents for gasoline and oil?

that more people have learned to fly in Cubs than in any other make of plane?

that any small field or haylot is an airport for a Cub?

that many clubs and organizations have purchased Piper Cubs for the pleasure of their members?

that the Civil Aeronautics Authority recently purchased 21 Piper Cubs for use in its flying divisions?

that light-plane engines are far simpler than the motor in your car . . . aircooled, no clutch, no transmission, no gear shift?

that anyone sixteen years of age or over in average health and with normal judgment can pilot an airplane?

that you get more than 25 miles to a gallon of gasoline in a Piper Cub?

that you require only 35 solo hours to be eligible to apply for a private pilot's certificate?

that the take-off and landing speed of a Piper Cub is as little as 30 miles per hour?

YOU don't have to be a pilot to own a Piper Cub! When you buy one of these safe, dependable airplanes you receive a course of dual flight instruction in your own ship. This free course is given by government licensed instructors. It consists of eight hours of dual flying . . . take-offs, landings, taxiing and fundamental air maneuvers. At the completion of this free instruction the average person is ready to solo.

Piper Cubs are as easy to own as they are to fly. A Cub costs less to operate than your car and at the current low prices the enjoyment of owning and flying a plane is well within the limits of modest incomes. The famous Piper Cub two-place tandem models are priced as low as $995. The quiet, comfortable Piper Coupe, seating two people side-by-side, is priced from $1948. The Piper Cruiser, which accommodates three people, is only $1798. All prices F.A.F. Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.

Ask for FREE Flight Demonstration by the nearest authorized Piper Cub Dealer, identified by this sign . . . one at every leading airport. Be sure to ask him about the free flying course . . . Visitors are always welcome at the Piper Cub factory in Lock Haven, Pa.

CUB DEALER

FREE Catalog!
Send today for free literature, details of the free flying course and name of your Piper Cub Dealer. Piper Aircraft Corporation, 640 R Street, Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.

PIPER CUB

See the Piper Cub Exhibit at the New York World's Fair

"Careful of the Candle, Son!"

Remember—you older folks—the trip upstairs to bed when you were too small to be trusted with a lamp? The drafts fluttered the candle flame, and there was that horrid black shadow behind the door. And mother, downstairs, always worried about fire.

EDISON'S invention of the electric light dispelled the darkness that shrouded our homes and streets after dark, but we don't have to go back to the days of candles to find welcome changes electricity has made in our ways of living. Year by year, electricity has brought additional blessings to American homes.

Today more than 24 million homes have electric lights; 14 million housewives enjoy the convenience of electric refrigerators and electric washers. Five out of six homes have radio receivers. And every year the scientists and engineers of General Electric find additional ways for electricity to serve us all—to help create More Goods for More People at Less Cost.

EDISON LIVES AGAIN. The motion pictures "Young Tom Edison" and "Edison The Man" are bringing to life this pioneer of the General Electric organization, who did so much to put electricity to work for all of us. When you see these pictures, remember that his work still lives in every home that enjoys electric lights.

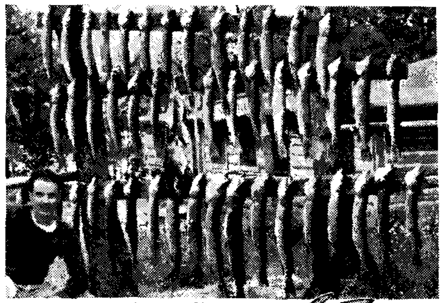
G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

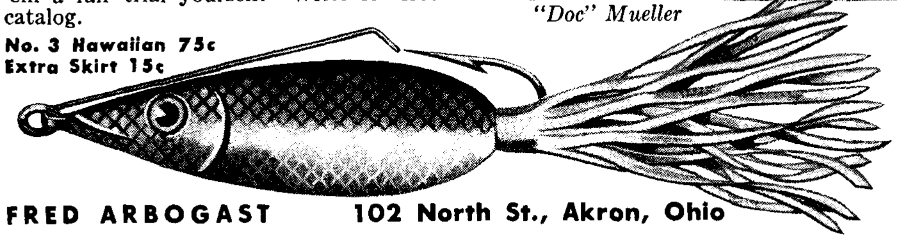
GENERAL ELECTRIC
952-4E1

AT LOWEST PRICE IN HISTORY
DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS
(The Harvard Classics)

You can purchase The Harvard Classics at a price per volume ⅓ of popular fiction. See Page 81 for further information.

For RELIEF of
Sunburn
Cooling, soothing MENTHOLATUM relieves sunburn quickly.
MENTHOLATUM





HAWAIIAN WIGGLERS
get fish, not weeds!

"Dear Sir: Enclosed find a photo of what your Hawaiian Wiggler No. 3 did to the Pike in Minnesota, and this only shows part of the fish caught on last trip. Many is the Bass who thought they had found a real meal."—M. (Doc) Mueller, Louisiana, Mo.

Other fishermen are writing us of similar results with these remarkable Hawaiians—best weedless bait on the market. Just give 'em a fair trial yourself. Write for free catalog.

"Doc" Mueller

No. 3 Hawaiian 75¢
Extra Skirt 15¢

FRED ARBOGAST 102 North St., Akron, Ohio

No. 10 to place. He goes to the "place" section, lines up in front of a $5 window and calls "one on No. 10." The vendor presses No. 10 button, which sets the rotary press inside the machine in motion and prints the ticket, at the same time transmitting an impulse to an adding machine in the brain or tote room, which records the bet. When the bet is recorded on the adding machine, another electrical impulse is sent back to the vending machine, releasing the ticket to the bettor. Thus no betting transaction can be completed until it is recorded in the tote. This device is nothing more than a battery of adding machines, hooked up electrically with the vending machines. There are three adding machines for every horse in the race—one each to record the win, place and show bets on this horse. In each group of machines, there is another that records the total pool or amount bet on all the horses. Every vending-machine button is connected with its proper adding machines. Thus, when the No. 12 "Win" button is depressed on any vending machine, the transaction is recorded on the adding machine for the No. 12 horse in the "Win" battery of machines and also on the machine that records the totals of win bets for that race. Thus the calculator figuring the win prices—there's a calculator each for win, place and show bets—can find out almost instantaneously by glancing at the machines how much has been bet on No. 12 horse to win, and also the total amount of the pool. By deducting the state's and track's percentage (usually 10 per cent) from the total pool and dividing it by the amount bet on any horse in the race, he can figure out in a few seconds the odds on that particular horse at any moment during the progress of the betting.

Every ninety seconds, the calculators give the tote-indicator-board operator a fresh set of odds. The indicator board, located in the infield facing the grandstand, flashes the latest odds as fast as they come up. When the race is over, the winners are flashed, but not until the word "official" lights up on the board is it "the McCoy." The calculators having figured out the official prices by this time, they are flashed opposite the numbers of the winners.

The bookmaking vs. pari-mutuels controversy is one in which no expletives are spared. Small bettors favor the machines. Professional gamblers are in favor of the bookmaking system. Each side has good arguments to support its stand.

In favor of the pari-mutuels these points may be advanced:

1. True odds are paid on winners, since they are determined by the ra[illegible]o between the amount bet on the winner and the total amount bet on all horses in the race to win. Bookmakers make their own prices and there is a tacit agreement among them not to give the public any the better of it.

2. Two-dollar bets aren't scorned by the machines whereas the average bookie is inclined to insult anyone who offers him a "deuce," particularly a mildewed one.

3. The state gets a substantial revenue from pari-mutuel tracks, which helps to reduce taxation (theoretically at least).

4. A pari-mutuel machine can't fix a race or bribe a jockey to pull a favorite. Bookmakers can and do.

Hobbyhorse Lobby

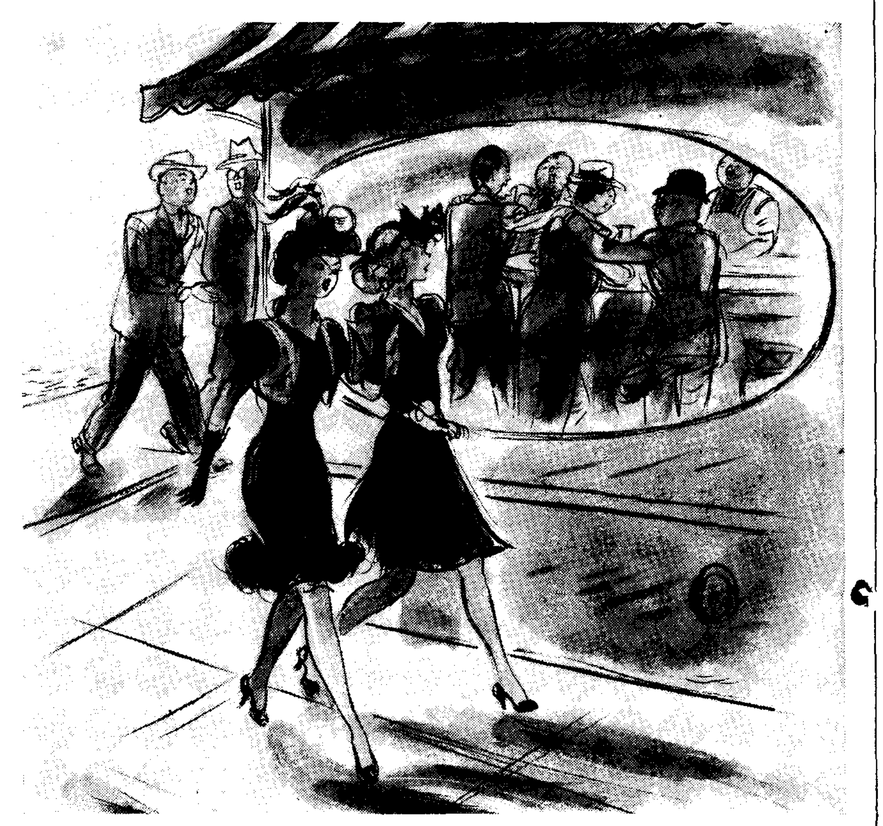
Proponents of the bookmaking system offer these arguments in rebuttal:

1. Pari-mutuel betting drains a town dry. The 10 per cent "take" extracted from every wager plus "breakage" (a racket in which the track and state divvy up the odd cents after paying off winners only to the nickel or dime, as the case may be) makes it impossible to beat the races in the long run.

2. If you place a bet with a bookie at 6 to 1 and a flood of money shows up on your horse before post time, driving the price down to even money, you ge[illegible] paid off at the rate of 6 to 1 if your water buffalo wins. In the mutuels, you'd get whatever the closing price was.

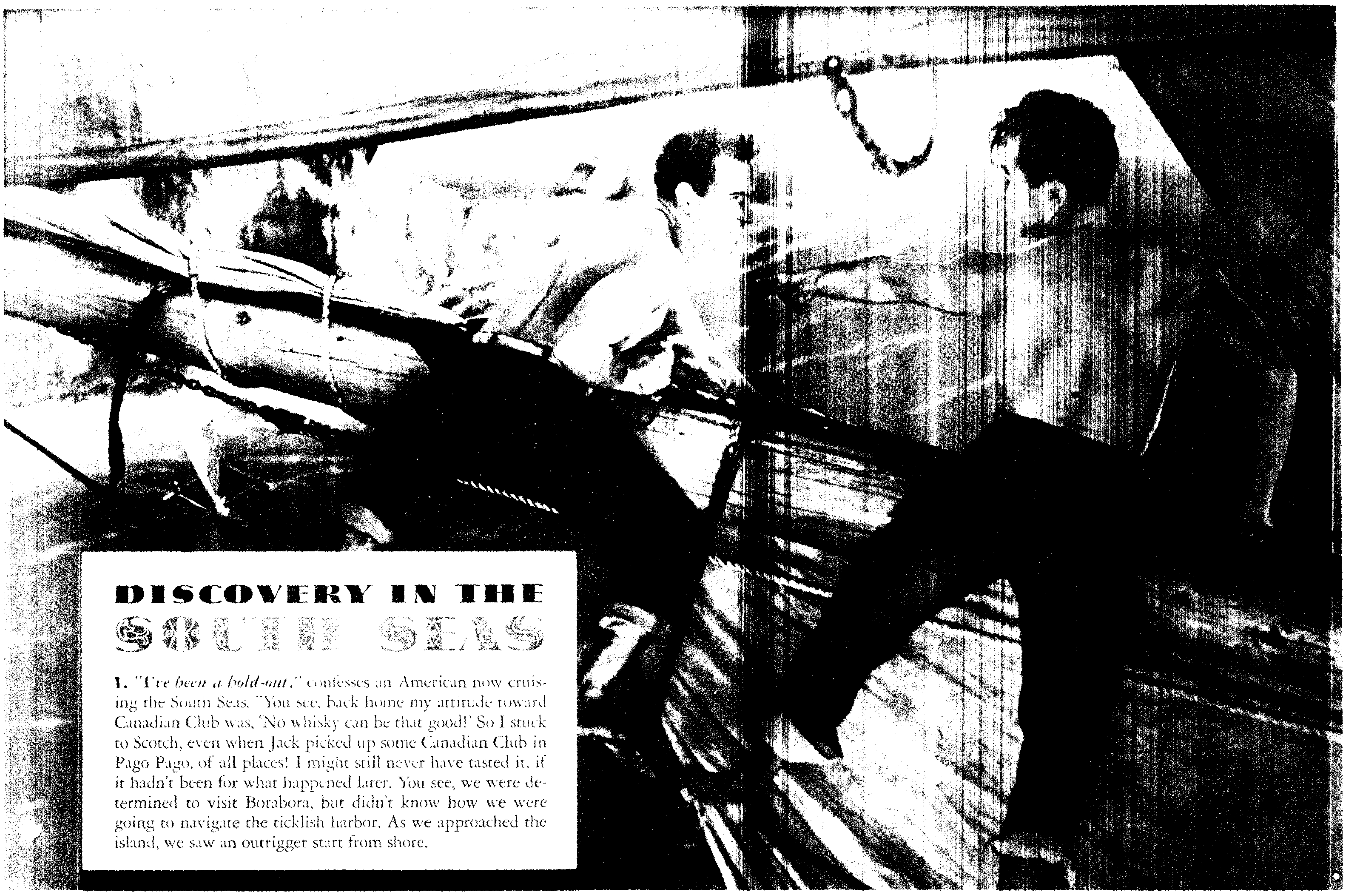
3. Bookmakers, by catering to professional bettors and others who can afford to wager large sums, do not constitute as serious a menace to the community in which they operate as the pari-mutuels, which inoculate the poorer classes with the gambling fever by making it easy for them to bet on the races.

4. Bookmakers operate in competition with one another, making it possible for a bettor to shop for the best price.



"There's nothing makes me madder than men out stag—and enjoying it"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO



DISCOVERY IN THE SOUTH SEAS

1. "*I've been a hold-out,*" confesses an American now cruising the South Seas. "You see, back home my attitude toward Canadian Club was, 'No whisky can be that good!' So I stuck to Scotch, even when Jack picked up some Canadian Club in Pago Pago, of all places! I might still never have tasted it, if it hadn't been for what happened later. You see, we were determined to visit Borabora, but didn't know how we were going to navigate the ticklish harbor. As we approached the island, we saw an outrigger start from shore.

2. "*It held a native,* with a very dignified old Englishman who offered to pilot us in. But when we wanted to pay him, he refused the usual trade goods. Then he saw the Canadian Club, and asked if he might have that. It seems he'd been the long-time friend of a writer who lived there, and Canadian Club had been the writer's most prized imported delicacy.

3. "By ***now,*** I was ready to believe anything about your whisky. We accompanied the old man to his house, and I broke down and tried it. I now want to say that I only hope other people don't need as much proof as I did of Canadian Club's uniqueness, in order to try it. They're missing a lot if they do!"

CHANGE TODAY, AS THOUSANDS HAVE

Taste for yourself why more Americans drink Canadian Club than any other Imported Whisky

WHY do *twice* as many Americans now drink Canadian Club as did a few years ago? Why have they changed to this rare, imported whisky?

The answer is in Canadian Club's utterly *distinctive* flavor—its all-round agreeable nature—that surprises and delights *all* tastes. Men themselves say Canadian Club is "*light* as Scotch," "*rich* as rye," "*satisfying* as bourbon." Yet it has a delicious flavor all its own.

In Scotland, as in U. S. A., Canadian Club is the leading imported whisky. It is a favorite in 87 lands. Discover why, for yourself. Just try this unusual whisky in your usual drink, and taste the pleasing difference. Start to enjoy Canadian Club today! Canadian Club Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

IN 87 LANDS
WHISKY-WISE
MEN ASK FOR

"Canadian Club"

6 YEARS OLD

Canadian Club
Hiram Walker & Sons
Walkerville Ontario Canada

Lowest Rates in History!

SEE AMERICA NOW BY PULLMAN!

Enjoy comforts you cannot get in other forms of transportation at any price! Make it a trip to be remembered. See friends and relatives you may not have seen for years. Visit famous vacation spots. View landmarks in the history of this country... Now is your chance to see America. Now is your chance to enjoy a travel "bargain" that may never be offered to you again. Read all the thrilling details below.

Don't make your vacation plans until you've read about this unusual offer and consulted your railroad ticket agent or travel bureau! Don't miss this travel opportunity!

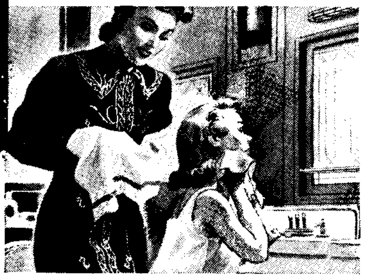
"Grand Circle" tickets on sale to Oct. 31 (*good for 60 days*). Added charge for some side trips and on few indirect routes.

TO ALASKA
VANCOUVER
TO CANADIAN ROCKIES
GLACIER NATIONAL PARK
YELLOWSTONE
TEAPOT DOME
BLACK HILLS-CUSTER
SALT LAKE CITY
CONTINENTAL DIVIDE
PIKES PEAK
ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK
DENVER
COLORADO SPRINGS
TALL CORN
NATION'S BREAD BASKET
WHEAT
WHEAT
GHOST TOWNS
ZION NATIONAL PARK
BRYCE CANYON
LAS VEGAS
GRAND CANYON
NATURAL BRIDGE
MESA VERDE
PAINTED DESERT
SANTA BARBARA
PASADENA
LOS ANGELES
HOLLYWOOD
SAN DIEGO
LONG BEACH
PALM SPRINGS
PHOENIX
TUCSON
TOMBSTONE
NOGALES
JUAREZ
INJUNS
INJUNS
REAL INJUNS
SANTA FE
TAOS
TEXAS LONGHORNS
OKLAHOMA CITY
TULSA
OIL!
OIL
CARLSBAD CAVERNS
EL PASO
LONE STAR STATE
LAND O' COTTON
DALLAS
FT. WORTH
HOUSTON
SAN ANTONIO
GALVESTON
CORPUS CHRISTI
VICKSBURG
NATCHEZ
NEW ORLEANS "FRANCE IN AMERICA"
GULFPORT
GULF RESORTS MOBILE
KANSAS CITY
OZARKS
HOT SPRINGS
MEMPHIS
LITTLE ROCK
MISSISSIPPI
ST. LOUIS
DES MOINES
SPRINGFIELD LINCOLN'S HOME
CHICAGO
INDIANAPOLIS
COLUMBUS
CINCINNATI
LOUISVILLE
FT. KNOX GOLD
LEXINGTON
MAMMOTH CAVE
NASHVILLE
MULES
CHATTANOOGA
LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN
GREAT SMOKIES
ASHEVILLE
KNOXVILLE
BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS
MUSCLE SHOALS
ATLANTA
BIRMINGHAM
GONE WITH THE WIND
WHITE HOUSE OF THE CONFEDERACY
PEACHES
SAVANNAH
MAGNOLIA GARDENS
SEA ISLANDS
JACKSONVILLE
ST. AUGUSTINE
TAMPA
PALM BEACH
EVERGLADES
MIAMI
CHARLESTON
CIGARS CIGARETTES
PEANUTS
RALEIGH
RICHMOND
VIRGINIA BEACH
WILLIAMSBURG
SHENANDOAH NATIONAL PARK
MT. VERNON
WASHINGTON
PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK
ATLANTIC CITY
CLEVELAND
TOLEDO
AKRON
COAL
NIAGARA FALLS
TORONTO
OTTAWA
MONTREAL
PORTLAND

BUSINESS MEN: Note savings under "Grand Circle" Plan outlined below. Investigate now.

Make Pullman your traveling home while touring the country! Numerous combinations of routes! Big savings on rates!

The observation club or lounge car (on principal Pullman trains) adds pleasure to your trip! Here you'll enjoy refreshments, smoke, chat.



Immaculate washrooms have plenty of light, hot water, towels! Here you complete your dressing in the morning, freshen up during the day.

You can turn out your lights when you please on a Pullman! Then ... refreshing sleep in a real bed! Pullman is the restful way to go.

Copr. 1940, The Pullman Company

EXCITING NEWS! As a feature of "Travel America Year" The Pullman Company (in association with America's railroads) is offering you a sensational travel bargain . . . the Pullman 1st class "Grand Circle" Tour Plan.

Under this plan you can tour the entire country, at the lowest rates in history. You see both Coasts. You choose from many available combinations of routes—*with extraordinary stopover privileges.*

And—you go in air-conditioned Pullman comfort, with Pullman's famous safety and dependability. You have plenty of space by day, and complete privacy at night. You enjoy a wide choice of accommodations, including Berths, Sections, various types of private Rooms . . . No other form of transportation offers equal service, comfort, convenience.

If you live on a "through" route you can take part of your trip, then complete the balance later, so long as you finish the entire trip within 60 days.

No matter how many days and nights your trip takes, the Pullman "Grand Circle" charge is only $31.50 (for a minimum accommodation)—or $17.25 each if two people occupy this same accommodation.

On a long trip, the rail rate is only 1⅛c a mile . . . which is less than half the standard point-to-point rate.

Taken together, the Pullman and rail rates can save up to 50% or more on usual rates (compared to point-to-point tickets bought at local rates).

Look into this travel bargain! You may never have such an opportunity again!

IMPORTANT! See your local railroad ticket agent (*or any travel bureau*) about the many bargains now also available in 1st class round trip rail rates for vacations of 2 weeks or less! Take a Pullman vacation!

Pullman

FIRST CLASS

"Grand Circle" Plan

5. The pari-mutuel system always shows a profit for the track and state. Bookmakers often go broke.

Bookmakers in New York collected a huge sum, said to be about a half million, to lobby against the pari-mutuels at Albany. Several times they defeated the measure, but last fall a pari-mutuel referendum won overwhelming support from the electors. The machine-betting system was legalized, three to one, after both branches of the state legislative body had passed it. Amid a deluge of crocodile tears the bookmakers wept for the poor people and the small businessman. They stressed the mutuels' 10 per cent "take" plus breakage, an ante they said that would break any poker game. They pointed to the experience of California where the betting fever became so epidemic that there wasn't enough money left to support racing six days a week and it was cut down to a four-day basis. They called attention to the "poverty" of Baltimore, Louisville, Providence and Boston, where the pari-mutuels have taken their toll.

More Bookies Than Grocers

There is more than a grain of truth in the bookies' charges but it was panic over the prospects of losing their own soft racket, rather than civic pride or concern for the dear old public, that prompted their self-righteous outburst, and so their appeal fell on deaf ears. Bookmakers, in stressing the "10 per cent take plus breakage" argument, never mention the fact that the bettors paid at least the equivalent of this to bookmakers to cover their $120 per day operating fee plus salaries of the half dozen or more men each book must employ, nor do they mention the margin of profit (never slight) that the bookie left for himself in making out his slate.

The plain fact of the matter is that no form of betting on the races is good for the public. Only insiders with information not available to the masses and heroes of fiction stories who pick winners with a hatpin ever beat the races. The pari-mutuel system of betting is more vicious than the bookmaking system from the economic standpoint wherever a low admission fee or none at all accompanies it. After Narragansett Park and Suffolk Downs were opened, Boston and its suburbs were showered with passes as Germany was with British propaganda leaflets. This made it easy for miserably poor people to go to the track, spurred on by dreams of wealth easily acquired, and squander their milk and bread money on the horses. At the New York tracks, under the bookmaking system, this condition did not exist. Nor is it likely to exist under the pari-mutuel plan, since a substantial admission fee is charged and the round-trip fare to the tracks, averaging 65 cents, is an additional deterrent to those who cannot afford to bet on the races.

Rockingham Park, at Salem, N. H., tried a daring departure from the free-pass idea last year and it worked so successfully that the other New England tracks adopted it this year and eliminated passes. Lou Smith, major-domo at Rockingham, decided he didn't want the business of patrons who couldn't afford to pay their way in, so he installed half-dollar slot machine turnstiles at the gate and provided a couple of change windows near by with stacks of fifty-cent pieces, a couple of yards high. The plan clicked like the turnstiles. Four-bit racing is now likely to become the vogue at all but the New York, Maryland, Florida and California tracks.

The amount bet on horse races in America every year is appalling but, since this wasn't one of the too, too personal questions included in the list asked recently by the census takers, there is no way of finding out what the exact figure is. Statistics are available for the race tracks, but far more money is wagered "off the course" than at the tracks.

This situation led Herbert Bayard Swope, chairman of the New York Racing Commission, to suggest to the New York State Assembly last winter that it include in its new racing bill a provision for licensing betting commission houses, such as exist in England, where wagers could be placed without violating the law and the state and racing associations could collect their legal percentage of all bets, just as if they were made at the track. The commissioner's suggestion wasn't adopted, however. Meantime, New York has more bookmakers per block than grocery stores, all of them operating illegally, contributing nothing to the state and free to take it on the lam every time a heavily backed favorite comes home on top.

Approximately $300,000,000 was wagered at American race tracks last year. These figures are slightly misleading, of course, since the pari-mutuel machines may register the same greasy deuce three or four times in the course of an afternoon. There is no way of telling exactly, but pari-mutuel experts figure that the same money goes through the machines about three times at each racing program. This would mean that actually only $100,000,000 is bet on the races at the tracks. But whatever the amount, Mort Mahony handles about half of it at the Belmont, Saratoga, Hialeah, Pimlico, Narragansett, Suffolk Downs and Rockingham tracks.

Mort Never Bets a Nickel

Mort has had some strange experiences with bettors. For instance, there was the old colored woman who lived in frightful squalor in a shack near the Pimlico race track and held onto a winning pari-mutuel ticket paying $3.70 for a dozen years before finally sending it over to be cashed by a colored trainer.

Then there was the sailor who had to leave the Pimlico track in the middle of the program one afternoon in 1921 because his ship was due to sail in an hour from the Baltimore docks. Leaving the track, he bought a $5 ticket on a horse named Lord Baltimore. Just before his ship sailed, he managed to get a late racing extra and learned that his horse had won, paying $19 to $5. And Sinbad the Sailor headed for Hong Kong! For nine years, the jolly tar hit almost every port on the globe but Baltimore. Then, one day in 1930, his tub eased up Chesapeake Bay once more. Reeling on a pair of sea legs, the sailor was out to Pimlico in nothing pat and, before Mahony's astonished eyes, produced a frayed pari-mutuel ticket issued in 1921. Although the laws of Maryland declare invalid all tickets not cashed in three years, Mahony always pays. It was an easy matter to check back on his records and find that the sailor really had a winner. So Mort paid him off and bade him bon voyage.

Probably the best lesson to those who think they can beat the races is furnished by Mortimer Michael Mahony himself. Although he handles $150,000,000 in bets every year, Mort never bets a nickel.

Long ago, when he was a lad in Wall Street, a German butcher in his neighborhood who had heard a lot about race-track poolrooms and the easy wealth to be made in them, asked young Mahony to show him one. Always willing to oblige, Mort took him to a poolroom on Third Avenue one afternoon.

"Vot for is dese vindows?" asked the butcher, pointing to twelve on one side of the room, in front of each of which was a long line of bettors.

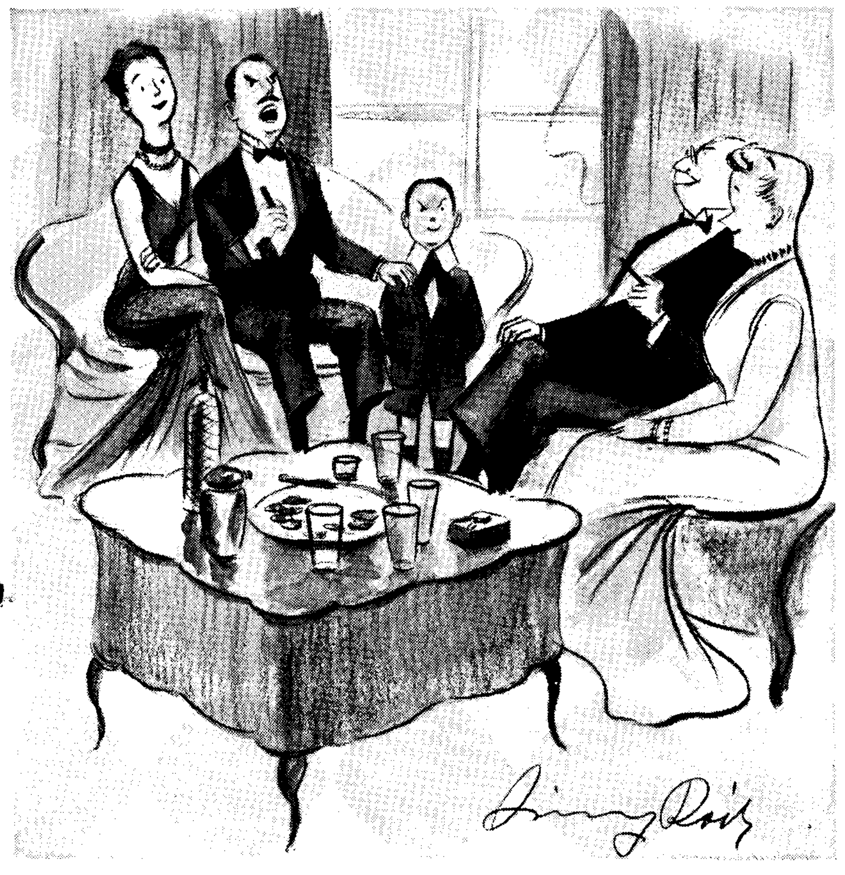
"Those are where you make the bets," explained Mortimer.

"And dese t'ree on de odder side, vot for are dey?" he demanded, pointing to the ones before which three or four customers were lined up.

"Oh, those!" said Mahony. "You collect your money over there if you win."

"Come on, let's get out of here," said the butcher, as if he had discovered himself to be in a pesthouse. "Twelve windows to lose your money at and only three to win. Dis is no game for me!"

It was at this stage of his career that young Mahony decided to find some other way of making money on the races than by playing them. And his income tax for the year 1939 will prove he succeeded.



"Junior wants to be President when he grows up, but by gad, for two terms only!"

IRVING ROIR

"because it tastes so good . . .

. . . try it on Hot Biscuits!"

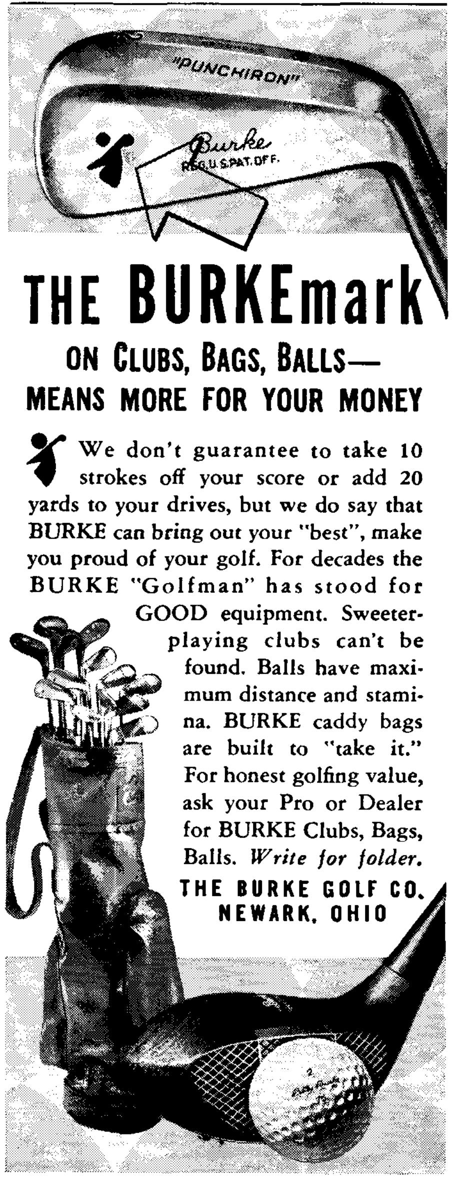
made by KRAFT
Parkay OLEOMARGARINE

PARKAY
Margarine
made by Kraft

Contains Vitamin A (8000 U.S.P. units per lb.)

1. You'll like its flavor spread on bread . . . as a tasty seasoning for hot cooked foods.
2. An excellent **flavor** shortening for all your baking.
3. Adds flavor to pan fried foods . . . it doesn't spatter or stick to the pan.

Made by the Makers of Miracle Whip


"PUNCHIRON"
Burke REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE BURKEmark
ON CLUBS, BAGS, BALLS—
MEANS MORE FOR YOUR MONEY

We don't guarantee to take 10 strokes off your score or add 20 yards to your drives, but we do say that BURKE can bring out your "best", make you proud of your golf. For decades the BURKE "Golfman" has stood for GOOD equipment. Sweeter-playing clubs can't be found. Balls have maximum distance and stamina. BURKE caddy bags are built to "take it." For honest golfing value, ask your Pro or Dealer for BURKE Clubs, Bags, Balls. *Write for folder.*

THE BURKE GOLF CO.
NEWARK, OHIO

Palestine—Much Promised Land

Continued from page 21

among his intimates as "Red Beard." He has had some religious training and in 1921 was appointed chairman of the Supreme Moslem Council and Mufti of Jerusalem. He is a crafty, wily politician distinguished by two qualities—sincerity and perseverance.

He hates the British. When he talks of them his beard bristles as though it were charged with static electricity. It was he who led the civil insurrection of 1936-1939. Caught, he was exiled. He doesn't mind taking money from any dictator or other agent for the overthrow of British rule. He wants money, arms—he promises nothing, is a friend to all enemies of England. He is a useful tool, therefore, of Germany and Russia and possibly even Italy.

His one supreme ambition is to be proclaimed Caliph of Islam. This would give him religious hegemony over all the Arabs of the Moslem country, forty million souls. The Caliphate was abolished with the death of its last great chief, King Hussein of Mecca, and there are now three aspirants—the Mufti, King Farouk of Egypt and King Ibn Saud of Arabia or one of his sons.

Of the candidates, 45-year-old Red Beard is the most likely to succeed if he obtains help from outside.

Traffic in Humans

Of this Arab antagonism for the Briton or, for that matter, for any white infidel, a reporter in Palestine becomes quickly aware. A walk through the dark souks, the fetid market places, or a visit to an Arab café, is enough. The resentment is as thick as the boiled coffee and sugar they drink. It is as obvious as the lack of the song of a bird in the wilderness—for there are no birds in Palestine, and the countryside is dead, bald, as though a great plague had settled down upon it, a plague of rock and sand. Only in the coastal plain and the region near Jerusalem, where brave and determined men have caused things to grow in an exhausted earth, is there life. Beyond the plain there is only death and hatred. The World War has brought to Palestine its first serious economic depression and has accentuated the Arab-Jewish population problem. There are about 800,000 Arabs to 400,000 Jews. This ratio of 2 to 1 is carefully maintained by the English at the insistence of the Arabs. As Nazism radiated outward from Berlin, the flow of refugees to Palestine increased and the economic situation, unemployment and relief have become acute.

Foreseeing an increase in the number of eligibles for settlement in the Holy Land with Germany spreading in Central Europe, the British government, in May, 1939, issued her famous white paper limiting to 75,000 the number who could enter for the ensuing ten years. The Jews protested. They demonstrated. A few Jewish heads were cracked by British billies in the streets of Tel Aviv and Haifa.

Wherever there is a British law, there is a Jew to circumvent it. As racial nihilism advanced through Czechoslovakia, Italy, Rumania, Hungary, Yugoslavia and Poland, the Jews of Palestine organized ways to bring in fellow refugees in spite of the regulations. A traffic in humans sprang up in the Mediterranean.

Secret organizations co-operated with pirate profiteers who owned Greek or Turkish ships. Together they worked out a racket that provided fabulous profits for a few and salvation for thousands. The refugees from the Nazi-Fascist areas filtered down to Greek or Turkish ports. There they were loaded onto the pirate boats, paying as high as $400 per head for a passage normally costing $60 in first-class cabins with bath. Their berths were in the dark, stinking holds of foul, unseaworthy tubs.

The ships sailed as near as they dared to the Palestinian coast at points where small boats from shore met them to take off their cargo of refugees. At first the British authorities, aware that these people, scared and sick and penniless, had nowhere else to go, closed their eyes to the traffic. But the Arabs screamed. Then the British had to do something. They banned the traffic, made it a criminal offense to aid the refugees. A coastguard patrol was organized.

But the pirates were making too much money to be so easily discouraged. They obtained other ships and loaded these to the gunwales with passengers. On dark nights, they would beach the ships. There was nothing for the coast guard to do but rescue the refugees.

Men, women and children—often babies born on board without medical aid—were landed in Palestine without passports or any papers of identification. Most of the time they had no money, no clothes. Sometimes they swam ashore in bathing suits. At least 20,000 have come into Palestine illegally through the pirate traffic since the outbreak of the World War. This has meant for the Holy Land an oversupply of doctors, lawyers, dentists and engineers—you find their shingles in dismal rows in Tel Aviv, Jerusalem, Nablus, Haifa and Jaffa, in Hebrew and English characters.

The oversupply of doctors in Palestine is only matched by the oversupply of oranges, the other horn of the Palestinian dilemma. What mistakes the Jews have made in turning a wilderness into a garden lie in the one-crop system. Oranges grow easily in Palestine so everybody planted orange groves. The industry flourished while the world was at peace, but with war the slats have fallen out of the orange market. There is no one to buy and there are no ships to carry what there is to sell and along the roadsides of Palestine oranges are rotting in heaps.

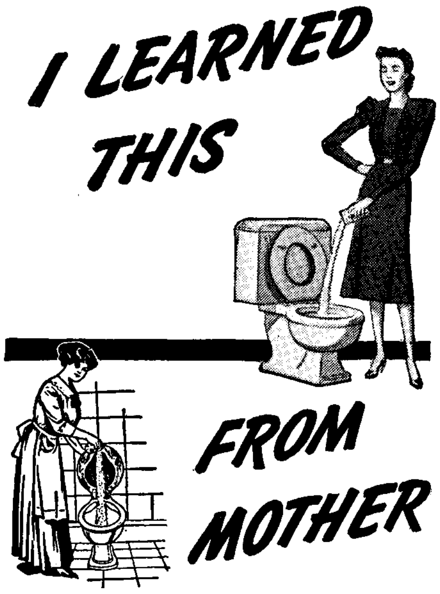
The orange represents three quarters of the total income from Palestinian exports. For 1939, the Holy Land sold $22,080,000 worth of goods abroad. Of this sum about $16,000,000 came from oranges. They sold 15 million crates in England, France and the Balkans last year. If this year 7 million crates are sold abroad the farmers will think they will have done very well indeed. You can buy six oranges each bigger than both your fists for one American cent. Farmers will pay you to take them out of the groves.

Thousands of Unemployed

England, Palestine's biggest market for oranges, has political fences to mend in Spain. England is buying Spain's entire orange crop this year, a sort of subsidy to help General Francisco Franco reconstruct the country he conquered and a sort of bribe to keep him friendly to England and therefore prevent German infiltration in the Mediterranean.

Palestinian growers are abandoning groves. Some of them are turning to raising wheat, potatoes and other more profitable crops. Others are so broke they can't afford to buy gas to run their tractors.

These conditions create unemployment and unrest. How many unem-


I LEARNED THIS FROM MOTHER

28 years ago, Sani-Flush was introduced. It freed mother from bathroom slavery. This powdered chemical keeps toilets clean and sanitary. It removes rust, grime, incrustations. It has no odor. It cannot injure plumbing connections.

For 28 years, Sani-Flush has been the easiest and best known way to keep toilets sparkling clean. Just sprinkle in a little of this powder twice a week. (Also effective for cleaning out automobile radiators.) *See directions on can.* Sold by grocery, drug, hardware and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, O.

Sani-Flush

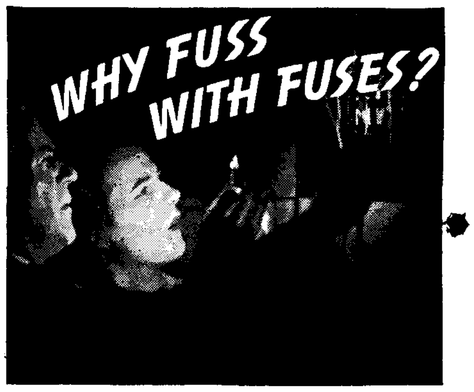
CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS
(The Harvard Classics) is now offered at the lowest price in its history. Turn to Page 81 of this issue of Collier's for further information.

AT THE FAIR...
AND EVERYWHERE
IN CALIFORNIA

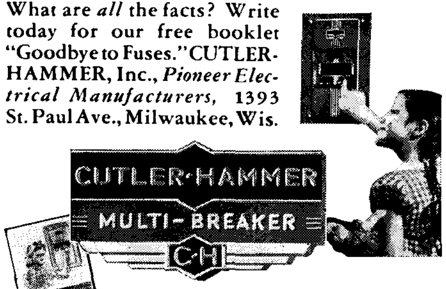
Visit the Golden Gate International Exposition, open from May 25 to September 29, on magical Treasure Island in San Francisco Bay. On the Exposition site Bank of America has a complete banking office (the only bank on the Island) to serve you. Travel carefree with Bank of America Travelers Cheques, which you may obtain from authorized banks and travel agents everywhere.

Bank of America
NATIONAL TRUST & SAVINGS ASSOCIATION
MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION
495 branches in California

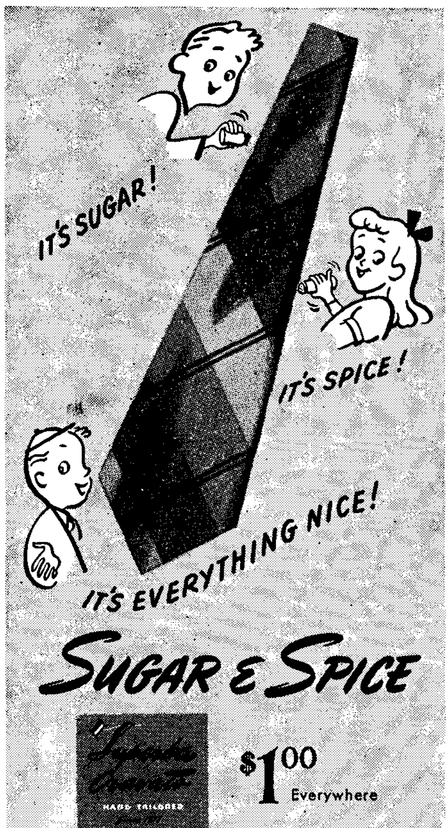

WHY FUSS WITH FUSES?

Save time, trouble and expense with a Cutler-Hammer Multi-Breaker

Why tolerate the blown fuse nuisance any longer? Why hunt fuses in the dark . . . or break off in the midst of preparing a meal to go to the store for the new fuses you forgot to buy? Why stumble down dark cellar stairs and fumble in the old fuse-box wondering what to do? The Cutler-Hammer Multi-Breaker ends this annoyance forever. It is installed in the kitchen or any other convenient place. And when service goes off, all you do is reset a tiny lever that has snapped out of position. Nothing to buy . . . nothing to replace! Service is restored in the twinkling of an eye . . . even by a child! The average new home can have this modern and safe protection for less than $5.00 additional. Also easily installed in old homes. How much will it cost *you?* What are *all* the facts? Write today for our free booklet "Goodbye to Fuses." CUTLER-HAMMER, Inc., *Pioneer Electrical Manufacturers,* 1393 St. Paul Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.



FREE BOOKLET—Tells facts about new, better home electrical protection. Write TODAY for your copy.



FOR YOUR FAVORITE FATHER: the only necktie that has this rich, rough-yet-smooth texture, these beautiful heathery colors. Gay stripes, plaids and solid shades . . . all exclusive with Superba. What's more SUGAR AND SPICE resists wrinkles and wears like iron. Write for dealer's name.

SUPERBA CRAVATS
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ployed there are is a secret carefully guarded as much by the Jews themselves as by the British authorities, but it is significant that six thousand unemployed Jews had to be taken into the police force to keep them off the relief rolls.

The Jews do not hesitate to use the mental funk that unemployment creates to arouse anti-Arab and anti-British sentiment. Illegal pamphlets are being circulated throughout the Holy Land by agitators who prophesy that Jewish rights will be further trampled by England with creation of a national government wherein the Arabs will predominate on the basis of the 2 to 1 population ratio.

These pamphlets are printed and distributed by the Jewish Trades Unions and the Labor party. The boys are being kept at boiling temperature with appeals to their patriotism calling upon them to bely the charge the Jew can't or won't fight. How well this sort of agitation worked was seen when the British issued their white paper last May. Jews raided Arab villages and killed scores of natives. That had never happened before.

"The Old Man on the Hill"

The Arabs have their Mufti. The Jews have their Moshe Shertok. He's got stomach ulcers. He's about the Mufti's age, around forty-five. He came up from the labor ranks, a rowdying two-fisted fighter, and one of the cleverest diplomats in the Near East. He is director of the political department of the Jewish Agency and crown prince of venerable old Dr. Chaim Weizmann, the dynamo of Zionism and Father of Palestine. What Weizmann, the chemist-visionary, lacked, Shertok has—where Weizmann had brains and diplomacy Shertok has muscles and political perspicacity.

Another Jewish leader is David Ben Gurion. He's a labor leader and chairman of the Jewish Agency. The Jews call him the Robespierre of the Holy Land, and he looks like the French revolutionary with white mane and brooding black eyes. He is short, squat and seems to have been hewed from the gray-black rock that covers the Land of the Chosen. He has never liked Britain, but responsible Jews told me that he is probably on his way out, to be replaced by Shertok.

But Shertok and Ben Gurion both are planning to be ready for that still distant tomorrow when that army of 10,000 must fight. The day must come, Jews feel, when Britain must pay her debt to the populations of the Holy Land or lose her grip on the strategic Near East. If Britain's security in that region were not at stake, then, reasonably, she could continue to compromise, placate and stall. But this she cannot do.

Because the present High Commissioner, Sir Harold McMichael, a Colonial Office visionary, is the kind of man who thinks in terms of an eventual federation of Near Eastern States, each of them independent, the Jews of Palestine fear such a solution might mean a national government after the current war. Sir Harold is a brilliant, morose man who's word is the law in Palestine. He has had wide experience in the Sudan and Tanganyika. He is known as "The Old Man on the Hill," because his house is on a hilltop near Jerusalem and he is seldom seen in town.

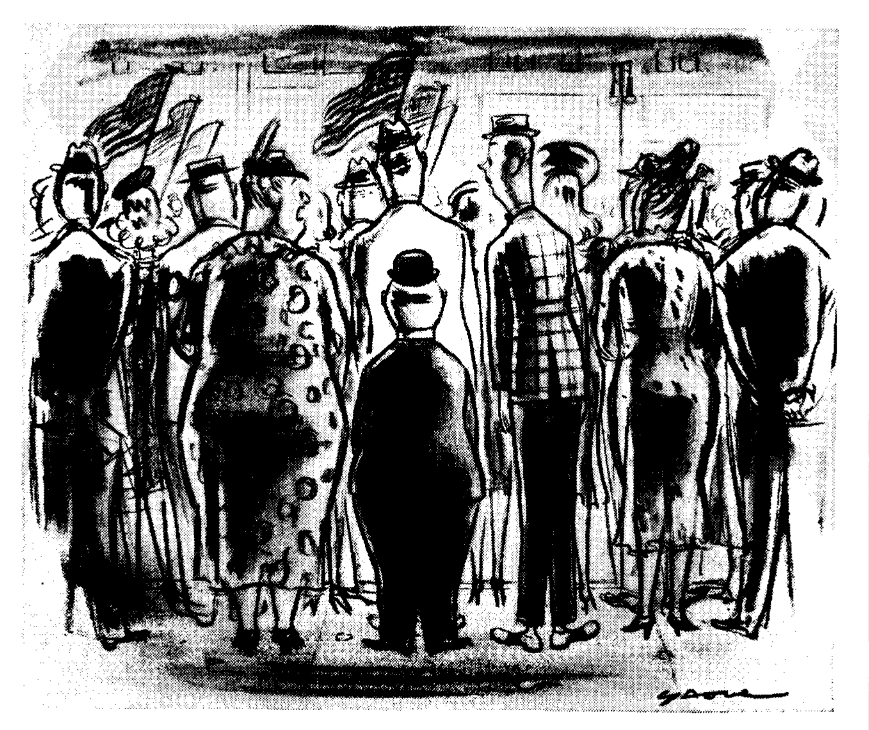
If Sir Harold has his way—and his voice will be a loud one in any ultimate solution of the Jewish-Arab question—there will be a national government in which the Arabs will predominate, with Britain ruling the Arabs. Such a government would be based on population figures, so many delegates for so many thousands of inhabitants. The Jews would be in the minority and their future, their dream of a national home, imperiled.

Sir Harold believes too that the recommendations made by the British Royal Commission of 1937 should be put into effect. This commission suggested that Palestine be divided into two states, one Islamic, the other Jewish. Under this scheme Jerusalem, as important to the Jewish and Moslem faiths as it is to the Christian, should be neutral territory under British mandate.

A great scheme—but it won't work, the Jews say. It represents Zionism without a Zion. They want Jerusalem, although the territorial concessions, with unlimited immigration, were decidedly fair to the Jews.

The Arabs say it won't work either. They want Jerusalem too. Lots of people are going to be shot because, obviously, Britain cannot impose a plan for the solution of racial and religious antagonisms between two peoples against the separate wills of those peoples.

That's why there's a phantom army in Palestine.



"Lift up Papa, Junior" LEONARD DOVE

SOMEONE OUGHT TO TELL HER ABOUT RY-KRISP

DON'T LET UGLY FAT ROB YOU OF ROMANCE
LOSE WEIGHT THE SENSIBLE RY-KRISP WAY

A slim, alluring figure is sure to win a man's admiration, so why not try streamlining *your* figure the Ry-Krisp way?

The Ry-Krisp plan involves no strenuous exercise, no drastic diet, no specially prepared food.

Ry-Krisp Plan in Brief

A. Eat sensibly. Using the Ry-Krisp booklet as a guide, a normal person can eat what he likes and lose about 7 to 8 pounds a month.

B. Exercise moderately...just to help keep your muscles and skin firm.

Ry-Krisp
WHOLE RYE WAFERS

Hot-weather hit: Cabbage salad in green pepper, radishes, cold cuts, toasted Ry-Krisp. For delicious, low-calorie meals you may enjoy while reducing, see Ry-Krisp booklet. Send for it today.

C. Enjoy 2 or 3 Ry-Krisp wafers as your bread at each meal. Only 20 calories per wafer yet Ry-Krisp is a source of energy, rich in vitamin B_1 and supplies bulk to help stimulate natural elimination.

Tempting and flavorful, Ry-Krisp is grand with salads, soups, juices, spreads. Many families enjoy these crisp, whole-grain wafers as an every-meal bread.

For your protection — Ry-Krisp comes in the red-and-white checkerboard box, has the name baked into every wafer. Served in restaurants and tearooms, on trains and planes. Always order Ry-Krisp by name.

Reducer's ABC's

FREE REDUCING BOOKLET

Complete plan for losing 7 to 8 pounds a month. Offer good only in U. S. and Canada. Fill in coupon.

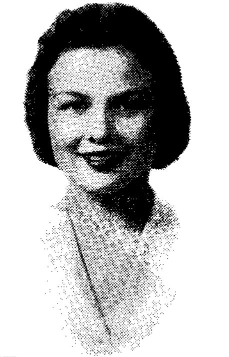
Ry-Krisp, 716E Checkerboard Sq., St. Louis
Please send free reducing booklet
☐ for men ☐ for women

*Name*__________

*Address*__________

*City*__________ *State*______

Want Extra Income?



MEET Miss "Jimmy" Brown of Montana who has built up a profitable business as our Community Representative. Just as she is doing, you may increase your income by looking after new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other popular Crowell-Collier Publications. For free supplies, *address a penny postal to—*

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-22
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

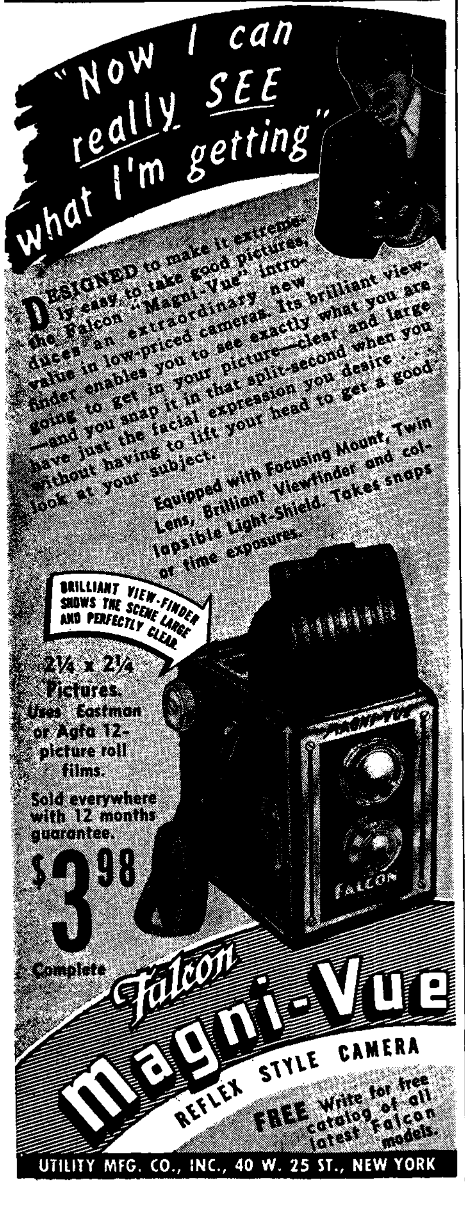
Give Dad
GENUINE
PALM BEACH CRAVATS
by Beau Brummell
$1.
First
IN THE HEART OF MR. AMERICA!
all America is saying
BEAU BRUMMELL Ties the best
NONE GENUINE
Palm Beach
OWNED AND WOVEN BY GOODALL WORSTED CO.
by BEAU BRUMMELL
WITHOUT THIS LABEL
MADE IN U. S. A.

America's Most Distinguished Tie

AT BETTER MEN'S SHOPS AND DEPARTMENT STORES EVERYWHERE

FATHER'S DAY...JUNE 16

COPYRIGHT 1940 BEAU BRUMMELL TIES, INC., CINCINNATI


"Now I can really SEE what I'm getting"
BRILLIANT VIEW-FINDER SHOWS THE SCENE LARGE AND PERFECTLY CLEAR
FALCON
Falcon Magni-Vue
REFLEX STYLE CAMERA

DESIGNED to make it extremely easy to take good pictures, the Falcon "Magni-Vue" introduces an extraordinary new value in low-priced cameras. Its brilliant viewfinder enables you to see exactly what you are going to get in your picture—clear and large—and you snap it in that split-second when you have just the facial expression you desire . . . without having to lift your head to get a good look at your subject.

Equipped with Focusing Mount, Twin Lens, Brilliant Viewfinder and collapsible Light-Shield. Takes snaps or time exposures.

2¼ x 2¼ Pictures. Uses Eastman or Agfa 12-picture roll films.

Sold everywhere with 12 months guarantee.

$3.98 Complete

FREE Write for free catalog of all latest Falcon models.

UTILITY MFG. CO., INC., 40 W. 25 ST., NEW YORK

We're Losing No Time Here

Continued from page 23

upper classrooms of a splendid modern grade school were studentless. Cut the loss at Randolph, keep its endowments fully taxed, and flier production would leap ahead.

The answer was to give elementary instruction elsewhere.

The only places available, without setting up an uneconomical and unwieldy organization within the Army, were civilian schools.

Military bodies, Army or Navy, are traditionally jealous of their prerogatives. Its decision to include civilian schools in its training program was a drastic, unprecedented and courageous one for the Army to make—perhaps the outstanding symbol of progressiveness in its history.

More than twenty civilian air schools were surveyed before nine were finally chosen for the inauguration of the new system. Each signed a contract with the Air Corps, under which the latter agrees to provide the training planes and to pay a flat sum for each flight hour. The schools furnish the required instruction, also barrack and dining-room facilities, although the latter are paid for by the government through allowances to the cadets. Climate was among the factors in the first selections. Consistently good weather, making time in the air possible *every day*, is invaluable in the building of a fledgling's confidence. However, most of the schools are in the mild-weather belt. If war comes, the bulk of our air training will be in California, Texas, Oklahoma, Florida and other sun-favored states.

Climate is Our Ally

Canada, air-training center of the British Empire at war, is grappling with the problem of erratic flight weather. She had it on a lesser scale in 1914 and solved it in 1917, when the United States joined up, by immediately shifting her air schools to our South.

The variety of our climate and terrain for uninterrupted primary flight training gives the United States a big advantage over any possible foreign enemy.

All the schools originally investigated and probably certain additional ones, could be quickly standardized and swung into use, based on experience so far gained, in time of war. Meanwhile, several of the nine schools now used have picked sites for branch schools—Ryan, for example, elsewhere in California; Parks of East St. Louis in Florida—to be established if and when the Air Corps gives the nod. Moreover, all nine, virtually overnight, could double, some even quadruple, their present accommodations.

Even in its modest original scope the Air Corps training program during its first year accepted into the nine civilian schools a total of about 3,500 "dodoes." In March the first graduating classes began to leave Kelly Field at the rate of more than 200 each six weeks. Output had been established, of the finest trained young fliers in the world.

You can put it this way, without smugness or boasting: Our Air Corps already this past year has fully trained and graduated as second lieutenants into the active service of the Air Corps more than 600 new military pilots who are worth 2,500 of the sort now being turned loose to fight in Europe. Our unlimited gasoline supply helps this picture. European nations must ration their fuel carefully. They cannot afford a proper percentage for training.

Based on the reassuring achievements and lessons of the first year of its training program the Air Corps was able to meet at once and without confusion the sudden demands in late May of the administration. Thus 7,000 young men will be fully and safely trained as military pilots and added to the active commissioned ranks of the Air Corps in the coming year merely by expanding the existing system of civilian schools to its maximum capacity, and by having new classes begin every five weeks instead of every six weeks. In order, however, to share with Randolph and Kelly fields the strain of giving basic and advanced training to this increased flow through the civilian schools, three to five Army flying fields, as, for example, Mitchell in New York, and March in California, will be utilized.

Meanwhile it is known that, if planned branches for existing civil schools were set up and the score of other civilian schools already listed and gauged by the Air Corps were drawn into the framework, a yearly production of 15,000 to 20,000 military pilots can be quickly obtained.

Could an invader land his men and their necessary modern equipment at any American port?

Yes, says General Hagood, and tells how our harbor defenses should be strengthened in

Our Defenseless Coast

By General Johnson Hagood

In Next Week's Collier's

A cry for 50,000 planes makes a nice, round, juicy figure that sounds impressive for lay public consumption at home and abroad but is absolutely meaningless, first, unless there is a definite program as to types and purposes of the planes and a co-ordinated national military policy for their use and, second, unless there are enough pilots to fly them.

If we are to have 50,000 tactical military planes—that is, pursuits, bombers and observations—then we should have at least 150,000 pilots to man them, in the opinion of military experts, in view of the present war's demonstration of the proportionate desirability of three pilots for every fighting plane.

This much can be now said: The Air Corps flying cadet program has the necessary shape and momentum to train pilots in necessary quantities as fast as the aircraft industry can manufacture planes for them to fly.

It is not their actual training as pilots but the difficulty of securing likely boys in adequate numbers from this day forward, come what may, that is causing the air chiefs to worry. Only about one in six applicants succeeds in passing the physical examination, while, roughly, only about 54 per cent of those who actually begin training succeed in finishing. By simple arithmetic, therefore, you may calculate that, if the quota of 7,000 new military fliers is to be reached next year, between 80,000 and 90,000 physically and mentally qualified American boys will have to apply. To gain a pilot strength of 150,000 essential properly to officer an air force of 50,000 tactical planes the Air Corps, if present standards are maintained, will have to deal with nearly two million boys.

Under its old training program the Air Corps devoted a year to growing military wings on cadets. The boys would spend four months each in the primary and basic schools at Randolph Field; another four months in the advanced classes at Kelly. Both these fields are in San Antonio, Texas; Kelly is the historic flying place of first World War days.

Nine Months' Training

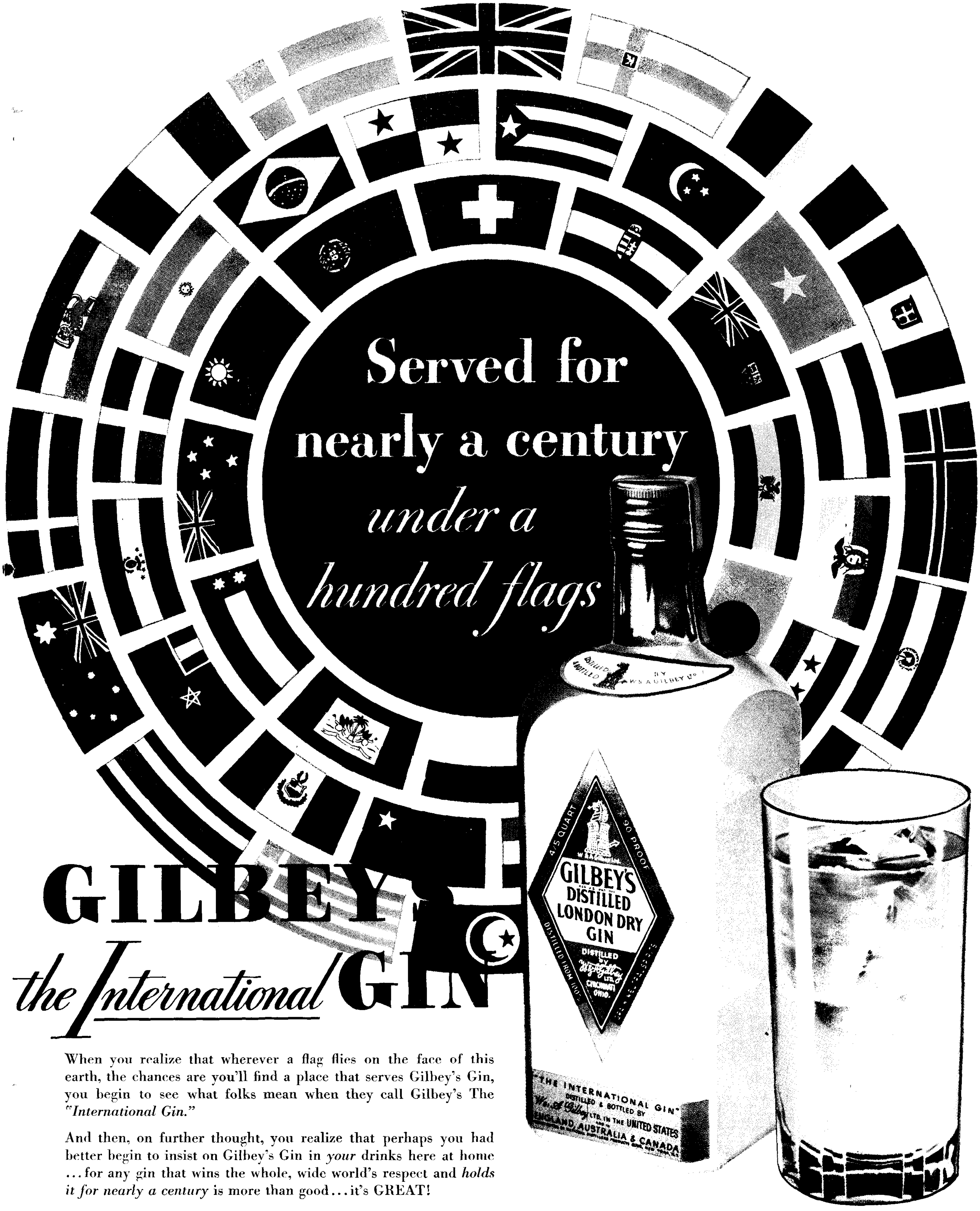
Under the new program we get the same result in nine months. The primary course of 65 hours of flying and 225 hours of "ground school," or technical aviation study, is accomplished in three months at the civilian schools. The remaining 150 hours of a cadet's time in the air, together with proportionate classroom work, is spread over six months between the strictly military schools: basic at Randolph, advanced at Kelly.

Thus, before each lad reaches his second lieutenancy, he has nine months of carefully and scientifically intensified schooling, with a total of at least 215 hours of actual flying. Then, before he is assigned to a squadron and active service, he gets an additional three months of specialized training under the new plan.

Because each new military flier's worth is judged by many factors, ponderable and imponderable—such as character of instruction, type of equipment used, solicitude of his instructors, and gradual but always steady progression toward high speeds and performance—it is the opinion of expert aviation observers that our young pilots are the equal in airmanship, in value to their governments, of senior flight officers with four or five times their logged time in foreign air forces.

At Randolph and Kelly, of course, each cadet's instructors are commissioned officers. But at the nine primary schools his instructors are civilians: another mark of Army tolerance and co-operation with the public resources. Each school has a small detachment of Air Corps officers—such as Captain Horton and Lieutenant Hopwood here at the Ryan School—to supervise the work and give the periodic check flights which the "dodoes" refer to as "rides in the washing machine."

Obviously, it is essential to have a standardized form of instruction, based upon Air Corps experience, practices and the military flight essentials of precision and teamwork. Therefore, each civil school had first to send its group of instructors to Randolph Field prior to the general inauguration of the program. There the instructors, many of


Served for
nearly a century
*under a
hundred flags*
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY W. & A. GILBEY LTD.
4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
GILBEY'S
DISTILLED
LONDON DRY
GIN
DISTILLED BY W. & A. Gilbey LTD. CINCINNATI OHIO.
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
"THE INTERNATIONAL GIN"
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
W. & A. Gilbey LTD. IN THE UNITED STATES
AND IN
ENGLAND, AUSTRALIA & CANADA

GILBEY'S
the International GIN

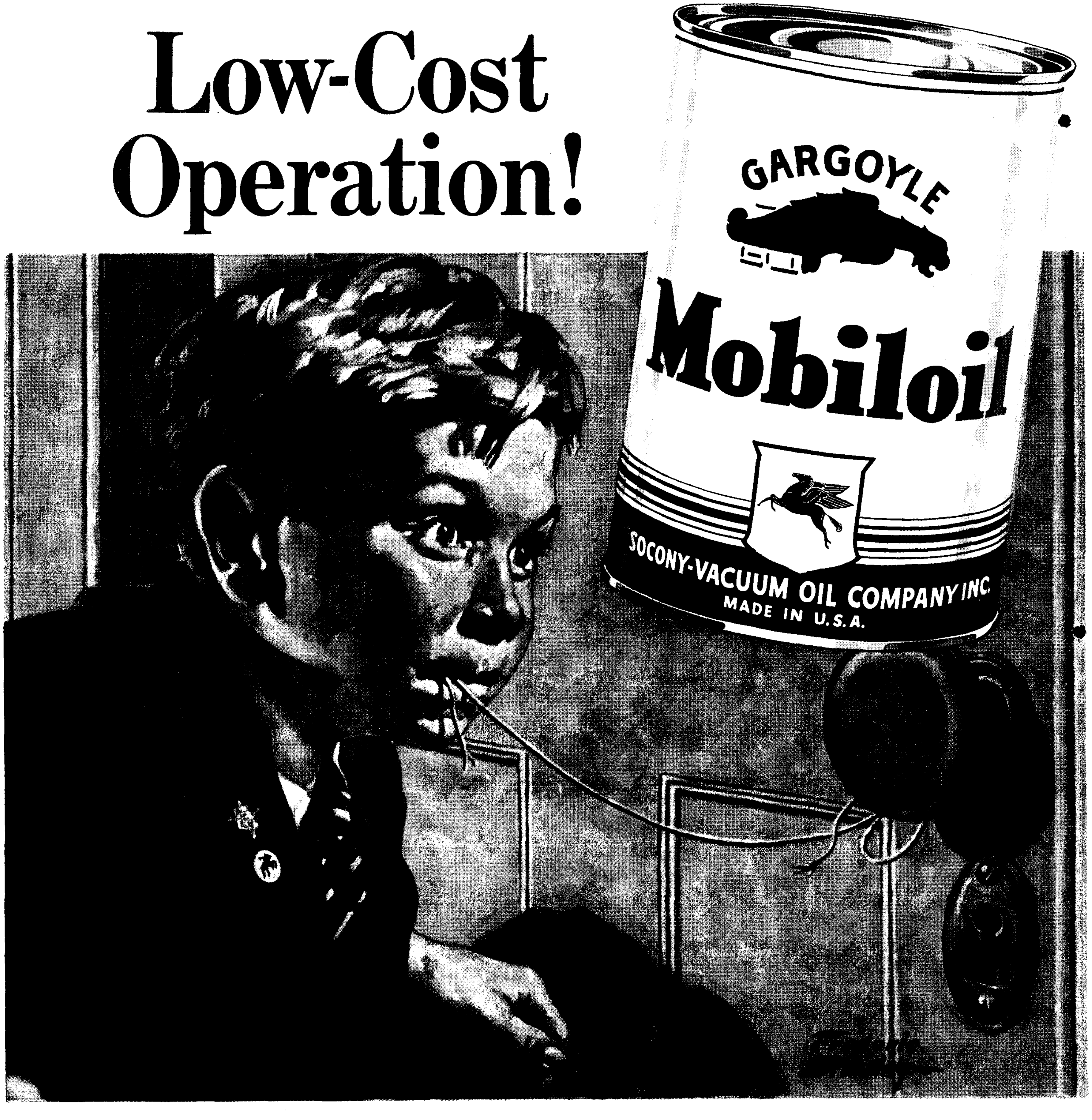
When you realize that wherever a flag flies on the face of this earth, the chances are you'll find a place that serves Gilbey's Gin, you begin to see what folks mean when they call Gilbey's The *"International Gin."*

And then, on further thought, you realize that perhaps you had better begin to insist on Gilbey's Gin in *your* drinks here at home ...for any gin that wins the whole, wide world's respect and *holds it for nearly a century* is more than good... it's GREAT!

THE "INTERNATIONAL GIN" DISTILLED BY GILBEY IN THE UNITED STATES—AS WELL AS IN... ENGLAND... AUSTRALIA... CANADA

Copyright 1940—National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y. YOUR GUIDE TO NATIONAL DISTILLERS GOOD LIQUORS *Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits—90 Proof*

Low-Cost Operation!


GARGOYLE
Mobiloil
SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY INC.
MADE IN U.S.A.

You save trouble and money with Mobiloil! It won't thin out dangerously under heat... gives you real "Balanced Protection"! Fill up with Mobiloil, and Mobilgas, too... *today!*

THERE'S AN "ECONOMY LESSON" in this Picture. A reminder that you will save real money with fresh, clean Mobiloil in your crankcase!

For remember—motor *trouble* costs much more than motor *oil.* You need modern "Balanced Protection" against terrific heats and pressures... against incessant, churning motion!

That's why Mobiloil is tough, clean, free-flowing... *made* to keep sensitive engine parts working at their best, even at temperatures as high as 400° F.

Stop for Mobiloil, next time... it has *all* good motor oil qualities. Gives you complete "Balanced Protection"!

1. Retards wear. Flows fast at starting temperature; resists thinning under heat.

2. Resists sludge formation. Mobiloil is distilled, refined, dewaxed, filtered.

3. Reduces wasteful "oil drag." Helps you save on gasoline.

4. Resists carbon formation because unstable elements are removed from the oil.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.
AND AFFILIATES
Magnolia Petroleum Co.—General Petroleum Corp. of Calif.

them old hands with thousands of hours in the air, had to go through a sort of teachers' college. Many were eliminated. Such prudence and strictness have borne fruit, which not only instills confidence in the cadets, but gives comfort to their families.

This safety record is not the least contribution of the Air Corps thoughtful and timely plan. It is assurance that we shall never again see the like of 1917, when a life a day was the toll at each flight-training field. It is insurance that we shall have military pilots in sufficient numbers to make unnecessary the hasty training methods that in Europe are killing more fliers than combat.

The fourteen civilian instructors here at Ryan are of a pattern with those at the other eight schools: young in years; old in the air. The clearheaded, considerate, sharp-eyed breed you have come to associate with American flying. Backgrounds of air-line and civil-school work, charter flying, even military service with foreign countries. Their ranks would be augmented, to meet war needs, from the air lines and other civilian sources; from reserve officers who are not quite up to combat; from the Air Corps itself, of course; and from the Civil Aeronautics Authority flight-training program, which is now based on the Air Corps primary manual.

Youth Gets a Bargain

You have examined the importance and value of the Air Corps training program to national security and defense. Now consider the elements that make it unique in the military annals of this or any other nation—that is, the bargain it lays on the counter for every qualified ambitious young man with advantages in war or peace; the personal values it has for boys and parents.

Youth stands today in a paradoxical world: an immediate future stained with bloodshed, a day beyond lighted by aviation and science with the promise of new frontiers.

Parents, millions of them here in the United States, are distraught by the spectacle and threat of Europe. Bargain or no bargain, the boys have not been standing in line the past year to take advantage of the Air Corps training program. It was difficult for the nine schools to get their quotas. This has been attributed to parental objections. Mothers justifiably do not want to raise their boys to be soldiers. Yet for those whose sons are lucky enough to meet its requirements there is another way of looking at the Air Corps training program.

First, air force being apparently so potent, certainly so much dreaded, it would seem the larger our crop of fully trained military pilots the smaller the chances of any nation wanting to engage us in war.

Second, if war comes your fit lads will be taken anyhow. It seems better to let them be trained now in peace, because the fully trained and knowing boy—in war, as in boxing, football, poker or business—has a better chance of taking care of himself; and, while discharging all duties, of still coming through whole. The really tragic combination in war is courage and greenness.

For the boys the program has special meanings—which, of course, are of interest to parents also.

Democracy or no democracy, for reasons of pay, privileges and pride, if you have to go to war it is better to go as a commissioned officer than as a buck private. Pay no attention to those Huckleberry Finn veterans of 1917-1918, who tell you philosophically that the lowliest individual, under the perfect communism of army life, is the happiest because he has least responsibility. For the normal young man readjustment to the restrictions, discipline and routine of a common soldier's life in wartime is a most trying ordeal.

If you are one of the millions of young Americans who will be affected if war spreads to us, better look at it practically.

One of the sad features of 1919 and the ensuing years was the effort of demobilized soldiers to re-establish themselves in civil life. The economic order made it impossible to hold all soldiers' jobs open. Young men who had just got a start in business when they joined up found themselves adrift. Only professional men fared well.

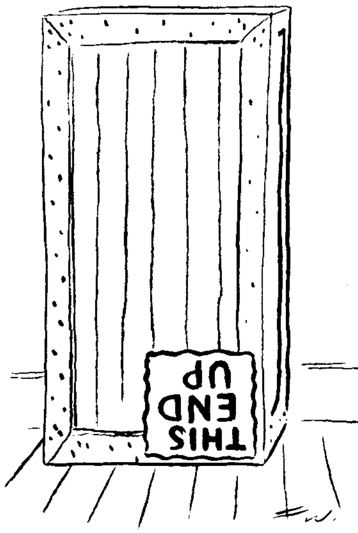
After any war we may get into, military fliers will be professional men with a good chance in civil life because, unless signs are meaningless, air transportation has barely come to the threshold of its development as a part of national and international trade and communications.

The moment you become a flying cadet you have a job that pays you $75 a month in cash, and room, board, medical and dental care, traveling expenses and clothing, which are certainly worth another $75. After nine months you get the rank and pay of a second lieutenant; and when you finish active service, three years or more, you get a bonus of $500 cash. By then you have enough "time" in the air to qualify you for a position with the air lines. These pay up to $350 a month for co-pilots; from $600 up for captain-pilots.

Your hardest obstacle will be the physical examination. On the other hand, the educational requirement might be waived. At least, for pursuit pilots. Bombardment and observation pilots, with problems of range-spotting as well as navigation, need a good background of higher mathematics. The pursuit lad, operating near his base, is troubled by no requirement other than to be able to go up and fly his ship fast enough, skillfully enough, and to fire machine guns accurately enough to knock down the enemy.

Meanwhile, if you and your physician think you can make it, the R.O.T.C. officer, if you're in that kind of a college, or the commanding general of your corps area, will provide you with application blanks and full information. So will the adjutant general of the Army in Washington, D. C., or the chief of the Air Corps, United States Army, same address.

If you are accepted as a "flying cadet" you will be sent at government expense to one of the nine schools. These are: The Alabama Institute of Aeronautics, Tuscaloosa, Alabama; the Chicago School of Aeronautics, Glenview, Illinois; Parks Air College, East St. Louis, Illinois; Lincoln Airplane and Flying School, Lincoln, Nebraska; Spartan School of Aeronautics, Tulsa, Oklahoma; Dallas Aviation School and Air College, Dallas, Texas; Cal-Aero Training Corporation, Glendale; Ryan School of Aeronautics, San Diego; and the Santa Maria School of Flying, Santa Maria—the last three in California.



New classes, 396 students in all, enter these schools every six weeks.

Spartan is the largest school, with provision for 86 flying cadets per class. Chicago and Lincoln are smallest, with 25 each. Dallas is second with sixty; Santa Maria third with 50. Alabama and Parks take 40 each; while Ryan and Glendale get 35 apiece.

We might have gone today to any one of the nine schools to meet a typical class of the Army's modern flying cadets, but here we are in San Diego, where the eager dodo treads softly and lifts his cap, for this is hallowed ground in aviation history. Here, thirteen years ago, a youngster in a Ryan monoplane began a hop to St. Louis, a skip to New York and a jump to Paris that gave impetus to public air-mindedness that is still felt. Here the immortal Beachey did the first "loop"; the Army began and ended the first aerial circumnavigation of the earth; and the first night flying was done. San Diego has other air firsts, too—many of them; you couldn't find a more inspiring place in which to learn to fly.

There is a technical reason for our coming here, also: the Ryan School is being used by the Air Corps for its first experiment in the use of low-wing monoplanes for primary training. Traditionally, biplanes have been used. For years the standard Army pursuits were biplanes, so there was no transitional period from one type to another. Recently the standard Army pursuits have been monoplanes. So the Army, with these Ryan Pt-20 low-wing metal fuselage trainers, is testing the idea that a flying cadet's progression from primary to advanced speeds and performances might be facilitated if he does not have to change from biplanes to monoplanes along the way.

The cadets you meet, whichever of the nine schools you visit, are the nicest lot of boys you have come upon in all your world journeys. You find yourself wishing you might be young enough again to be one of them and face this wonderful aerial era with the same enthusiasm and opportunities.

No One Flies Until Capable

You either can, or you can't qualify for the Air Corps; and the instructors, who want to die peacefully in bed in their old age, find out in the quickest way. Thus saving money for the government, headaches for themselves, and your skull for you. Of this much both cadets and parents can be sure: under the triple-checking vigilance of instructors, chief pilot and Air Corps officers, no boy is turned loose to fly unless he proves beyond all doubt that he can do so with safety.

Because entrants come every six weeks, and the course lasts three months, there are two classes always current. The daily life and routine of flying students is probably familiar to you all in this age of widespread air consciousness and demonstrations. One wrinkle here amuses you, however. Each instructor has in his front cockpit a rear vision mirror, like the one in your car, in which he can watch the facial expressions of his students in the back cockpit. He likes to see you smile and take an interest in the world around and under the plane; he does not like to see your face tense, and your attention riveted in the cockpit.

Yet, to you *all* cadets seem to look well off and happy enough. Why not? If war comes, they have a chance. If peace remains, they have a future. These are the young.

FOR SUMMERWEAR
...EVERYWHERE
Pioneer
SPORT
BELTS

Smart, off-white shades, Colonial Tan and eggshell as well as narrow widths in clear white are the style leaders this season. The first two belts illustrated below are of fine selected leather throughout — harness-stitched and custom-crafted. $1.

ELASTIC POPLIN for active sport wear, in many colors to match your slacks . . . $1.

PIONEER
BRACES • GARTERS • BELTS • BUCKLES
PHILADELPHIA
PIONEER

INSURING DEMOCRACY

By Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

Happy living conditions and equal educational facilities must be available to all children if our democracy is to survive. This idea became nationally significant when President Theodore Roosevelt called the first White House Conference for children. Eleanor Roosevelt tells what's being done

I DO not think that I am a natural-born mother. I had dolls as a little girl, but I cannot remember being concerned about them, and even though I was some years older than my little brothers, and of necessity had to take a certain amount of responsibility about them, I do not think I ever did it with the maternal affection which is seen in some small girls.

I did have a sense of duty and of obligation and that was fostered in me by my mother and then by my grandmother. If I ever wanted to mother anyone, it was my father and not my baby brothers. That sense of obligation to smaller and weaker children remained with me through my school years and gained great impetus through my first year of teaching some classes of small girls in a New York City settlement house. There I saw with my own eyes some of the disadvantages of conditions brought about by economic insecurity.

I think I approached my own motherhood with a keen sense of responsibility but very little sense of the joy which should come with having babies. It was a long time before I gained enough confidence in my own judgment really to enjoy a child. I do not know that even today I have it, but the old sense of responsibility is still with me. I never felt, even as a young woman when I did nothing outside and put all my energies into having children and keeping house, that I was right about my plans for bringing up my children. I often wonder today why I have been so fortunate to have some of the children develop a sense of respect and friendship for me, because I administered discipline not because I wanted to, but because of the convictions of others, and my love was always overshadowed by my duty. I enforced certain rules, I lived up to certain habits in the family and only rarely departed from the strict supervision and suggestion of others.

I remember that it took all of my courage, and the fact that everybody else in the house had the flu, to trust myself to move the youngest of our five children into my own bedroom and take complete responsibility for him when he had an attack of bronchial pneumonia. I could get only one trained nurse and she had complete care of one of the other children who had double pneumonia. Practically everybody in the city and in the house was laid low, and so I had to rise to the occasion, otherwise I doubt if I would have felt like trusting myself to carrying that amount of responsibility without direction from others close at hand all the time!

But all children, it seems to me, have a right to food, shelter, an equal opportunity for education and an equal chance

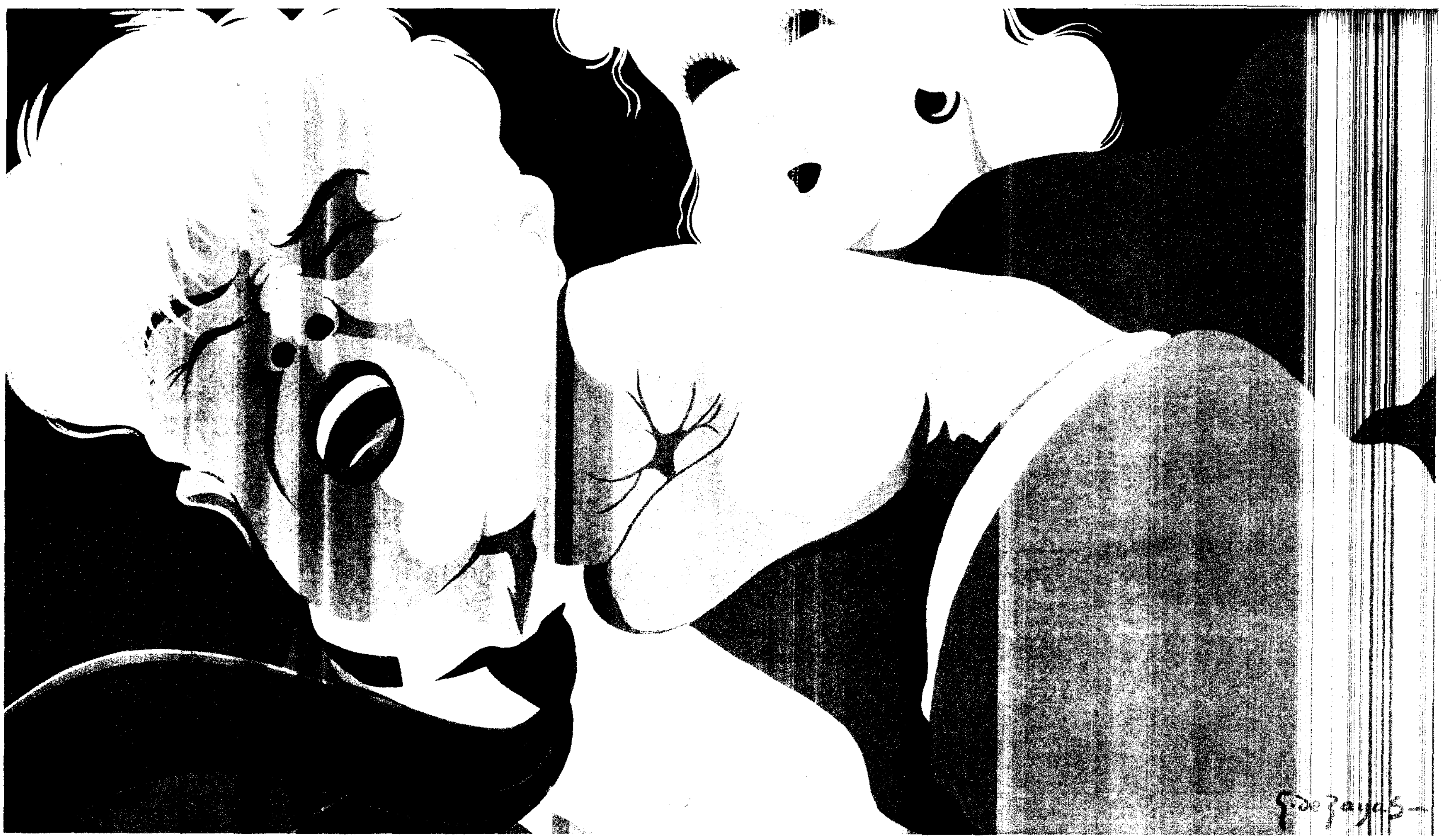
(Continued on page 87)

Broader Wings

TO SPAN THE NATION... And the graceful sweep of their arrival marks an epochal advance in air travel. TWA's new Boeing Stratoliners are here! And with them come spaciousness, smoothness, luxury and speeds never before known along any commercial airway in the nation. By presenting Stratoliners today, TWA again, as in the past, is first to put the proved into practice, once more demonstrating that Progress goes hand in hand with Precision on the airline run by flyers.

TRANSCONTINENTAL & WESTERN AIR, Inc.

The TRANSCONTINENTAL Line
TWA Stratoliner
TWA



CURTAIN CALL

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

By Richard English

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

MR. EDMUND CARSTAIRS had been in the celluloid colony some three years before Hollywood finally began to take its toll. Aggie, his wife, had long since been warned that fame was merely a more subtle form of marijuana, and all she could do was hope for the best. Given too much success and the knowledge that his name was a household word, the most model husband was sure to come up with some new and startling diversion.

With some actors it was women, singly or in chorus lots. With others it was houses with two swimming pools, one for day bathing and one for night. Still others devoted themselves to infallible means of beating the races. When Edmund finally went the way of all actors Aggie thought sorrowfully that she would have gladly allowed him any of the more stereotyped vices in preference to the one he had thought up for himself.

His vice, at first sight, was beyond all explanation. Mr. Edmund Carstairs, that mildest of men and most excellent of husbands, had come to regard himself as a very dangerous character.

It was Hollywood, Aggie said bitterly, that was responsible for the metamorphosis of a pleasant, pudgy party into an ogre who forever seemed to be striding an invisible quarter-deck. Mr. Carstairs had been imported to this country as an able, second-flight comedian, and, with great glee, Hollywood had promptly transformed him into a heavy who sent Boris Karloff home talking to himself.

It was after his fourth successive picture in which he had flogged the hero with a cat-o'-nine-tails that Mr. Carstairs first began to realize the magnitude of his fame. As he left a preview several small children had observed him and fled screaming to their mothers. Edmund was a mild man and at heart quite a homebody, and that first demonstration had rather upset him.

Within a year, however, he had come to accept the idea and was, in fact, rather pleased with it. He had been a fat little boy, the object of much ridicule among his playmates, and now at forty it was not unpleasant to find that strong men flinched at the very mention of his name.

AGGIE had first begun to worry when the maids started quitting with clocklike regularity. The last one summed it up neatly: "It's not so much what he does, ma'am. It's the way he *looks* at you!" Edmund overheard that and hurried to the nearest mirror. He was forced to admit there *was* a rather sinister look about him. He began practicing it riding back and forth to the studio.

In time he became more concerned over how dastardly a character might be made rather than whether it might be a good picture for his particular talents. Oblivion is just around the corner when that happens and Aggie began to hoard her household budget against the day when Mr. Carstairs, his whips and his leers were no longer in demand.

It was while she was in that highly emotional state that her brother George had to visit this country. George was a successful insurance broker now but Aggie knew that he would always remain Edmund's particular hate. As children there had been numerous nosebleedings between them then, Edmund always furnishing the nose. Then when he had sought Aggie's hand, it had been George who had spoken up, strongly advising her against marrying a man who, at best, would never be more than a third-rate actor.

Consequently, she was apologetic when she mentioned George's audacity in visiting this country. "It's just business that brought him here," she said nervously. "I'm sure he'll go right back, Edmund."

He tried to conceal the sudden, dark elation that swept over him.

"Why don't you ask him out here, Aggie?" he said casually.

It was so unexpected, so completely touching, that her eyes filled. "Why, Edmund," she said, "I mean—it's so splendid of you!"

Edmund said nothing. There was no need to tell her that a long-delayed day of reckoning was finally at hand.

George flew in the next week end. That night they had their sherry in the den, entirely surrounded by pictures of Edmund in his most horrifying roles. Conscientious cricket had kept George's waistline quite trim and he was not above calling attention to Edmund's prominent paunch.

"Of course, you were always sloppy," he said cheerily. "I remember all the lads called you Fatso."

"Fatso?" Edmund said coldly, frost coating each syllable. "You have the type of mind that would recall such things, George."

George's red, bluff face took on an even more vivid hue. "Look here, Edmund," he said, "you can't use that tone on me. I shan't tolerate it!"

Aggie saw that Edmund's face had that look on it and the sherry spilled in her lap. "Edmund," she said piteously. "Edmund—"

Her husband glanced at her. "You will do well to keep out of this, Aggie. I fear your brother still has to learn a thing or two."

George sailed into him, soundly pasting him on all sides. Edmund was about to collapse when George saved him the trouble by neatly clipping him right on the jaw

"Watch what you say, my man!" George said angrily. "To me you are the perfect Fatso and will always remain precisely that."

Edmund knew his moment was at hand. Tonight he would make George cower before Aggie's very eyes.

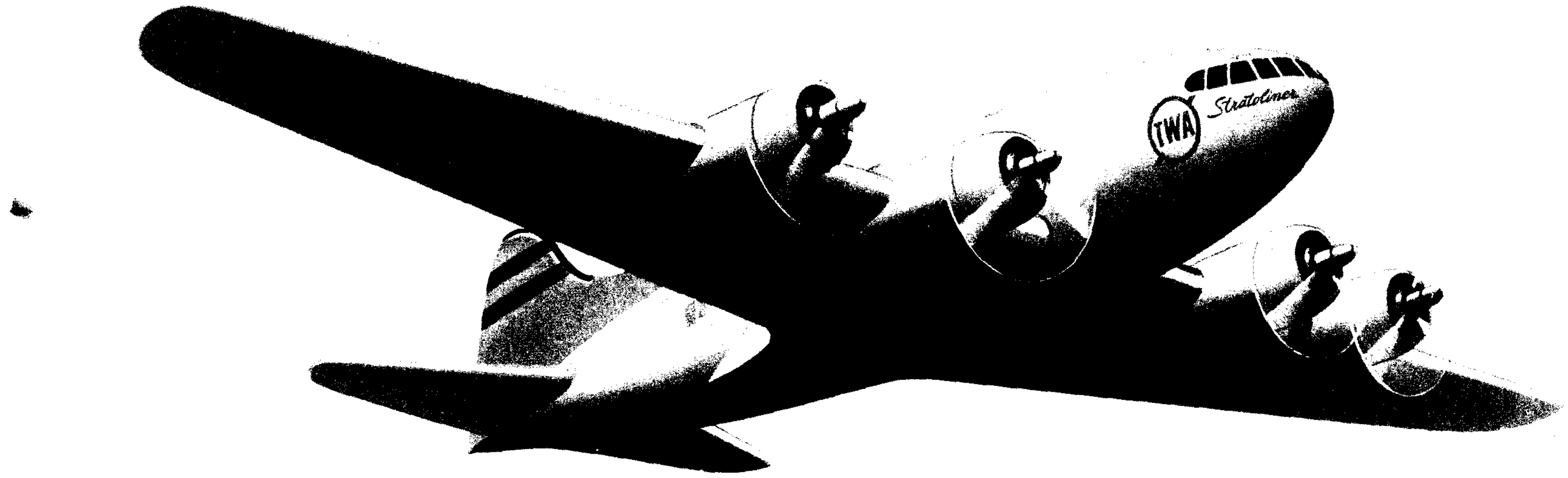
"Stand up, George," he said in his most ominous voice. "Stand up and prepare to defend yourself."

"Gladly," said George, refusing to cringe. Edmund was somewhat taken aback by this quick acceptance but, remembering his last script, took up a fighting stance. From then on the script was of no value. George sailed into him, soundly pasting him on all sides and even more painfully in the middle. Edmund was about to collapse when George saved him the trouble by neatly clipping him right on the jaw.

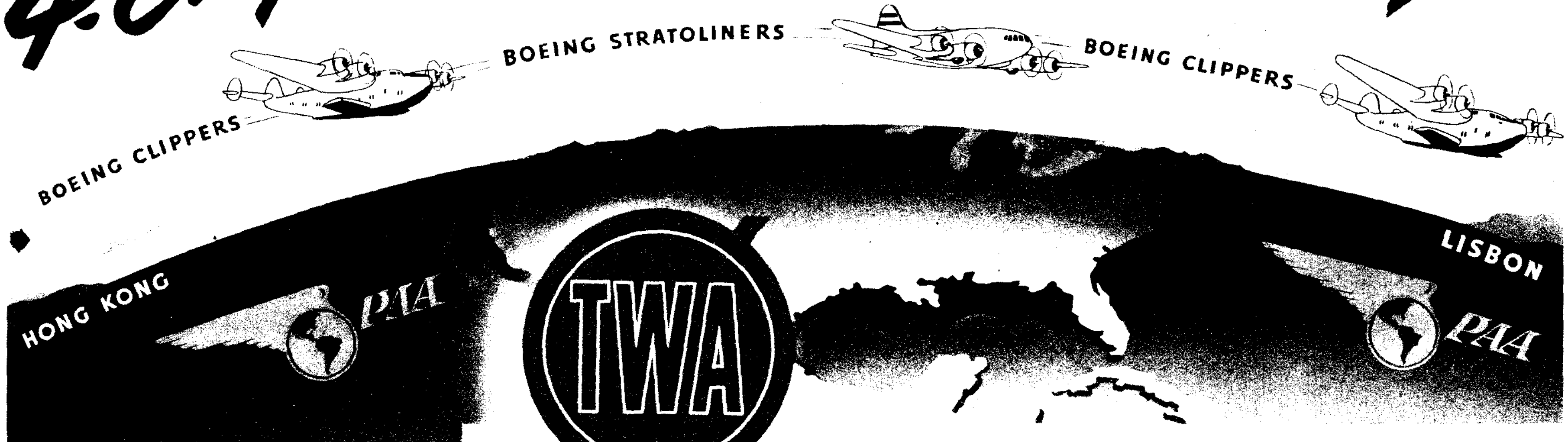
◆

IT WAS some ten minutes before Aggie could finally revive him. The first thing she noticed was how mild his eyes were. They were mild and slightly bewildered and there was none of that look about them. She knew then that Edmund Carstairs, the scourge of the screen, would confine his future activities to that medium.

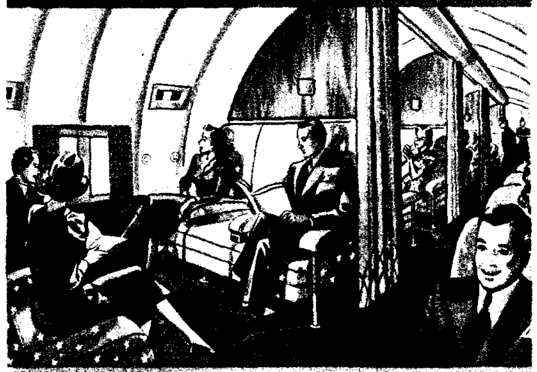
Slowly, gradually, a beautiful smile appeared on his face. "Aggie," he said reverently, "Aggie, do you realize you married a great actor?"



4-Engine Boeings - all the way!



Stratoliners TO SPAN THE NATION



"Passengers ride in roomy compartments and widely spaced reclining chairs... surrounded by restful comfort and every convenience.

For the ladies, this comfortable smartly-styled Charm Room ... as modern as the Stratoliner itself.

An expertly planned "kitchen" permits efficient meal service for the Stratoliner's 33 passengers.

For 800 miles or 15,000—from New York to Chicago or from Lisbon to Hong Kong—you will be able to enjoy the new standards of luxury, speed and reliability for which Boeing 4-engine aircraft are famous. For more than a year, giant 41-ton Boeing-built Clippers have been flying the Atlantic and the Pacific on Pan American Airways' routes. Now come the 4-engine Boeing Stratoliners—to be placed in service by Transcontinental & Western Air on their established coast-to-coast route. Thus, over land as over sea, across this nation as across the oceans, the supremacy of Boeing 4-engine aircraft is made available to air travelers along routes almost circling two-thirds of the globe.

Salon Spaciousness and Luxury: The Stratoliner makes tomorrow's travel dream come true. Increased size permits greater comfort for 33 passengers by day or 25 by night. Seats in spacious compartments are larger and softer. Beds are wider and longer. The galley is more complete, with every facility for serving hot meals. Other innovations include the women's "Charm Room" and men's lounge. The Stratoliner is the world's first altitude-conditioned air transport—comfortable low-altitude atmosphere is automatically maintained during high-level flight. Crew of five consists of Captain, First Officer, Flight Engineer and two Hostesses, providing more service and greater reliability than ever before.

The 4-Engine Era Is Here: The Stratoliner is more than the nation's largest commercial landplane transport. It is the logical development of brilliant results achieved with Boeing 4-engine substratosphere Flying Fortresses of the U. S. Army Air Corps and the giant transoceanic Clippers of Pan American Airways. The increased speed and matchless reliability attained in those fields are now brought to the nation's airways by TWA with Boeing Stratoliners.

BOEING HAS ALWAYS BUILT TOMORROW'S AIRPLANES TODAY!

Boeing STRATOLINERS

BOEING

BOEING AIRCRAFT
COMPANY, SEATTLE

Some Were Brave

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

Here is a story about a few of the people who rolled back the Western plain. It took all kinds of pioneers to conquer the wilderness

ALL this day—and for many other days—they had moved westward across flatlands where summer's grass stood yellow and close and rich from a thousand years' fallowing. Once they saw antelope scudding deep in the horizon's blue haze and once on this aimless ribbon of a road Indians passed them on their scrubby, tangle-maned ponies. This year of 1907 Theodore Roosevelt had opened a hundred square miles of reservation land to homestead settlement and now the two Brewerton wagons, loaded with farming implements and blacksmith tools and all the family possessions, moved toward the entry town of Virgil. Brewerton drove the first wagon, his wife beside him; his daughter handled the second team as well as any man.

They were not alone. Ahead of them other wagons rolled, and southward on the far, flat plain a separate line of travelers stirred up gray sheets of dust. During the day an autocar overtook them with a massive clack of its engine and a brilliant glitter of its brass fittings; the rank, hot stench of oil remained long after its passage. Twice since sunup passenger trains showed plumes of steam and smoke in the north, running west.

"Virgil," said Brewerton, pointing forward.

The town had been a penciled streak against the yellow plain since morning, never seeming nearer. Now as the sun dropped in a last explosion of flame below the western rim Virgil rose from the earth and displayed its winking lights.

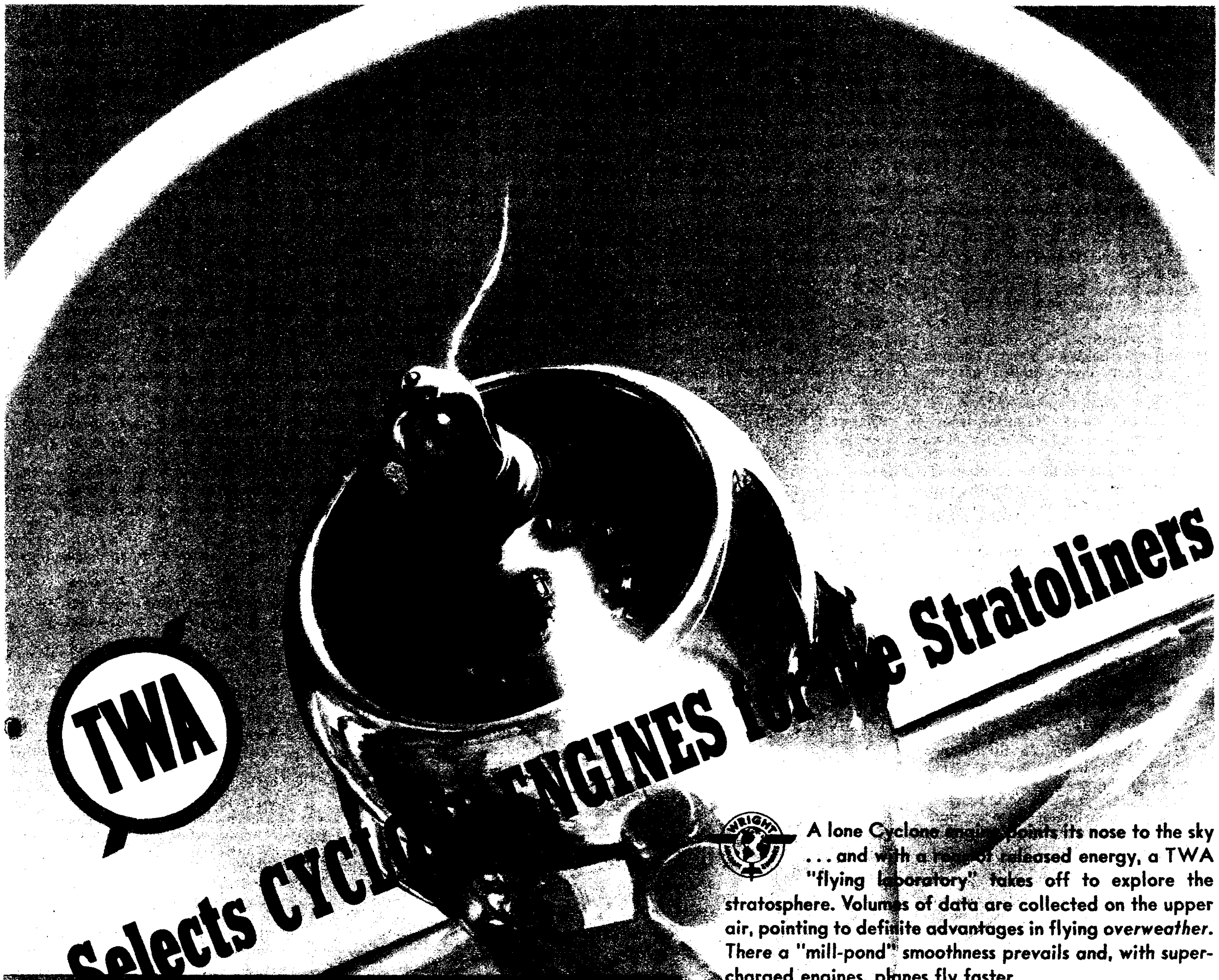
"We've got till midnight to file," said Brewerton.

He was a man nearing sixty, with great black brows and thick shoulders formed by his trade of blacksmith-farmer. In his own community he had been well to do, yet the call of new and cheap land farther west had called up that boomer instinct that all the men of his generation possessed and so, repeating an episode of thirty years before, he was answering a land rush. To his doubting wife he had said: "It is like being young again." Behind him in the second wagon his daughter sat straight and untroubled on the backless seat, dressed in a corduroy skirt and white shirtwaist and a wide straw hat. She had heavy brown hair and the filled body of first womanhood, and her eyes were gray. Her name was Letitia, wherefore she had always been Letty.

Virgil was a group of faded buildings squatted on the plain, a town meant to be nothing more than a trading post for Indians and roundabout cattle outfits but now swamped by a violent wave of immigration. Driving forward, Letty observed the tent city of land seekers surrounding Virgil, the solid jam of horses and wagons on the street, the dark mass of people moving along the walks. A line of passenger coaches waited on a railroad siding.

She followed her father into the packed street, managing the big Percheron team with tighter reins. Somebody yelled at her father: "Where you from?" And her father called back: "Nebraska." Peddlers called their wares in rapid, insolent voices and people kept repeating: "Move on—move on up there!" The saloons were packed and traffic boiled around each store's doorway. At the far

He had a way of looking at Letty, deliberately showing his interest, and a way of dropping his glance



TWA Selects CYCLONE ENGINES for the Stratoliners

The four Wright Cyclone engines which power the TWA Boeing Stratoliners belong to a family of engines with more than 600,000,000 miles of airline performance to their credit. Cyclone engines were used by Howard Hughes in his record round-the-world flight of 3 days 19 hours, and today one may circle the globe on regular airlines behind Cyclone engines. The U. S. Army's famous Boeing Flying Fortresses, and all other production Army Bombers, fly with Cyclones, as do many combatant planes of the U. S. Navy.

IT PAYS TO FLY

A lone Cyclone engine points its nose to the sky . . . and with a roar of released energy, a TWA "flying laboratory" takes off to explore the stratosphere. Volumes of data are collected on the upper air, pointing to definite advantages in flying *overweather. There a "mill-pond" smoothness prevails and, with supercharged engines, planes fly faster.*

That was six years ago. Today sub-stratosphere travel is an accomplished fact as the 4400 horsepower of four great Cyclone engines speed the huge Boeing Stratoliner on the new *overweather* skyway—and passengers may relax in the comfort of an altitude-conditioned cabin and enjoy a new luxury in air travel.

From the beginning of modern, high-speed, deluxe air travel inaugurated by TWA, Wright has supplied the engines. When larger and faster equipment was needed, Wright was ready with a heavy-duty Cyclone engine with an operating life approaching 2,000,000 miles. This same type of Cyclone engine now powers the epoch-marking new Stratoliners, bringing an unapproached background of operating experience which makes it the world's outstanding airline engine.

WRIGHT AERONAUTICAL CORPORATION
PATERSON, NEW JERSEY • *A division of Curtiss-Wright Corporation*

WRIGHT
AIRCRAFT ENGINES

end of the street she noticed a counter built from wall to wall, with lines of people moving slowly against it. The land office's registration counter, she thought.

She followed her father as he turned into an alley between buildings, passed through the tent city south of town and stopped in the first available clear space. Brewerton got down to chain the wheels. The crowd's excitement had reached him though he was usually the serenest of men.

"We'd better get in line to register before we pitch camp. There's maybe four hundred claims to be had—and I'd guess ten thousand people here to register for them."

"Adam," said Mrs. Brewerton in a wife's neutral voice, "this may be a wild-goose chase."

"Everybody files. A week from now the land office holds a drawing. The four hundred first names drawn get the claims. We've got as good a chance as any. Letty, you're single and twenty-one. You can file too. Come with me."

These two returned to Virgil's street and worked a way through the crowd to the foot of one of the oncreeping registration lines. Up at the counter, illumined by the soft flare of oil lanterns, men lifted their arms and swore their intentions.

"Move on—move on up there!"

Excitement pulsed in the night. It was a current of electricity stinging Letty's nerves. A picture show's gaudy posters hung to a building wall near her and from the show house drifted the careless playing of a piano:

"Fond of fun as fond can be,
When it's on the strict q. t.,
Ta-ra-ra-ra boom de-ay—"

OTHER people arrived to lengthen the line. She heard a man say: "The government charges you two dollars an acre for it after you live on it fourteen months—if you're one of the lucky numbers. There's four hundred and thirty claims. Must be ten thousand people wanting them. That's a slim chance—" A dry and shallow coughing stopped his speech. Looking around, Letty saw him—a young, very thin man with a single spot of color burning on each pale cheek. He dropped his head and closed his eyes and said no more.

Two places forward a child began to cry. Letty moved partly out of line to see a woman lift a child to her shoulder. She was a small woman, hardly more than a girl, with great round eyes and a face from which all light seemed to have gone. She was saying to the child in an exhausted voice: "Don't cry—please don't cry."

In the adjoining line a young couple obviously from an Eastern city held hands while they waited. A boy with a turtle-neck sweater, from which a big college letter had been removed, packed his pipe and smiled at the world. A broad-shouldered man turned to look at the crying child. His glance discovered Letty and paused on her. Dust rolled as acrid waves in the sudden cool of the night and people's voices built a constant murmur all about and the piano player in the picture show had changed his tune:

"Arrah-wanna, on my honor,
I'll be true to you—"

The young child still cried. Impulse moved Letty forward. She took the child from the small woman and snuggled it against her breasts. "What is her name?"

"Tara," sighed the young woman, her eyes grateful. "Tara Rand." Then she murmured in a faint voice, "I believe I must get a drink of water," and left the line.

"Tara," said Letty. Aroused by interest, the little one forgot to cry. She put her head back and weighed Letty with a child's full and unfathomed glance. Letty dropped her lips close to Tara's warm cheek, murmuring a tune that had no words. Over Tara's shoulder she discovered the big man in the adjoining line and met his holding attention. He wasn't much older than the boy with the college sweater but he was a different kind of man, early seasoned and clearly at home in this dusty land.

Mrs. Rand came back. She said: "It was nice of you—"

A voice behind Letty at once protested: "You lost your place when you left the line. Go back to the foot."

FEAR grasped Mrs. Rand's face and destroyed every soft, hopeful line. Turning about, Letty watched a long, flat-chested man move up through the night's lamp-stained darkness. A black hat cut its shadow across his eyes; his mouth made a thin and quarrelsome streak across a weather-toughened face.

"Oh, no," breathed Mrs. Rand. "I only—"

A voice behind Letty said casually, "Excuse me," and a solid hand dropped its weight on her shoulder and moved her slightly aside. He came around her—the man who had been watching her from the other line. He had a fair skin burned brown by sun; he had a slow way, a tempered sureness and she thought she saw one pale bright flash of anger distant in his eyes. But he was smiling and he looked at the man with the black hat as though none of this mattered and said, "The lady's all right. Move on."

The man with the black hat tipped his head until light showed against his face. He said: "Don't bring yourself trouble, friend."

The other laid the challenge back with his cool voice: "My name's Kertcher. I'll be around, if that's what you mean. Move on."

The man with the black hat studied Kertcher with a burning, secretive anger and in that expression Letty saw the stored-up promise of trouble. But he turned on his heels and went away.

Kertcher tipped his hat at Mrs. Rand and his eyes touched Letty and she saw a gray light dancing. He returned to his place in the adjoining line.

The lines crawled forward. Mrs. Rand faced the land-office counter, spoke her name in a breathless voice, swore her intentions and bent over the counter to sign. She took Tara and stood by while Letty registered and afterward said: "It was very kind—"

The man in the other line was now registering. "Tom Kertcher," he said. "United States citizen—yes. Address, Virgil."

Letty said: "I'll carry Tara." An engine's bell rang steadily at the edge of town and dust never ceased to boil up. Letty watched Tom Kertcher pass into the crowd, his shoulders easing a way for him. She followed in the pathway he made. Sun had scorched his neck and his hair seemed almost white against that rich color. Somebody yelled: "Move on—move on up there!" A draft of whisky and tobacco smell came out of a saloon when Letty passed it. The piano was on another tune:

"Now the moon shines tonight
On pretty Red Wing—"

Five young women pressed by arm in arm, singing the song. Letty watched Tom Kertcher disappear through a building alley. She went on to the end of the street until Mrs. Rand's breathless voice halted her: "Here."

It was nothing but a woodshed opening on the street, its door half unhinged. Letty put Tara to the ground. Adam Brewerton, now following, murmured: "A mighty poor place—"

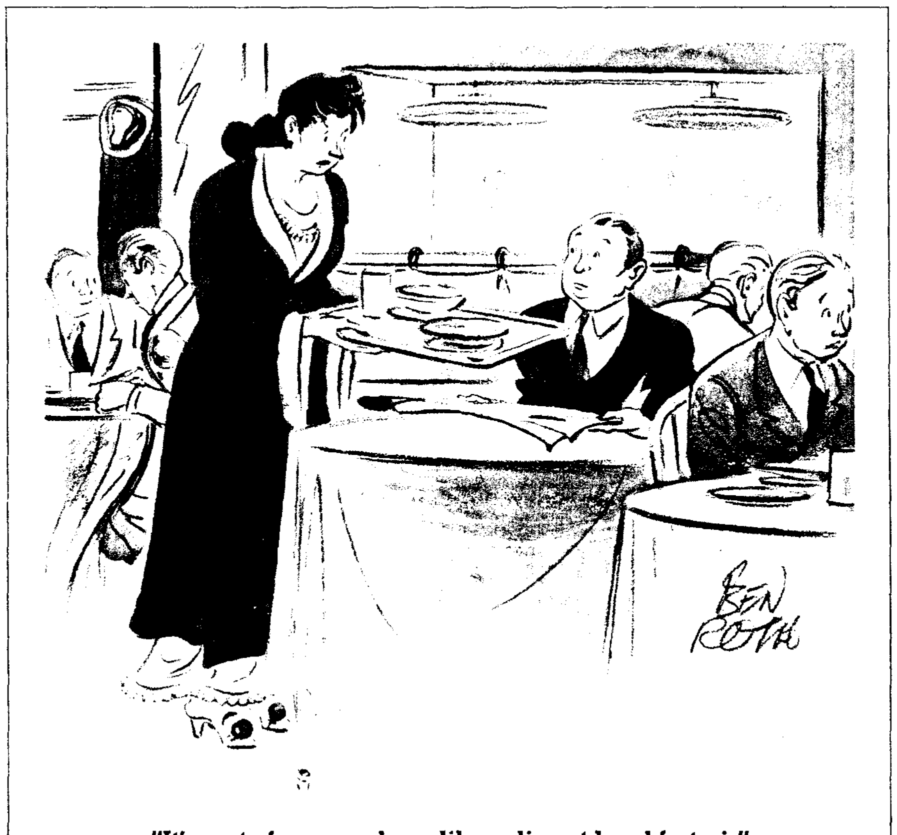
Mrs. Rand said: "The town's very crowded. It doesn't matter at all. I'm accustomed to any kind of quarters. My husband was an army officer. He was killed in the Philippines. It will be a week before the drawing, won't it? Do you think there is much chance?"

"Why, yes," said Adam Brewerton. "There's always a chance."

"I am troubled about Mr. Kertcher. He was kind. But that other man is a horse thief, I have heard. His name is Brazil Mullan."

Letty and her father turned between the buildings and threaded the tent city. Mrs. Brewerton had a meal cooking over a fire and Brewerton at once set up the tent.

Lights stained the many walls of this canvas city and a baby cried and a man and woman were bitterly quarreling and somebody played a guitar.



"It's part of our new homelike policy at breakfast, sir" BEN ROTH

Brewerton said: "Ten thousand people after those four hundred claims."

The young man whose cough racked him so painfully registered and made his way back through the crowd as far as the saloon; the exertion tired him and he took to a side street and laid his back to a wall. He put his head down to rest and stood in this manner when someone said: "You're all right?"

He looked up to a man's long, brusque face, into a sharp pair of eyes whose force moved through him and pried into his secrets. "Yes."

"My name is Kilrain," said the other and gripped the young man's wrist, silently counting his pulse. "Done inside work most of your life?"

"I was a newspaperman once. Don't tell me I'm a fool for being here."

"No," answered Kilrain, giving out no sympathy, "I won't say you're foolish. A fool is no judge of folly. But you had better turn in."

He watched the newspaperman drift wearily into the crowd. He stood in the shadows and rubbed a hand across his unshaven cheeks. His nerves were tight and hot, the need of a drink howled through him. He moved in the wake of the newspaperman, reached the saloon and saw the impossibility of breaking through the crowd already packed eight deep at the bar. He used his shoulders to get down the street, and stopped to search himself for a cigar. His fingers trembled when he lighted a match.

A WOMAN—a tall woman—came slowly through the crowd, making very little headway against it. Her eyes were angry and her face, round and full of pride, despised the crowd. Kilrain moved in front of her as a buffer; he watched her full lips frame a brief, impersonal word of thanks.

"It will do you no good to curse humanity in the mass," he said. "And wherever you may be going—it really isn't so important, is it?"

"What's important then?"

"Short of a drink," he said, "I couldn't answer that."

"You sound like a man I once knew."

"If he was my kind," said Kilrain, "he must have caused you some trouble."

She had been indifferent. Now she gave him a half-interested attention. She was tall and she had an air, as though her life had known elegance. There was the mark of something remembered and something destroyed on her face. Perhaps, he thought with his habitual skepticism, she had been too bold. Perhaps the expression of her eyes—the defeat and bitterness there—had been the root of it.

"Take me out of this," she said in a manner accustomed to the obedience of men.

He escorted her through the crowd, using his shoulders to make a path. They reached the street's end and continued to a small, single-roomed shanty clinging to the edge of town. She stopped and put her hand to the door; she looked around, thoroughly estimating him.

"Come in," she said. "I'll make black coffee for you."

"My name," he said, "is Curtis Kilrain. If you think it proper—"

She had read him in her one glance. "Propriety never bothered you a great deal, I'd imagine. I am Elizabeth Marsh. You're lonely, aren't you? Come in."

AT DAYBREAK the town lay exhausted and the passenger trains were gone and half or more of the crowd, having registered, had returned east to await the drawing. Brewerton drove through the main street to pick up Mrs. Rand and Tara and then, with his wife and Letty, he turned the wagon south. "We'll have a look at the land."

The broad grass plain lay yellow and

The TRANSCONTINENTAL
TWA
TWA STRATOLINER COMING IN

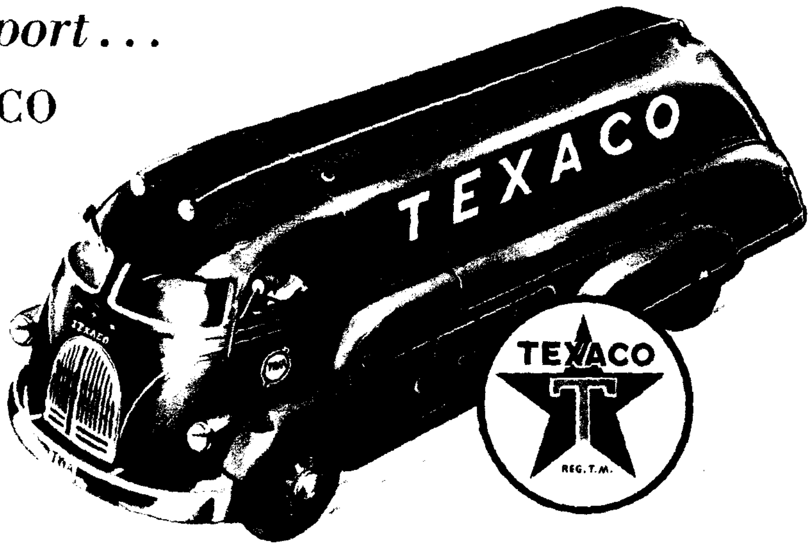
TWA *pioneers in high altitude transport... faster... smoother... fueled by* TEXACO

Again TWA leads, ushering in a new era of faster, more luxurious air transport *at smoother flying altitudes in "Pressure sealed cabin" Stratoliners.*

Four powerful supercharged engines, fueled and lubricated by TEXACO, wing you easily, and far more swiftly, at higher altitudes where flying is smoother. Meanwhile a TEXACO lubricated compressor keeps the air within the sealed cabin at the proper pressure for your comfort.

In all its flying, TWA like many other air lines and thousands of private flyers . . . relies on TEXACO.

More scheduled air line mileage within the United States and to other countries is flown with TEXACO than with any other brand.



Copyright 1940,
The Texas Company

TEXACO DEALERS INVITE YOU to tune in The Texaco Star Theatre — a full hour of all-star entertainment — Every Wed. Night — Columbia Network — 9:00 E. D. T., 8:00 E. S. T., 8:00 C. D. T., 7:00 C. S. T., 6:00 M. S. T., 5:00 P. S. T.

YESTERDAY'S PICNIC..

IS NO PICNIC TO-DAY!

Stomach distress from improper eating is a call for help—for something quieting to the stomach and soothing to the intestinal walls.

●

Pepto-Bismol helps young and old in the relief of common upsets due to over-indulgence, hasty eating, and improperly prepared or selected food.

Pepto-Bismol does not add to the upset of an upset stomach—but soothes it, helps it get back to normal.

This pleasant-tasting prescription is soothing to irritated intestinal walls as well as the stomach—and aids in relieving the distress of sickish, sour stomach, nervous indigestion, gas pains and simple diarrhea. It is not an antacid and has no laxative effect.

50¢ at your druggist's. Or by the dose at drug store fountains.

*Norwich

*Makers of *Unguentine*

Pepto-Bismol
For sour and acid stomach.
SHAKE WELL
Norwich
Makers of Unguentine

*PEPTO-BISMOL

FOR UPSET STOMACH

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

limitless beneath the long-streaming sunlight. Ahead, scattered dots on the earth, other wagons moved and later in the morning light rigs and single horsemen began to pass them. The five girls went by in a carryall driven by the young college boy, the girls all singing.

"Homesteading," said Brewerton, "is no lark. They won't stick."

Five miles out they came upon the newspaperman. He sat pale and loose on the ground, his eyes like black dead coals.

Letty said: "Jump in."

"If it is no imposition," murmured the newspaperman and moved slowly to the wagon's gate. When Mrs. Rand lent him a hand to help him in he looked at her with an expression of embarrassment. "Perhaps I should take it easier," he murmured, and dropped his head against his arms.

This was a flat world whose blue edges somewhere dropped off into a void. Grass and sagebrush and dry-baked earth and the sweat of the horses were the strong smells. More light rigs hurried by. Near eleven o'clock Tom Kertcher came up from the rear on a great bay horse.

He had a way of looking at Letty Brewerton, deliberately showing his interest, and a way of dropping his glance. He removed his hat and replaced it. He glanced once at the newspaperman and saw the newspaperman's exhaustion. "The air," he reflected, "is thin out here." His smile was a long white streak across a florid tan when he rode against the wagon and lifted Tara to his saddle.

Brewerton said: "Good land."

"Good land—if it gets water enough." Kertcher looked at Mrs. Rand and at the newspaperman, speaking his warning to them indirectly: "There will be dry seasons when everything burns up." He paused because he was a kind man, and kindness made him later add: "But it is good land."

AT NOON they reached a barbwire fence stretching across emptiness as far as eyes reached; and a gate. Beyond the gate white stakes dotted the earth at regular intervals to mark the corners of each homestead section.

"There it is," said Tom Kertcher and handed Tara back to the wagon. He sat straight in the saddle and hope rose and showed its flare of light on his face as he looked upon the shining land; and he tipped his hat and trotted away.

Brewerton turned the team into hub-deep grass and Letty spread the lunch in the shadow of the wagon box. Mrs. Rand spoke in a small, half-hopeful voice: "I heard that ten thousand people registered. There are less than five hundred claims. It doesn't seem much of a prospect."

The newspaperman lay full length on the ground and studied her with his fatigued interest. "One chance in twenty. Most other things in life are at worse odds."

"Don't be downcast," she said. "It is such a nice world."

The heat of the day pressed down and middle afternoon's drowse lay upon it. Brewerton rose reluctantly from his rest. "Time to start home." Letty took Tara with her on the wagon seat and as they drove back through the gate she turned to sweep the horizon, thinking she might see Tom Kertcher riding forward; he was somewhere lost in the beautiful, faint folds of the shining earth. They reached Virgil at sunset with the western sky one great burst of flame. The newspaperman slid from the wagon seat and suppressed a cough. "Thank you," he said. He considered Mrs. Rand, and added, "You'll have luck," and went away.

Mrs. Rand sighed. "There's always a chance to be lucky," she said. "Don't you think so?"

Curtis Kilrain bought a pint of rye at the saloon. He put the bottle in his pocket and returned to the street, walking idly through the bland, oncoming dusk. Beyond the saloon he fell in with Mrs. Rand and Tara and strolled with them to the shed that was their home.

"Do you expect to draw a lucky number?" asked Mrs. Rand.

"I expect very little. It is better that way."

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Rand, gently protesting. "You must never give up hope."

He looked at her with his quick and rather sharp glance. He listened to the tone of her words. "You have been under considerable strain. Your color is not too good." He wheeled away and went into the drugstore across from the saloon. He said, "I want fifty Blaud pills," and plunged his hands in his pockets, making a circle of the store until the clerk bottled the pills for him.

"All right, Doctor," said the clerk.

KILRAIN struck the clerk with one angry glance. "Keep your guesses to yourself," he retorted. He found the newspaperman standing by Mrs. Rand's shed; he found Letty Brewerton there and the five Eastern girls and the college boy. They were all pleasantly talking. Kilrain gave the bottle of pills to Mrs. Rand. "I want you to take two of these after each meal." Mrs. Rand looked curiously at him; the rest of the group watched him—and he knew they wondered about him. "It's all right," he added less brusquely and moved on, hearing Mrs. Rand say: "We are all strangers—yet it is like we're *all* together."

The newspaperman was following him. He stopped and watched that young man's drawn face tip in the dusk. "You think I can last it out?"

"Tell yourself you're going to live," said Kilrain, "and maybe you will."

He moved on and reached the end of the street. He saw light shining through the window of Elizabeth Marsh's shanty but he turned his back to it and faced the south. He reached for the whisky bottle and emptied it in a rapid drink and threw the bottle far out into the grass. He stood with his feet braced, feeling the night wind move against him.

A woman's voice said: "Black thoughts?"

Elizabeth Marsh was beside him. Whisky gave a man the clearest, cruelest perceptions and now he saw that behind the bitterly proud front of the woman was a loneliness like his own; she reminded him of a little girl afraid of the dark. He made a gesture at the shining grass. "Curved and soft. A woman waiting. Fertile and willing but not easy. A lot of people will break their hearts on that prairie."

She said: "Was it a woman, or was it whisky?"

"Both, but mostly myself. We are responsible for our own follies."

"Perhaps," she murmured, and took his arm. He found her support a distinct help, for now he was drunk, and presently he knew nothing at all.

When he came alive again he found himself lying on a bed in her shanty Coffee smell filled the room. She stood over him, watching him with an unsmiling reflection. She knew him pretty well, he thought; she had met his kind of man before. That, he guessed, was what her life had been like.

"What time is it, Elizabeth?"

"Two o'clock."

"I haven't bothered you—?"

"No," she said. "When you're asleep you look very young and carefree." She slipped an arm under his arm. She drew him up, stronger than he realized. She held him and he saw the stir of light in her eyes.

"You should have thrown me out," he told her.

SHE'S not ashamed of her
FALSE TEETH
SMILE

thanks to

POLIDENT *Beauty Bath*

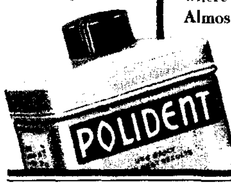
Cleans plates like new—without brushing!

Are you letting dingy false teeth destroy your smile...perhaps your whole charm? Do unattractive plates make you self-conscious? Today—*get Polident*—a powder that magically dissolves away tarnish, stain, food-deposits and odor from plates and removable bridges—without brushing, *acid or danger!*

What a difference in the way your plate looks *and feels!* Polident purifies your plate—leaves it clean—attractive! Gums look more "alive" too! Dentists recommend Polident. Only 30¢, any drug store; money back if not delighted. Hudson Products, Inc. 220 West 19th St., New York, N. Y.

NO BRUSHING!

Do this daily: Add a little Polident powder to ½ glass water. Stir. Put in plate, bridge 10-15 minutes. Rinse—and it's ready to use.



FALSE TEETH WEARERS are often worst breath offenders

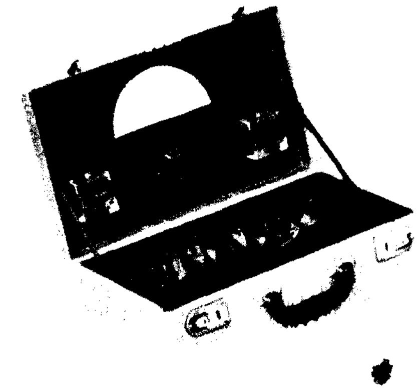
A dark film collects on plates and bridges, soaks up odors, impurities! It gets in crevices where brushing can't reach! Almost always it results in "denture breath odor." You won't know if you have it—*others will!* Yet Polident dissolves all film—leaves plates odor-free and sweet!

Write Stories that SELL

Mrs. Grace Blanchard had an **IDEA** for a story. We criticized her story, gave it a new title and told her **WHERE TO SEND IT.** She got a substantial check **THE FIRST TIME OUT.** That is a **THRILL** many of our graduates have each month. Let 22 years of experience guide **YOU.** Endorsed by Jack London.

FREE BOOKLET **"THE ART OF STORY WRITING"** with explanation of **our personal *criticism and manuscript sales service.*** No obligations. Write!

Hoosier Institute 142 Hoosier Bldg. Chicago



THIS modern 16" airplane type case is fitted with mirror, lotion bottles and comb. Strong construction and neatly lined!

WIN YOURS by selling only two 1-year Collier's subscriptions, at $2.00 each to persons living outside your home. Offer good in U.S.A. only. Simply pin subscribers' names and addresses to this ad with check or money order for $4.00, and mail to

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-21
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
Springfield, Ohio

"You know I'm not a child. We're a good deal alike."

"Yes, but you're better than I am."

She dropped her arm from him, resenting his words. "Don't try to be kind. Drink your coffee."

LETTY stood with her back against the wall of the moving-picture house. They had built a stand at the head of the street. All the registrations had been sealed into a huge tub on this stand and a man stood over it to stir the envelopes with a hoe; a little girl walked up the steps to the stand and lifted an envelope from the tub.

Every soul in the roundabout country stood on this street, filling the dust and the walks all down to the saloon. There wasn't a sound in Virgil, not a single sound at the moment.

In this complete stillness the crackle of the first envelopes in the land-office man's fingers spread as an enlarging echo. The land-office man drew out the registration card and read it:

"Number one. Ivan McGregor."

There was no answer in the crowd. This, Letty thought, would be one of those who had returned East, to be notified by mail. The small girl, having opened the drawing, stepped from the stand and the land-office man bent over the tub, working rapidly. The first lucky number to draw a response from the crowd was number nine, for a Carl Lagerstrom, whose yell came up violent and triumphant from the rear of the crowd. The crowd yelled with him.

Letty saw Mrs. Rand near by, with the newspaperman beside her. The newspaperman held Tara's hand. Mrs. Rand was small, almost fragile in the surrounding group; her face was dreaming and intent—she was holding the bright flame of faith before her.

The numbers were called steadily through the morning. Number fifty-eight was the newspaperman. The newspaperman bowed his head and Letty saw Mrs. Rand turn and touch his shoulder, smiling. Number ninety-five was the young couple she had noticed holding hands in the registration line.

"One hundred and forty-eight—Grace Kaiser. One hundred and forty-nine—John T. Madden. One hundred and fifty Letitia Brewerton."

Faithfully expecting it, she nevertheless didn't recognize her own name until she saw her father's face. Then she cried, "Here!" and heard the rippled applause follow. Mrs. Rand lifted a hand to her and smiled and moved the hand across her eyes to brush away an odd tear. Letty made her way to Mrs. Rand. She said, "I'll take Tara," and went on through the shoulder-to-shoulder barrier of people with Tara in her arms. At the hotel corner she found Tom Kertcher.

HE RESTED against the wall and he was relaxed and easy, as he always seemed to be. He removed his hat, including Tara with his smile. The smile lightened him and made him younger.

She said: "I wish you luck."

"Thanks," he answered, and his glance seemed to open himself a little for her inspection. She straightened before him and she was pleased with the way he looked at her and hoped she made a good impression.

Going on toward the end of the street she remembered him as he had ridden across the grasslands, a natural part of the dust and sun and sweet winds. He had an easy and unruffled quiet that demanded no attention; and still it was a manner that grew on people. Crossing Virgil's main intersection, she noticed the reputed horse thief, Brazil Mullan standing against the saloon wall in company with four other men. He was listening to the land-office man but his attention sought Kertcher and clung darkly. She had her immediate taste of fear and looked back at Kertcher, who smoked his cigarette and seemed unaware of Mullan. But she thought: "He knows—he sees them."

She stopped at the shed that was Mrs. Rand's home. The crowd was a silent mass in the street, the sun grew warmer. Curtis Kilrain rounded the saloon corner and paused as though tempted and presently came on to Letty. The land-office man called: "Two hundred nine—Elizabeth Marsh." Curtis Kilrain, she thought, had punished himself a great deal. He had an irritable face and his eyes bit into people and seemed to scorn them. He murmured to Letty, "One of the favored," and moved away.

At noon the drawing was only half done. Letty took Tara back to the tent behind town and made up a short meal and put Tara down for a nap. She sat in the tent's doorway with the voice of the land-office man a continuing tone in the day. Near four o'clock the voice ceased and she knew it was over. She took Tara's hand, but paused irresolutely by the tent, afraid of what might not have happened. It would be tragic if Mrs. Rand had not been lucky, it would be a greater disaster than any of them had realized; but she was thinking also of Tom Kertcher and her intimation of trouble was a cold ripple inside her body. She gripped Tara's small fingers and walked to the street. Mrs. Rand waited by the shed door and as soon as Letty saw the small woman's face set so tightly against any kind of feeling, she knew Mrs. Rand had not drawn a number.

THE newspaperman was with her, and Curtis Kilrain came over the street, and it was odd how other people began to collect here by this small, sweet, dark woman who seemed still a girl. The five Eastern girls arrived. Tom Kertcher appeared.

He had the kind of composure that covered a good deal. Letty caught his eyes and he saw the question, and shook his head and then Letty said, "I'm sorry," and felt the day lose warmth. Her disappointment was that keen. He shrugged his shoulders, nothing more.

Curtis Kilrain was speaking to Mrs. Rand: "Perhaps you'll get on as an alternate. Some of these people won't show up."

Mrs. Rand said: "We should not let ourselves hope too much, should we?" And yet Mrs. Rand's hopes had secretly been so strong that now she was empty. All her plans had been built on winning; she had no other plans. She held her mouth tight, she drew Tara against her waist and would not show these people how bad it was. But all of them knew.

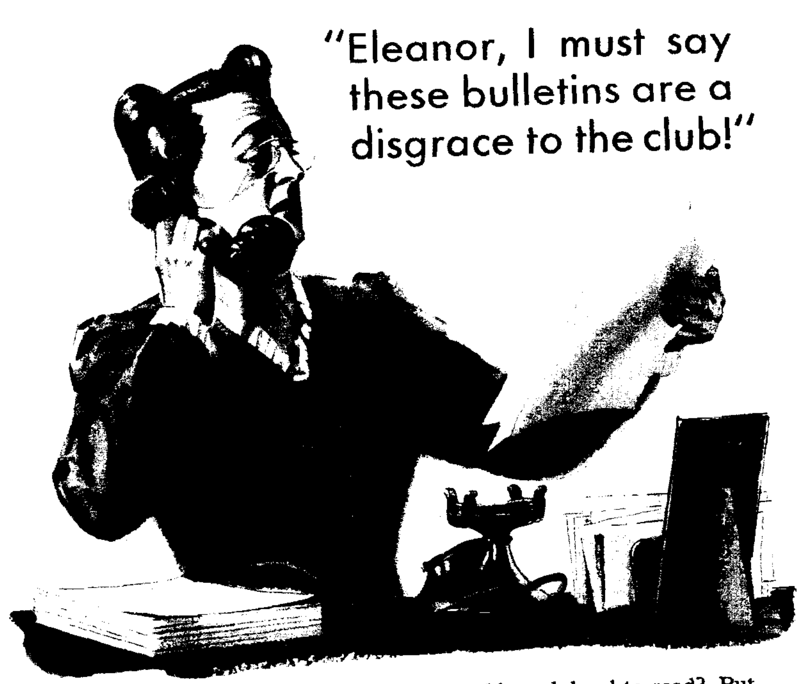
The newspaperman dragged a hand over his face. He said wearily: "Mrs. Rand, would you mind if I surrendered my number to you?"

"Oh, no," breathed Mrs. Rand, "you mustn't be sorry for me!"

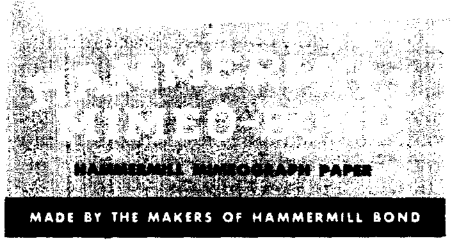
"I never was very generous. If I don't give it to you somebody else will get it. I couldn't do the work to prove it up."

Twilight came to the street as soon as the sun passed and the faces of these people darkened and changed in the light. Letty looked down, on the narrow margin of tears; and then noticed Curtis Kilrain. She had never before seen any relieving light on that half-cynical face, but he was smiling now in the gentlest and most comprehending way as he watched the newspaperman, and he reached out and touched the newspaperman's shoulders. "Good boy," he said. "What you need is six months' rest. Come and stay on my claim. I won one."

Silent in the background, Tom Kertcher rolled a cigarette. Match flame flashed against his eyes and died. His glance moved to Letty and remained. She straightened before him and then turned, going quickly back to the tent


"Eleanor, I must say these bulletins are a disgrace to the club!"

WHY APOLOGIZE for bulletins that are messy, blurred, hard-to-read? Put your stencil duplicating work on Hammermill Mimeo-Bond. It gives you uniformly clean, sharp copies without smudge or blur . . . as many as 5000 readable copies from a single stencil. You can type neatly on it. You can even write on it with a pen, and the ink won't feather. With your club heading at the top, bulletin forms can also be used as letterheads. Send for 100-sheet test packet and "Good Stencil Duplicating"—tips on how to get better results from your stencil duplicating equipment.



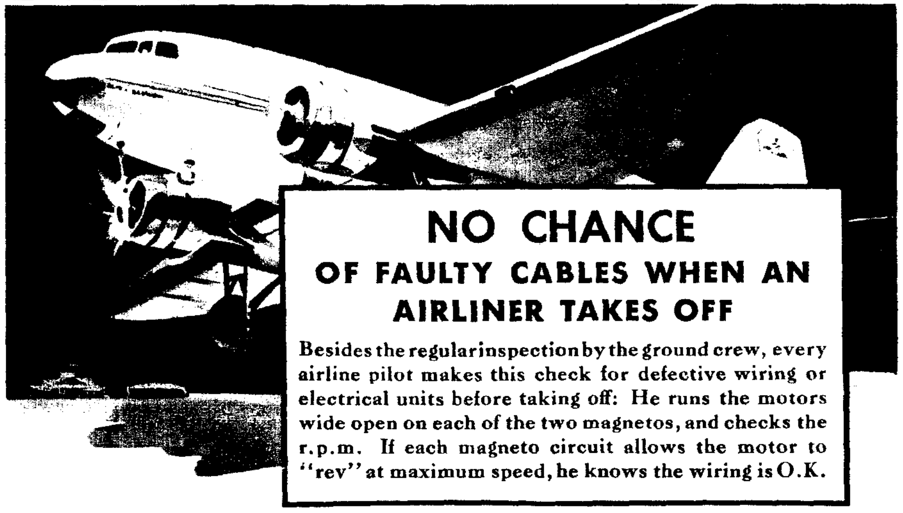
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF HAMMERMILL BOND

FREE! **100 SHEETS** Hammermill Paper Co., Dept. C, Erie, Pa. As operators of a model________ Stencil Duplicator, we would like to test Hammermill Mimeo-Bond. Send 100-sheet packet and "Good Stencil Duplicating." *(Students and outside U. S., 50¢)*

Name________

Position________

(Please attach to, or write on, your company letterhead) C-6-15



NO CHANCE
OF FAULTY CABLES WHEN AN AIRLINER TAKES OFF

Besides the regular inspection by the ground crew, every airline pilot makes this check for defective wiring or electrical units before taking off: He runs the motors wide open on each of the two magnetos, and checks the r.p.m. If each magneto circuit allows the motor to "rev" at maximum speed, he knows the wiring is O.K.

Have your car's cables inspected before you "take off" on your trip

The performance of the electrical units in your car—starting motor, generator, regulator, distributor, coil, headlights, horn and accessories—is determined largely by the condition of the wiring that connects these units. If the cables are undersize, worn-out, or poorly constructed, they become electrical "bottle-necks" that block the flow of electricity and undermine performance and safety.

A Packard Certified Re-Wiring check-up not only traces down these performance-robbing "bottle-necks" in the wiring, but also discloses any electrical defects in the electrical units themselves. Stop in at a Packard Certified Re-Wiring station for an inspection. It takes only a few minutes, and will very often disclose a minor trouble that is affecting your car's performance.

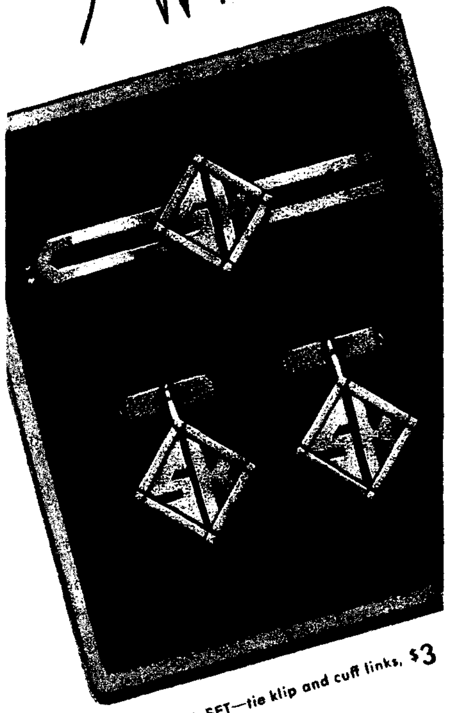
Packard
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
TRADE MARK
AUTOMOTIVE CABLE

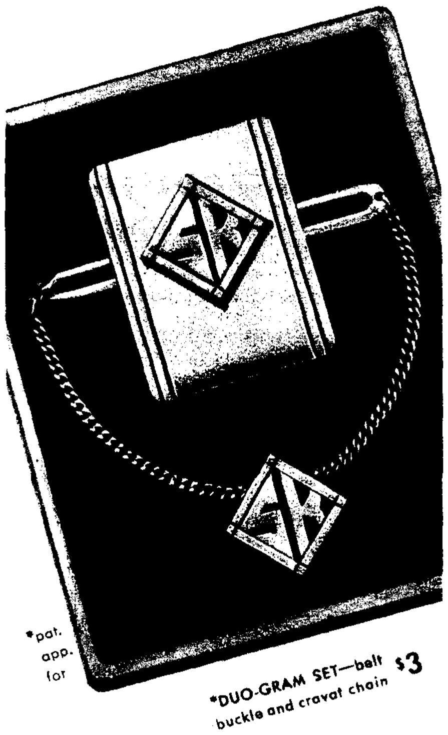
LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

It means that your wiring and electrical units will be checked with accurate instruments by a specially-trained Certified Mechanic, and that all necessary cable replacements will be properly made with high-quality Packard cable of the right size. Packard Electric Division, General Motors Corporation, Warren, Ohio.

AUTHORIZED
CERTIFIED
REWIRING
SERVICE
GREATER SAFETY
QUICKER STARTING
BETTER PERFORMANCE
Packard
AUTOMOTIVE CABLES

THE STANDARD WIRING EQUIPMENT OF THE AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRY





FOR DAD OR GRAD
SWANK

*DUO-GRAM SET—tie klip and cuff links, $3

For Father's Day or Graduation...there is no more appropriate gift than Swank Jewelry for Men. For whether he is starting in life or continuing toward greater successes, these aids to good grooming will help him look better and do better. At leading jewelers', department stores and men's shops.

*DUO-GRAM SET—belt buckle and cravat chain $3

*pat. app. for

city with the increasing sting of disappointment hurting her. It was hard to think that he would not be on the prairie, a presence somewhere always near, a man to think about hopefully during the long day. Loneliness came to her and nothing was as good as it had been.

Kertcher came out of the hotel after supper and paused in the lighted doorway. But it was only a brief pause, for his glance ran the street and discovered Brazil Mullan loitering by the wall of The Gem, which was the moving-picture house. There were three men with Mullan. Kertcher stepped aside from the doorway and took time to make himself a smoke, knowing trouble was on the way. The pressure of Mullan's ill will had been with him all week.

Curtis Kilrain appeared and stopped by him. Kilrain said: "It is none of my business, Kertcher, but I'd keep an eye on that horse thief. I heard some talk in the saloon. There's four in that bunch." Then he added: "Regret you didn't get a quarter section. Been nice to have had you for a neighbor."

HE MOVED away. Kertcher strolled along the walk and paused by Mrs. Rand's to say a word and continued to the end of town. At the last building he looked behind and noticed that Mullan had left the street. Kertcher took a last drag on the cigarette and dropped it to the dust. He followed the building wall to the rear of town and moved forward until he had reached the back end of the general store. He stopped in the shadows, hearing men slide forward.

These shadows were half-thick and the last warmth of the day rose around him and lights stained the walls of the tent city. He watched the shapes of the oncoming men and he heard Brazil Mullan say: "He'll be making for that girl's tent. Cut wide and meet him."

"Right here," said Kertcher, and stepped against Mullan. He hit the man in the belly with his fist and doubled that long, flimsy frame half over; he smashed him twice on the side of the head and saw Mullan fall. Those other three shapes wavered in the background, caught off guard. He rushed at them, laughing in the darkness, and seized a man around the waist and flung him away; he saw two remaining upright shadows spring back and he plunged on and heard the rasp of their aroused breathing as they fled. Mullan stirred behind him. Kertcher went about and saw the horse thief rising off the ground, lifting a gun. Kertcher pulled the arm sharp backward, hearing Mullan's great yell of pain blend with the close blast of the gun. He slipped his big hand to the gun's butt and tore it out of Mullan's fist and tossed it deep into the dark; and moved away. Mullan's wild phrase followed him: "If I ever meet you out on the prairie—!"

Men were running along the back side of town, summoned by the shot. Kertcher slipped down the alley to the front of the saloon. He stood in its light and rolled a fresh smoke. Long breathing moved his heavy chest; he smiled to himself and was pleased.

AT NOON the next day the Brewertons drove out of Virgil, Mrs. Rand and Tara riding in the second wagon with Letty. Elsewhere on the flatlands wagons moved steadily into the south, dark against the yellow grass and sunlight. The five girls went by, crying back gaily; the young man in the turtle-neck sweater was missing. Brazil Mullan slashed forward with three other riders. Mrs. Rand said:

"Did you hear about the beating Mr. Kertcher gave them last night?"

At six o'clock they drove through the gate and turned out upon the trackless plain. They halted five miles from the gate at sunset.

"Ours," Brewerton said. "Tomorrow, Mrs. Rand, we'll look up your quarter section. Tonight you stay with us."

The plain undulated on and on into the distance, gold-colored under the final flash of sunlight, and all around them wagons pitched forward and in the stillness voices carried far. In the west the sky burst into broad flame and grew cold and the land turned gray-silver and wind moved from the south, cool and soft, furrowing the grass as it passed. Campfires bloomed along the earth and the smell of smoke drifted with the wind and lanterns cut jiggling pathways across the shadows.

Supper was done. Brewerton stood by the wagons, sucking on his pipe. "I did this thirty years ago, in Nebraska," he murmured. "Like being young once more."

A voice hailed: "Brewertons!" And a wagon drove up. Letty saw Curtis Kilrain on the seat, bending forward to cut the dark with his sharp eyes; there was a woman with him—Elizabeth Marsh—and the newspaperman lay back on the crowded wagon bed. "Luck," said Kilrain in his disbelieving voice, and moved on.

Mrs. Rand murmured: "A fresh start for many of us."

The voices of the five girls came sweetly over the prairie from their near-by camp. Brewerton's horses grazed close by and a distant fire blazed high as it caught the grass. The shadow of a pony and rider moved forward. Tom Kertcher said: "Evening."

Letty answered in a long, outbreathing voice: "Why are you here?"

"I bought out a man's rights," drawled Kertcher. He let the reins drop on the horse and rolled his smoke. Matchlight flashed against his square cheeks and she saw his glance reach her and hold fast as long as the light remained. "I am five miles south. A pretty night."

"A beautiful night."

He was about to ride on, but her lifted face changed his intent. He got down and took her arm and they walked on past the wagons, the deep grass rustling all about and the fragrance of the earth rising up.

He said: "I'll not be far away. I'll see you?"

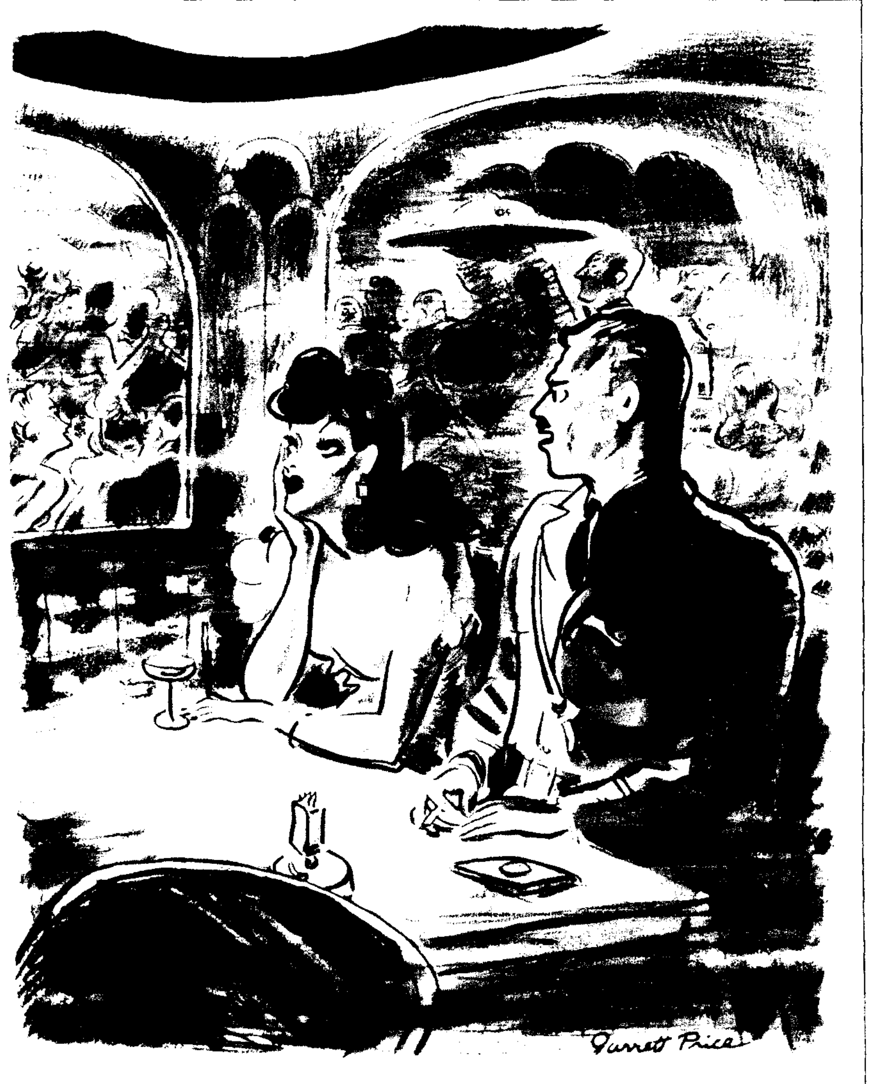
"Yes, if you'd like that."

"I'd like it," he said.

"I heard about the fight you had with Mullan." She touched his arm, now knowing she possessed a part of this man and feeling the warm and tantalizing and incomplete result of that knowledge. "You must be careful. Perhaps they're in the darkness waiting for you."

SHE saw the lightening of his face and it surprised her that this man, so quiet, should find pleasure in the thought of trouble; but still it made her more satisfied with him. He had removed his hat. He held her shoulder with one hand and she realized how strongly he desired to kiss her. She did nothing to discourage the desire and perhaps even encouraged him by the way she waited. But he had a will beneath his easiness and she saw his will bite into his desire; then he said, "Good night," and swung to the saddle.

"Good night," she answered, and watched him go. Night's smell sweetened in Letty's face and the grass glowed under the vague moonlight. Her father had made himself a bed beneath the wagon. Mrs. Rand and Tara and her mother were in the tent. Letty stood alone, facing south and following Kertcher's shadow with her eyes. Voices traveled the distance but the campfires and the lanterns were dying and in a little while the plain was still. On this grassland five or six hundred people slept and would wake to a fresh world. Somewhere a coyote cried but the sound was not lonely.



"See here, if you're trying to steal our defense plans from me, you'll have to pay closer attention!" GARRETT PRICE

How to get rid of an Inferiority Complex

A true story of a man who found that self-confidence is not a matter of education or luck

RVARD
ASSICS
IVE-FOOT
OF BOOKS
SAYS
AND
NGLISH
RAITS
MERSON
5

NOW
at the LOWEST PRICE
In the History of the
HARVARD CLASSICS!
COST PER VOLUME ⅓ THE PRICE OF POPULAR FICTION
50 LUXURIOUS VOLUMES
FOR 50¢ A WEEK

HE WAS GOOD in his job. No one denied that. But he felt inferior to his associates. Most of them were college men. He envied them the mysterious thing called "background."

Today he happens to be one of the principals of the business. But more important, he has lost his inferiority complex. Instead of envying his once better informed associates he is their equal.

His case is by no means unusual. He has learned the secret that the reading of great literature opens the gateway of the mind and offers a broader view of life. This broader view inspires self-confidence. In a word, it's *culture.*

There are thousands of men today who lack the essential background so necessary for success in every field of life and who don't know where to turn for it. The cold stone front of a public library suggests groping among thousands of books. "What are the really great books?" you ask.

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

THE HARVARD CLASSICS

The question has been wonderfully answered by America's greatest educator, Dr. Eliot, forty years president of Harvard. He made it a vital part of his great life work to assemble in one set the really worthwhile writings. These books place you on an equal footing with the best educated of your associates.

HERE IS THE GREATEST BOOK BARGAIN EVER OFFERED

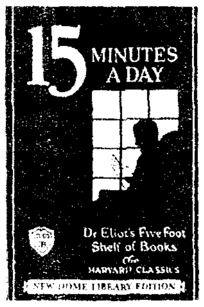
This supreme library of 418 immortal masterpieces is unified into a living, powerful educational force by the marvelous working index containing 76,000 entries, guiding the reader to an understanding of world culture.

Not only is the new price of these famous books amazingly low! You are given the most liberal terms in the history of The Harvard Classics! For an initial payment as low as $2.00 you may have this luxurious edition placed in your home with all shipping charges prepaid by us!

THESE FAMOUS BOOKLETS FREE!

The fascinating book, "Fifteen Minutes a Day," furnishes you with complete information about this marvelous set which can do so much to bring you life's satisfactions. It describes Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading and is filled with a wealth of helpful, practical information. For a limited time, we will also send you "The Men Behind the Classics" containing the dramatic biographies of the men whose immortal writings appear in the Harvard Classics. You will receive both of these valuable booklets absolutely free, postpaid and without obligation. Simply fill out and mail coupon below.

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLETS (FOR ADULTS ONLY)



P. F. COLLIER & SON CORPORATION
The World's Largest Subscription Booksellers, **HM 424**
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Yes! I am interested in receiving by mail, free and without obligation, your valuable booklet, "Fifteen Minutes a Day," describing the famous library, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics) and containing Dr. Eliot's own plan of constructive reading. Also the beautiful brochure, the "Men Behind the Classics," dramatic biographies of the men whose immortal writings appear in The Harvard Classics.

Name {Mr. Mrs. Miss ....

Address ....

The *sharp* flavour that cheers the heart!

Old English
Process Cheddar Cheese

FOR THE FIRST TIME
—THE SHARPNESS OF RARE,
AGED CHEDDARS IN A CHEESE
WITH UNIFORM FLAVOR
AND PERFECT COOKABILITY.
KRAFT MASTER BLENDERS
ACHIEVED IT!
SIZES: 2-POUND LOAF;
½-POUND PACKAGE

MEMO FOR FATHER'S DAY

JUNE 16 1940
Give Dad
Frank
MEDICO
FILTER PIPES
CIGARETTE AND
CIGAR HOLDERS
$1
EACH

FOR THE 1 MAN
IN 7 WHO SHAVES
EVERY DAY

A Special Shave Cream—It's
Not a Soap, Needs No Brush!

Daily shaving leaves many men's faces raw, sensitive. This is especially true of the man who, because of his business and social status, must shave every day.

To meet this condition Williams, for 100 years makers of fine shaving preparations, has now developed GLIDER—a special cream for daily shavers. With *no* soap base, it's a complete departure from ordinary shave creams. No brush. No lather. Not sticky or greasy.

A superabundance of moisture in this rich cream softens each whisker, yet forms a protective layer over your face to keep blade from scraping. Swiftly, gently your razor glides over your skin. Like a cold cream, Glider helps smooth, soften your skin and prevent chapping and roughness.

FREE—tube of Glider. Send name, address today. The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. EG-9, Glastonbury, Conn.

Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only

Sing for Your Supper

Continued from page 11

working at the Chez Paree she became a terrific Cub fan, and even today she will practically knock out all of your teeth if you should happen to mention that maybe Gabby Hartnett isn't the best catcher of all time. When she works in New York her loyalties are divided between the Giants and the Dodgers.

Addie Moffett quite definitely refuses to be a glamor girl off stage. Last summer she had her agent Mark Hanna cancel a contract because it would have interfered with her seeing two night ball games in Brooklyn. Leo Durocher is also a particular hero of hers but her liking for the Dodgers did not prevent her from making and losing a bet with Leo. She bet him six ties against a purse that the Cubs would finish one, two or three. The canny Durocher even stipulated the shop where he wanted the ties to be bought. Moffett didn't mind until the time came to pay off. Then she discovered that the shop was one of those places where ties are called cravats and cost seven dollars each. She is still furious at Leo and is considering boycotting Ebbets Field this season.

Born in a Din

La Moffett was born during a thunderstorm. A bolt of lightning had taken that most inopportune moment to hit the home of her parents. Not one whit scared but merely jealous, she raised her one-minute-old voice into a rich crescendo of throaty resonance. The sound effects outside were like the third movement of Beethoven's Sixth Symphony. The program note to that always says, "Thunder approached and the villagers stopped their merrymaking." Prophetically, perhaps, the one-minute-old Moffett loosened her shrill vocal chords and between the storm outside and La Moffett inside the din was terrific.

The gal faced another handicap. She was born into that nebulous class of turgid New York which is hailed loosely as society. Her father, genial James Moffett, happened to be a big oil executive. The children of any big oil executive are immediately classed as members of society, a fact that never bothered genial Jim Moffett very much. Addie was born to wealth and went to the very best schools, my dear. But happily they left no scars on her. She was good in only one subject at school, current events. That was because she worshiped her teacher, who happened to be named Eleanor Roosevelt.

The summer home of the Moffetts was on Long Island, and when Moffett was fifteen she made her first appearance in a little gem called the Maidstone Revels. She sat on a piano and imitated, of all people, Helen Morgan. She sang More Than You Know, That's My Baby, and similar carols.

"And boy, was I lousy!" Addie Moffett says now with no false modesty but with a true appreciation of her early talents.

Addie had her first taste of appearing before an audience and the ham came right out. She loved it. She was going to be a singer, by golly. She practiced assiduously but mostly under her shower. She didn't take lessons but she'd sing in front of a radio, in front of a lamppost or in front of a truck, always being her only audience. She had an ally in her brother Jack, who was also a little nuts about music. They'd save their joint allowance and once a week hie themselves to the Biltmore Roof where the one and only Paul Whiteman was performing. They loved Whiteman's music but even more they loved the singing of Ramona, who sat at a piano and crooned soft seductive nothings into the responsive ear of a microphone. Addie and Jack became Monday-night fixtures at the Biltmore Roof. Soon members of the band started nodding to them. There came a never-to-be-forgotten night when Maestro Whiteman smiled at them and asked them how they liked the music. The maestro is a very observing man. He noticed that Addie always sang whatever the band was playing. She sang it softly and one night he found himself straining an ear to listen. He liked what he heard.

A terrific blizzard had hit the city that night and the piteous cries of snowbound taxicabs calling to their mates filled the air. Addie and Jack were almost the only audience that Whiteman's orchestra had. Whiteman caught himself an idea. He'd ask that nice-looking youngster to sing with the band.

"I was so nervous I couldn't stand up," she wails now. "So Paul held me up while I sang."

Whiteman told her gravely that she had a very nice voice. Her brother Jack told her she was wonderful. And so a professional singer was born. It should have been easy after that. But it wasn't. Jim Moffett didn't want his children to stand on the wrong side of a microphone. Jim had the rather sane idea that the place for a sixteen-year-old blond daughter was at school.

Addie had to resort to subterfuge. She haunted the radio stations looking for a spot on a sustaining. Now and then they let her fill in. She did it under the name of Ann Manners. She got that idea from a detective story. "When people change their names," she read, "they always keep the same initials." Then she went to Florida to visit friends but somehow or other she couldn't keep out of Al Howard's Embassy Club. She was asked to sing but the place was filled with friends of her father's and within a few minutes Jim Moffett was listening to a report via telephone. Addie had the doubtful distinction of opening and closing in one.

Girl of Many Names

When she was seventeen she took still another name, Diana Dorrence, sung on a few sustaining programs and entered the Hollywood Hotel contest. She survived the preliminary tests made of the 900 candidates and was good enough to reach the finals. None of this mattered much except that she met Kate Smith and took a lot of advice from her.

"She taught me to breathe," Addie says.

Jim Moffett was pretty busy those days, being the Federal Housing Commissioner, but he still kept a parental eye on young Addie. Even under the name of Diana Dorrence she couldn't fool him, and this time he was stern about it. "All right," she pouted, "I'll quit singing. I'll go to medical school. I'll be a doctor."

"Fine." Daddy Moffett beamed. "Start right in."

So it looked as though a blossoming career had been nipped in the well-known bud. Addie entered the Russell Sage College at Troy, New York. Premedical studies aren't easy but Addie managed to get by. Meanwhile, she took another name and was presented to the radio public of upper New York State as Sherry Winters.

When the returns were all in Addie had passed her examinations but had flunked a course called measles.

"Here's the juice that turns the trick"

● If you're looking for a *healthful* drink that never tires your taste—try grapefruit juice—that refreshingly *tangy* juice that comes only from *Florida* grapefruit.

It's *loaded* with health-building minerals and vitamins. And good for everyone—in a dozen different ways.

A tall glass makes a grand drink at mealtimes or in between.

FLORIDA
CANNED
GRAPEFRUIT JUICE

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLORIDA

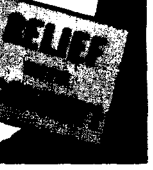
BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $2,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. About 20,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 640-HA, Chicago
A Correspondence Institution

ASTHMADOR

Here's relief any asthmatic sufferer can afford. Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR is purified by our laboratory controlled process so that it has a uniformly high medicinal value. The average ASTHMADOR treatment costs less than 2c—a small price indeed for the grateful relief it provides. Insist on Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR in powder, cigarette or pipe mixture form at your druggist's. Or write today for a free sample to
R. Schiffmann Co.
Los Angeles.
Dept. E-21.



SINGLE EDGE BLADES
15 FOR 25c

FAST SHAVING MONEY SAVING
Marlin
HIGH-SPEED
BLADES
TWENTY FOR 25¢

GUARANTEED BY THE
MARLIN FIREARMS CO.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
"Fine Guns Since 1870"

FREE: Week's supply, double or single edge blades. Write MARLIN, 65 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

Measles can be very funny in the comic strips but very tragic to a seventeen-year-old girl. They left her with a bad nervous and physical breakdown. The doctors said that she had worked too hard. She spent a long time recuperating and now suddenly Daddy Moffett threw in the sponge. If Addie wanted to sing for her supper let her sing.

Then the night clubs were filled with "society favorites." Any pretty girl who could raise her voice at all and who could prove that her ancestry went back at least one generation was eligible for the "society favorite" billing. Addie found no difficulty getting a job. But first of all she got Mark Hanna as an agent. However, one day when a representative of the Ambassador Hotel offered her a hundred dollars a week to sing she couldn't wait to see her agent—she signed up quickly before they came to lock the representative in a padded cell. She thought she had done a good stroke of business. But when Agent Hanna heard of it he lectured her for one hour.

Success Story

"I never thought I was worth a hundred dollars a week," Addie moans. "When I finished the Ambassador Hotel engagement I resolved never to talk business again. Since then Mark does the business and I do the singing."

Hanna sent her to the Ritz in Boston next for five hundred dollars a week.

"What'll I do when I'm not singing?" she wailed to Agent Hanna. "I don't know a soul in Boston."

"You like golf, don't you?" Hanna said. "Well, the man who owns the Ritz where you're working is named Ed Wynner. Now in addition to being a nice fellow he's a nut on golf. I told him to fix you up at the golf club and to play with you. He doesn't like to play golf with girls. He likes to have a little bet down when he plays. I told him that you weren't much good but if he'd give you a stroke a hole maybe you would make an occasional dollar bet."

"Nobody can give me a stroke a hole and beat me," Addie stormed.

"That's right," Hanna said calmly, "so maybe you can make a few bobs playing with Mr. Wynner."

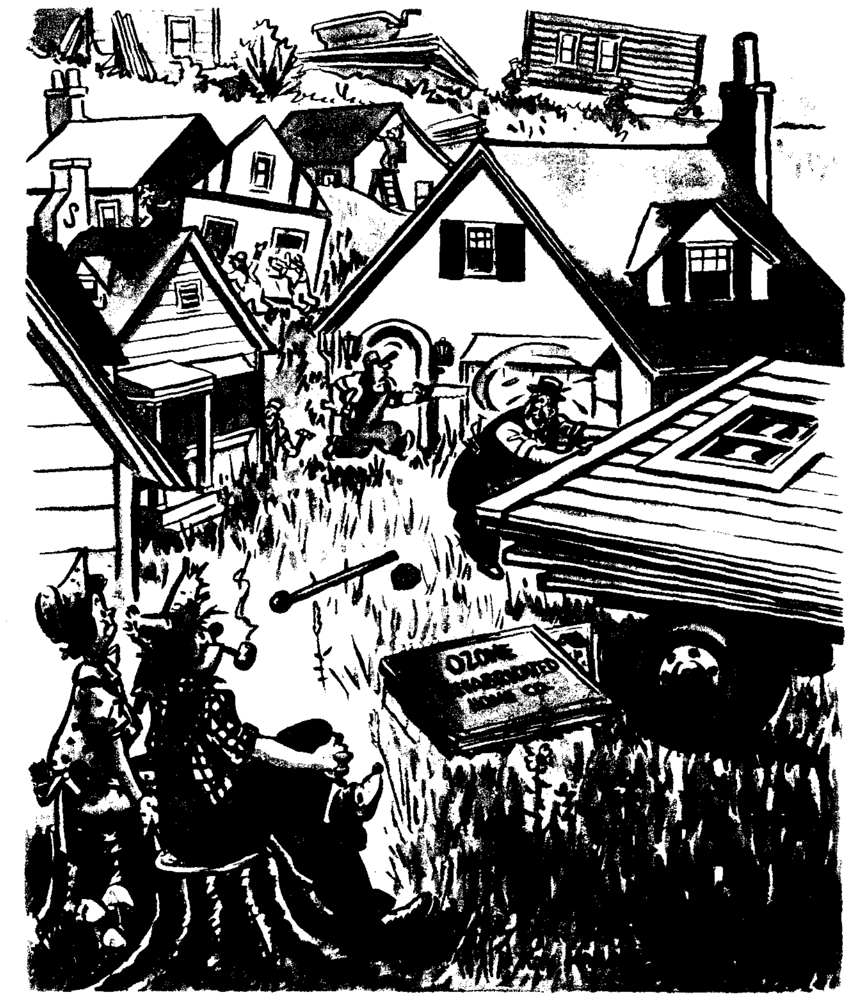
La Moffett found that Hanna was right. Now whenever she isn't working somewhere else she can go to the Ritz. Wynner wants to get even. Ed Wynner started giving her a stroke a hole and he hasn't won a match from her yet. He can shoot a smart eighty but Addie can always come through with a smarter ninety-five or so.

From this point on Moffett's story is just another success story. No matter where she sang, she was asked back and that is the true test of one's drawing power. In New York she alternates between the Persian Room, the Sert Room at the Waldorf, the Monte Carlo, the Versailles, Armando's or any other place that can pay the stiff tariff demanded by the ruthless Hanna.

In Florida the Brook Club has heard La Moffett and in Saratoga the Piping Rock is her happy hunting ground. And, of course, there is Chez Paree in Chicago, in many ways her favorite.

La Moffett has always had a mind of her own. Not long ago, she started to run around with a personable, affable young man named Bill Buckner. Buckner was an ambitious, brilliant young manipulator of stocks and bonds. Somehow he overstepped the rigid rules governing traffic in those commodities, was indicted and found guilty. This didn't bother La Moffett.

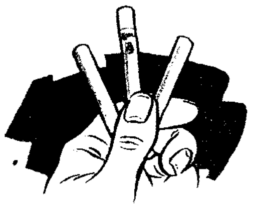
"He's the nicest man I ever met," she said calmly, and that settled that. A few days before Buckner went to jail it was discovered that he and Addie had been married for more than a month. But it won't be long before Bill will be out. Then Addie thinks she'll confine her singing to a box just back of third base at the Polo Grounds.



"Nothing here to suit you yet? Don't rush away, folks. I have four other types I'd like to show you" KAY KARAFFA

LOOKING FOR MORE SMOKING PLEASURE?

In between the others...



SMOKE A KOOL

1. It gives your throat a welcome change.
2. The mild menthol is definitely refreshing.
3. You'll enjoy all your smoking more.

Once you try it, you'll find KOOLS so much easier on your throat, you'll smoke 'em all the time.

KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

TUNE IN — *Paul Sullivan Reviews the News — CBS Every night but Sat. & Sun.*

UNION MADE

VALUABLE COUPON ON EACH PACK... FOUR EXTRA IN CARTONS

Good in the United States for dozens of luxury premiums like these

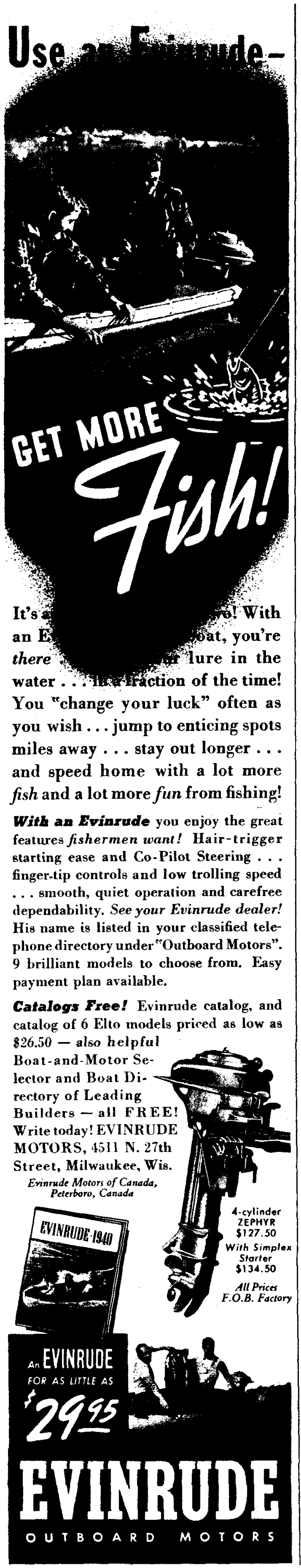
HAMILTON BEACH

Hand Vacuum Set for drapes, etc. 4½ lbs. 110-volt AC or DC. 1100 coupons.

FREE. Write for illustrated new edition B & W premium booklet, No. 18. Address the Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.

Remington Pocket Knife. Pearl handle. Glove-leather sheath . . . . 150 coupons.

B & W COUPONS ALSO PACKED IN RALEIGH & VICEROY CIGARETTES & BIG BEN SMOKING TOBACCO



Use an Evinrude–

GET MORE *Fish!*

It's a   ! With an E   oat, you're *there*   lure in the water . . . in a fraction of the time! You "change your luck" often as you wish . . . jump to enticing spots miles away . . . stay out longer . . . and speed home with a lot more *fish* and a lot more *fun* from fishing!

With an Evinrude you enjoy the great features *fishermen want!* Hair-trigger starting ease and Co-Pilot Steering . . . finger-tip controls and low trolling speed . . . smooth, quiet operation and carefree dependability. *See your Evinrude dealer!* His name is listed in your classified telephone directory under "Outboard Motors". 9 brilliant models to choose from. Easy payment plan available.

Catalogs Free! Evinrude catalog, and catalog of 6 Elto models priced as low as $26.50 — also helpful Boat-and-Motor Selector and Boat Directory of Leading Builders — all FREE! Write today! EVINRUDE MOTORS, 4511 N. 27th Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Evinrude Motors of Canada, Peterboro, Canada

4-cylinder ZEPHYR $127.50

With Simplex Starter $134.50

All Prices F.O.B. Factory

EVINRUDE 1940

An EVINRUDE FOR AS LITTLE AS $29.95

EVINRUDE

OUTBOARD MOTORS

Collier's House of Ideas

Continued from page 17

game gets too hot.) A movie screen pulls down over the end wall, and a projector mounted in the kitchen and shooting through the opening above the bar turns your playroom into a movie house. After the show, slide back the glass doors that give onto the terrace, and you have doubled your space for any summertime party.

Any time the kids take over this room, you may have your comfort and ease in the living room, with the door shut between and the curtain drawn across the terrace windows. The living room thus becomes a quiet backwater during big nights, or maybe your center for a small party. Traffic, on the big night, can be routed to the back room through the kitchen, provided no major preparations are going on there.

We said no bedrooms in this house. What are those rooms upstairs, you want to know? They are studies, playrooms, dens, hideaways to enjoy that book in peace and quiet. Of course the family sleeps in them. But a bed that looks like a nest couch in the daytime can be just as comfortable as a towering four-poster, and a lot more conducive to daytime enjoyment of your room.

The story of these rooms is their furnishing, which belongs in a later article. But before leaving the second floor this trip, notice the master's private terrace, and the terrace outside the boy's and girl's rooms.

The plan of this house is an idea for the owner of a narrow lot. Even a 40′ by 90′ lot could give you privacy with such an arrangement: Windows in the front high enough for privacy on a busy street, the house set to one side of the line with a minimum of window area along that wall (the kitchen side), the terraces and rear of the house opening out where you have the greatest garden space.

New Materials Mean New Methods

The complete story of the fittings for the many-purpose room downstairs will have to wait, also, for the article on furniture. But those capacious walls warrant another look now because they show new ideas of construction. They are made of plywood. Plywood is several thin layers of wood fused inseparably together, with the grain of each layer at right angles to that of the next. The result is a structural material that is stronger, weight for weight, than steel. It takes advantage in both directions of the great strength that lies along the grain of wood, losing the disadvantages of expansion and contraction that are inherent in a solid piece of wood. Further, it has the great advantage over solid wood of giving you at a reachable cost the very finest woods, since it is possible to get from twenty- to twenty-eight-ply thicknesses to every inch of plank.

This light, strong material makes possible the building of a wall that can open out through drawers and cupboard doors to reveal a complete honeycomb of storage space. Closed, the wall presents an interesting panel of wood that is a pleasing finish to your room.

Most of the walls in Collier's House are made of plywood, with natural waxed finish in the living room, many-purpose room and halls. In the girl's room and the bathrooms, the plywood is covered with washable wall covering. Exceptions are the wall of the master bath next the terrace, which is a solid structural wall of glass block, doing a very efficient and decorative job of letting in light and allowing privacy at the same time; the kitchen walls, which are tiled, with an asphalt tile that has a quieting effect on the clatter of dishes; the master's room walls, which are steel panels—lacquer finished, fireproof and sound deadening; and the walls of the boy's room, of composition board that insulates and soundproofs.

These materials combine with the redwood exterior to demonstrate to you another sound and growing idea in present-day building—dry construction. This is a timesaver. Panels and sheets of material are quick and easy to install. Building with them is called dry construction because no plaster is involved, and therefore there is no waiting period for wet plaster to dry out. So dry construction claims advantage on the ground of speed.

The walls, you may have noticed, are all either waxed or washable, and therefore easy to keep clean. The same easy upkeep goes for the floors. The kitchen and the baths are floored with asphalt tile, waxed, that can stand water and hard wear, and will give you a resilient surface for comfort. The upstairs rooms are carpeted to the baseboards. The entrance hall and living room have a flooring that hitherto has been found only in factories. But don't be alarmed. This is not the machine-for-living cropping out. The flooring is blocks of wood, and Mr. Stone chose it because of its beauty. Each block, about four inches by two, is cut to show the end grain of the wood. Combined in patterns of grain, and waxed, they give a stunning effect. Durable, too. The three terraces are paved with brick downstairs, waterproof plywood upstairs.

Here's a construction idea of Mr. Stone's that is one answer to our yearning for space. Notice that downstairs in this house there is only one solid partition, that between living room and kitchen. Though you can get privacy in any one room, you can also throw all the rooms and the terrace together by sliding back partitions and opening doors, till you've got the space of all outdoors in your house. No boxlike rooms with small holes punched for doors and windows.

Mr. Stone encourages this uninterrupted flow of space by building his doors and windows to the ceiling. Open a door, and you don't seem to be looking into the other room. Because there is no break at all, even at ceiling level, the two rooms combine in an uncanny fashion that you may have to see in order to believe. The doors are flush panels of plywood that blend with the wall when closed, making your room seem larger, too, because the walls are broken up less.

The windows, letting in the outdoors right up to the ceiling, and down to the floor, too, where possible, give the same spacious effect. In the upper hall you get a skyview also, through a round sky light of plate glass that gives you ligh and a look at the weather as you come upstairs. The windows are steel-framed for thinness and trimness in this ship shape house. In the kitchen they are casements, for easy operation over the sink. In the living room the whole wal toward the terrace is glass—one enormous fixed sheet of plate glass from floor to ceiling. The sliding glass doors along one side of the many-purpose room of course act as windows, too From master's room to terrace, fixed glass and glass doors again fill the complete wall. In the boy's and girl's rooms the long windows are divided into panes Each pane tilts up from the bottom as you turn a crank below, presenting you with perfect ventilation, no draft and protection from sudden showers.

Protection All Around

Don't worry. All this glass doesn' mean heat loss in the winter. Each window pane is double glass, with a vacuum sealed between, for insulation. The glass block wall in the master bath, also with sealed-in vacuum, is a perfect insulating medium in itself. The house is completely insulated besides with a blanket type wood fiber material in the other walls and roof, for winter warmth and summer coolness. As if that weren't plenty, the roof finish offers further summer protection. It is a built-up asphalt roof, which is fireproof. And it is coated with shining aluminum paint that does an effective job of turning back the rays of the sun. Looks striking, too with the redwood walls.

The roof is the simplest shed type which is the easiest, least expensive and most direct kind to build. Mr. Stone recommends it for these reasons, and because he likes the looks of it on this house.

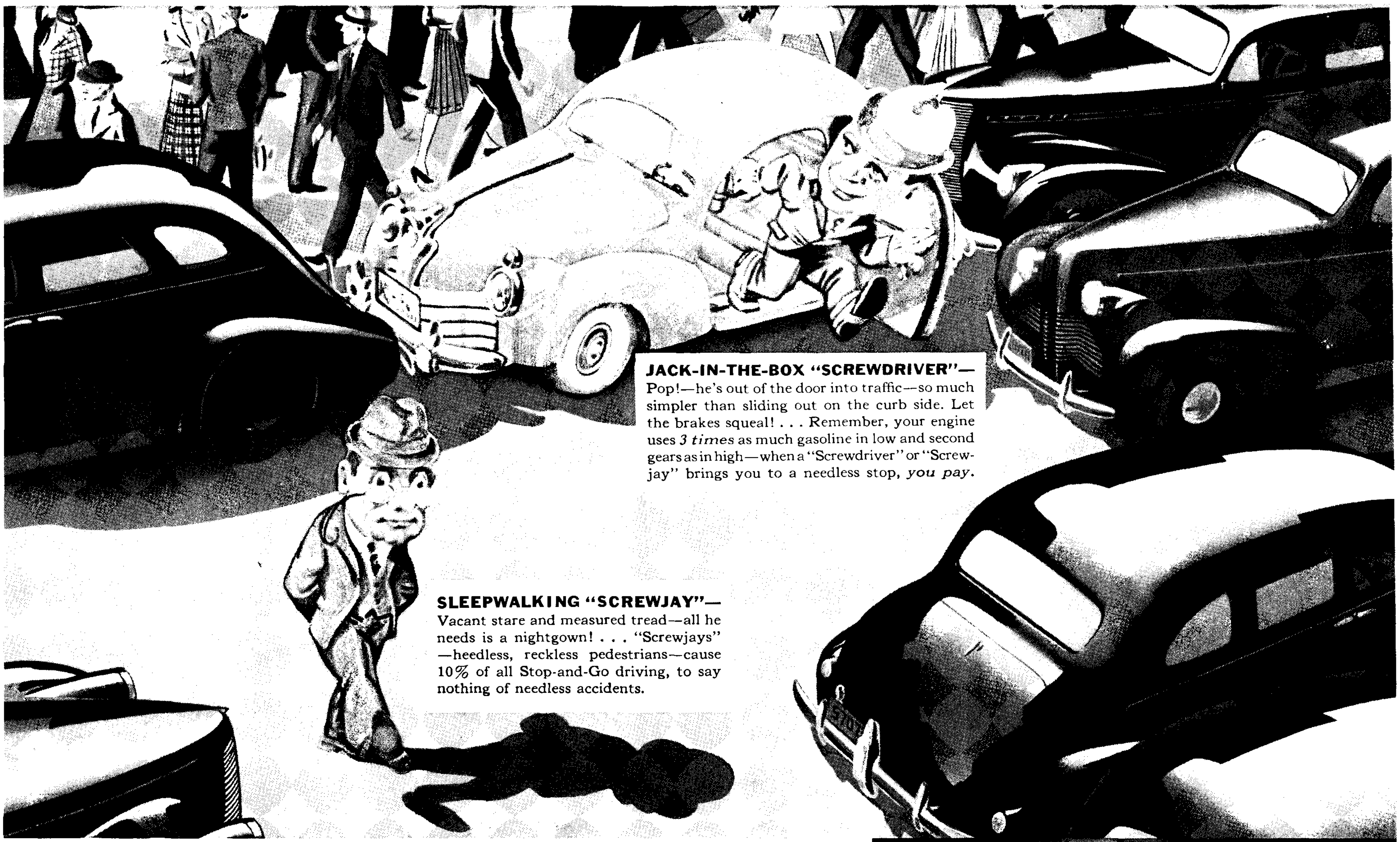
And that is one more idea in this House of Ideas—complete follow-through of planning, which you will see coming out again and again when you read in later articles about the furniture, equipment and lighting. Everything in the house is there for the very good reason that it is suitable for this particular house. Mr. Stone, in regular architect fashion with Collier's as his client, worked out the plan of the house and every good idea for pleasant living that he could fit into it. He specified certain materials to carry them out. He worked with furniture designers and lighting experts to complete the picture.

Then Rockefeller Home Center, on the terrace outside whose display rooms Collier's House is built, came on the job. (This organization, operated by Rockefeller Center, is headquarters for display and information about everything to do with building a house, from financing through furnishing.) Mr. Edwin K. Simpson, its president, obtained for the building of Collier's House the materials Mr. Stone had selected.

Plenty of excellent products are not represented, for no one house can demonstrate to you all the good ideas possible for houses today, in either materials, construction or planning. So Collier's House of Ideas aims to be your starting point. You'll be adding plenty more from there.

In the next article you will have a look at the workings of Collier's House at the utilities and equipment and the devices for convenience and comfort that make a house easy to run and fun to live in. It will be packed with ideas for you to use.

New Emblem says SHARE-THE-ROAD to *both* "Screwdrivers" and "Screwjays"



JACK-IN-THE-BOX "SCREWDRIVER"—Pop!—he's out of the door into traffic—so much simpler than sliding out on the curb side. Let the brakes squeal! . . . Remember, your engine uses *3 times* as much gasoline in low and second gears as in high—when a "Screwdriver" or "Screwjay" brings you to a needless stop, *you pay.*

SLEEPWALKING "SCREWJAY"—Vacant stare and measured tread—all he needs is a nightgown! . . . "Screwjays"—heedless, reckless pedestrians—cause 10% of all Stop-and-Go driving, to say nothing of needless accidents.

1940 Crusade aimed at Heedless Motorists and Pedestrians—The Cause of 35% of Stop-and-Go

MORE than 5,000,000 motorists—members of the Shell Share-the-Road Club—are on the war path against "Screwdrivers" and "Screwjays." These heedless drivers and pedestrians are a hazard—yes! And Shell research has discovered that they take a lot of the joy out of motoring—add *plenty* to its cost—by causing 35% of all Stop-and-Go driving!

Strike a blow for safety and economy. Join the Share-the-Road Club—your Shell dealer will attach the new day-and-night Emblem to your car, FREE to you for agreeing to Share the Road!

And for the Stop-and-Go you *can't* avoid, Shell brings you two NEW gasolines. New Super-Shell and new Shell Premium have the highest Road-Performance Rating (RPR) in Shell history!

Road-Performance Rating (RPR) is the true measure of a gasoline's performance *in your car.* "Highest RPR" means faster starting, faster pick-up, higher anti-knock, more power and "go" *in all gears, at all speeds.* Either of these new Shell gasolines, in its price class, cuts the cost of Stop-and-Go *more* than the fuel it succeeded.

Highest RPR results from Shell's "balancing" process—no single performance quality is emphasized at the expense of others. There's no "robbing Peter to pay Paul."

With new Super-Shell or new Shell Premium in your fuel tank and a Share-the-Road Emblem on your car, you're *doing something* about Stop-and-Go!

"FREE EMBLEM is only half the story—I've got those new high RPR gasolines!"

"This new Emblem glows day and night—let me put one on your car to warn the 'Screwdrivers' and 'Screwjays'. The flags, in sailor talk, mean, 'I am giving way'—I share the road. And while you're here, how about trying out the new high RPR Super-Shell or Shell Premium in *your* car?"

What to give the Head of the House on Father's Day!

MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE.
® REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"IT'S ELEMENTARY!" as Sherlock Holmes might say. We mean —pleasing the Head of the Family Exchequer on Father's Day. For *B. V. D. is a specialist at pleasing males, young and old—has been for over 50 years. And now in your hour of need B.V. D. offers you practiced help. Choose, for example, a B.V. D. Ensemble of light, smart "Feather Foulard" pajamas, robe and shorts. It's one of many B. V. D. suggestions at your favorite shop. See them today. Pajamas, about $2. Robe, $2.50. Shorts and 2-ounce V-neck shirt, about 50¢ each.

THE B. V. D. CORPORATION, Empire State Building, New York

England is My Village

Continued from page 10

"Here they come!" said the second pilot, and Robert saw that the sky seemed to be filled with fighters. They broke up and began to attack. Robert watched two circling him from the front. As they turned the flank his rear gunner switched on his microphone and Robert could hear him swearing. A tracer from the enemy streamed overhead, curved in a graceful trajectory and dropped out of sight. Then the gunner was silent. Robert heard the rattle of his guns and his voice, jubilant:

"Got him, sir."

"Good. Keep your eyes skinned."

The middle gunner reported a machine. "But he's yellow, sir. Keeps out of range."

"Be patient," Robert said.

Now a twin-engined aircraft came up on the beam, accompanied by one of the smaller fighters which attacked from the rear. A burst of fire shattered the roof over the second pilot's head. The front gunner coolly brought his guns to bear. The twin was an ugly brute, the first Robert had seen with extended stabilizers on the tail. He was frightened now, his mouth dry, his hands wet inside the silk lining of his gloves.

The gunners reported unceasingly. They were flying at full throttle and Robert looked despairingly ahead for cloud, but the nearest cumulus was miles away. Attack after attack came up, filled the air with tracers, turned lazily away. The middle gunner brought down another fighter before he was hit in the leg. Robert sent the second pilot back in his place.

One burst of machine-gun fire shattered half the instrument panel, sent a shower of broken glass over his knees. Darkness filled his eyes but in his mind he could still see the face of the enemy gunner, red and foolishly grim as he fired from the rear cockpit of the fighter. The wheel went limp in his hands, the strain of months of war, the nag of responsibility lifted from his consciousness. This is good, he thought, this is good. To relax, to relax, to relax.

Then his vision cleared and he pulled the aircraft level. To his surprise the fighters had vanished and at his side was the squadron leader's machine which he thought he had seen go down. The enemy must have run out of ammunition. He began to sing, thumping his hands on the wheel.

THEY were separated from the others and flew in tight formation, the squadron leader turning his head from time to time and grinning and doing a thumbs up. They lost height till they were just above the sea, their patterned shadows sliding effortlessly over mile after mile of watery desolation. On crossing the coast the senior officer altered course for base. They flew at a few hundred feet over the sleepy countryside, their shadows now vaulting hedge and haystack, silently climbing ridge and col, dropping easily into shallow valleys.

The sun was still high in the sky and the country had never been more beautiful. Not pretty, Robert thought, in the frills of summer, but graceful in the starkness of winter. As he looked, first to the north at the black, rich earth of the fens, marshaled by dikes, then south to the loveliness of Suffolk, woolly with leaf-stripped trees, each feature of the country fitted into its place in his mind, each town he knew, hazy and gray with the mist of a winter's afternoon, each stretch of river, pregnant now with flood, each change of character from county to county. "How familiar," he thought. "How well I know it all. Truly, England is my village."

Soon the little lake shaped like an elephant's trunk appeared and they dived low over the hangars, then broke away, dropped their wheels and came in to land. There were no other machines about and the camp seemed strangely deserted.

A little later they walked into the mess. It was warm and comfortable in there and the words and phrases of the many conversations jumbled themselves into a haze of sound. When Robert saw the men he stopped in his stride. There was Nails who got his on the first show, and Dick who went down in flames, and other faces he had thought never to see again—and Badger who was lost in the North Sea in December. Badger was smiling.

"Come on!" Badger said. "We're waiting for you."

"But I thought . . ." Robert said. "I thought . . ."

A VOICE from a distance interrupted him. A woman's voice. There were no women in the room. Then the room and the men in it were gone. Robert was lying in a bed, in a long, dim chamber with other beds up and down its length. The face of the woman whose voice he had heard was looking at him. It was an English face, plain and pleasant, framed severely in a familiar headdress.

"What was it you thought?" the nurse was saying to him. "You're all right, you know. Home in England. The second pilot brought you in."

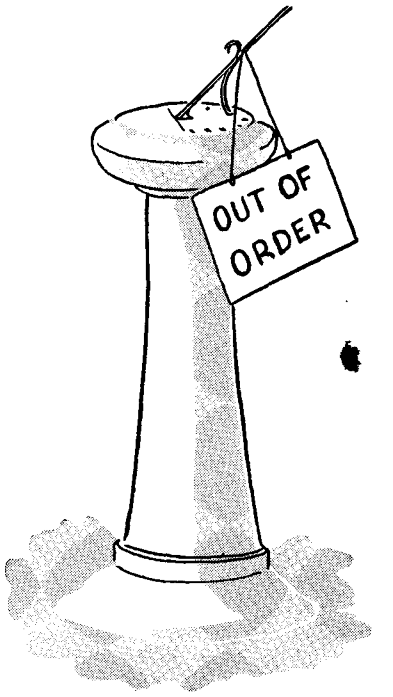
Robert stirred fretfully in the bed but the pain made him lie still again. The nurse put a hand to his bandaged head to quiet him.

He closed his eyes and thought of the room he had left just a moment ago. He tried to will himself back into it, to be with Badger and the others. It had seemed so hospitable there, so warm, so safe, so full of friends, so free of pain.

He couldn't reach it. Almost . . . Almost . . . Not quite. He couldn't!

The effort tired him. Exhaustion was drugging him into sleep. What had become of that room? Those vanished friends? What had happened to him—that he had been there with them, the brave, admired dead, and come away, and couldn't get back to them again? In pain and bewilderment he thought:

"I wish I knew! I—wish—I—knew—"



Insuring Democracy

Continued from page 70

to come into the world healthy and get the care they need through their early years to keep them well and happy. And though one may not trust oneself to direct their lives, every mother should encourage them to self-confidence and should give them the feeling that whatever happens in life, there is a place where they can turn for understanding and help.

If you have this feeling about your own children, you should have it about all children, and for that reason I have always been interested in the problems of the children in our communities. Under the standards which we have set to guide us in the upbringing of our children, we used to be very individualistic, with, however, certain strongly marked influences such as those of the church, and group traditions in which we had grown up. For instance, in New England the customs of the Pilgrims shaped the child's education, just as later the Quakers had a great deal to do with the character and upbringing of the young Philadelphians.

To Make Better Citizens

Thirty years ago the President of the United States felt that we needed to bring together, to formulate standards for our guidance, the people who had some influence on the general thought of what should be done for the children of the nation. This became the first White House Conference on Children under President Theodore Roosevelt. Since then there have been three others—1919, 1930 and 1940.

As Miss Katharine Lenroot, of the Children's Bureau in the Department of Labor, says: "The 1909 conference called by President Theodore Roosevelt stated a principle that is now recognized in all parts of the country: that the home is the place for children and that no child should be deprived of his home for reasons of poverty alone. The stimulus of this conference led to the creation of the Federal Children's Bureau in 1912, a national center of research to serve the growing child-welfare movement.

"The 1919 conference called under President Woodrow Wilson's auspices formulated a set of child-welfare standards that have guided and still guide the programs of public and private children's agencies and state and federal legislation affecting children.

"The 1930 White House Conference on Child Health and Protection called by President Herbert Hoover brought together an outstanding series of reports describing the content and character of care and protection needed for children and revealed the limited extent to which such services were available for many children. The findings on medical care raised to a new level the recognition of the care needed for the health of mothers and children in the United States. The committee reports on hazardous occupations for minors laid the groundwork for the later regulation of the employment of minors in hazardous occupations under the Fair Labor Standard Act of 1938. The discussion throughout the country of the Children's Charter and other conference recommendations helped to pave the way for the inclusion in the Social Security Act of 1935 of the federal-state programs for aid to dependent children, for maternal and child-health services, for services for crippled children and for child-welfare services, and for the subsequent development of these programs in our states and territories."

The standards set up in these conferences are very much the same standards that any able and intelligent parent will set for himself in contemplating the upbringing of his own family. First we consider the health program, which brings us to the question of maternity and infancy care. As a result of the conference in 1919, the Sheppard-Towner Act was passed in August, 1921. It brought before the people statistics on the shocking loss of mothers and of infants during the first year after birth. The right of children to normal family life received recognition, and today mothers' pensions keep families together even in the face of economic disaster through the loss of fathers or the impairment of their earning capacity. In turn, we came to consider education and recreation. Today we are considering the more difficult question of the right of youth to work, and last and most difficult of all, though most important, we are considering the moral values which our children must acquire if they are to feel a sense of responsibility for themselves and their neighbors, and so develop the type of democracy which they have inherited into a more perfect instrument of self-government.

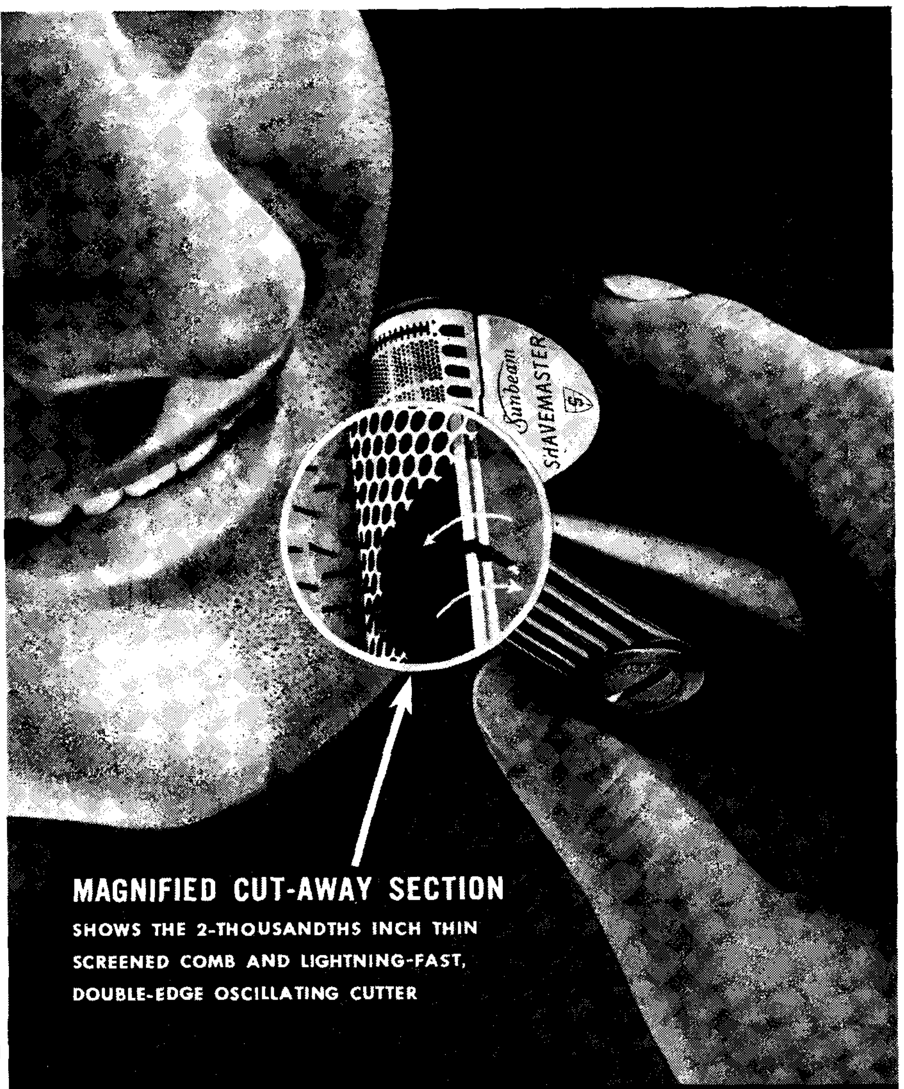
Again in Miss Lenroot's words: "The 1940 conference has counted the gains made for children even during the years of economic depression and has planned, for the coming ten years, that we seek to provide for children in every community in the United States the essential services and benefits for the preparation of responsible citizens of a democracy. The conference emphasized the fact that the family has the primary opportunity and responsibility for the care of children and for introducing them to the experiences that lead to a full personal life and to successful community life. The report recognized the economic and social factors that condition family and community life. It points out the gains that can be made for children through joint planning and effort on the part of individuals and groups in each community, through the leadership of state agencies, and through federal action that provides for nation-wide programs."

Making the Most of Their Dollars

The people who attended the conference and who listened to the President's speech can go back to their own communities, influence public opinion and demand:

1. Some kind of a medical program.
2. That all our citizens take an active part in shaping the policies in the public schools; that all of us know our public-school teachers and give them any help and assistance that they desire.
3. That all of us take an interest in recreation programs designed not only to be of value to children in school, but to help our young people who are unfortunate enough not to find suitable jobs immediately.
4. That in every community we set up, in conjunction with the nearest employment service, an auxiliary to help young people to obtain the most suitable jobs.

This last year we have come to realize that instead of thinking only of what should be done for the mother in pregnancy and at the birth of her child, we should find out what economic situation forced the mother and child at these crucial moments to be a burden on the community. Instead of being concerned with obtaining proper diets for small children through charitable agencies, we should be concerned with the education of the average girl and boy so they will



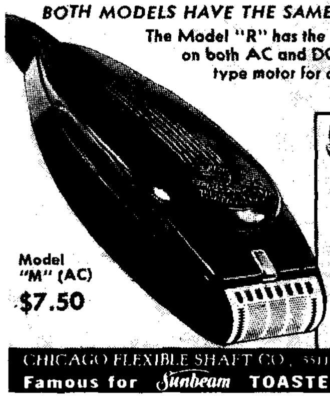
MAGNIFIED CUT-AWAY SECTION
SHOWS THE 2-THOUSANDTHS INCH THIN SCREENED COMB AND LIGHTNING-FAST, DOUBLE-EDGE OSCILLATING CUTTER

FAST, CLOSE-SHAVE COMFORT
WITH THIS EXCLUSIVE HEAD!
ONLY THE Sunbeam SHAVEMASTER HAS IT!
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Yes! Close as a straight-edge, and faster. That's the kind of smooth, comfortable electric shaves you get when Shavemaster greets you in the morning. That's why Shavemaster is changing the shaving habits of men everywhere—WINNING AMERICA TO DRY-SHAVING. No other electric shaver has its exclusive head. The holes in the whisker-thin comb are so close together the whiskers enter freely and easily whether they are tough or fine, curly or straight. The lightning-fast, oscillating, double-edge cutter is pressed tight against the inner surface of the comb—gets the whiskers FASTER and CLOSER without skin irritation. Be sure the shaver you buy has this exclusive Sunbeam head!

BOTH MODELS HAVE THE SAME EXCLUSIVE HEAD AND GIVE THE SAME PERFECT SHAVES

The Model "R" has the Universal, brush-type, series-wound motor that operates on both AC and DC. The Model "M" has the new Sunbeam magnetic type motor for operation on AC only. On sale wherever good electric appliances are sold.



Model "M" (AC) $7.50

JUST THE GIFT FOR DAD ON HIS DAY JUNE 16th

The ONLY electric shaver *selected* for standard equipment on American Airlines, Inc., United Air Lines, TWA (Transcontinental & Western Airways), Western Air Express, Chicago and Southern Air Lines, Inc.

Sunbeam
SHAVEMASTER

Model "R" (AC-DC) $15.00

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT CO., 5600 Roosevelt Rd., Chicago, Ill...Canada Factory, 321 Weston Rd., So., Toronto
Famous for Sunbeam TOASTER, MIXMASTER, COFFEEMASTER, IRONMASTER, etc.

"Heat wave? Nonsense, it's positively chilly... I'm using MENNEN MENTHOL-ICED LATHER!"

MENNEN
LATHER
SHAVE
MENTHOL-ICED

Want a CHAMPAGNE *shave?* Then try *Icy-Cold* Mennen *Menthol-iced* Lather! Boy, how it cools, soothes...and refreshes! And wilts whiskers. No yank—no pull. Mister...don't let the heat get you down. Get over to your druggist and say—"Mennen Menthol-iced for Mine!"

Mennen also makes a swell Lather without Menthol —and a grand Brushless, too.

TRY THE 3-STEP MENNEN SHAVE—SHAVE CREAM—SKIN BRACER—TALCUM FOR MEN

Want to Turn Spare Moments Into Money?

YOU can, in this friendly Pin Money Club for girls and women. This is the time of year when extra dollars come in handy for summer frocks or vacation "extras." Just send a letter or postcard, today, for our free booklet, *"An Adventure in Dollars and Cents."* It will start you making money in spare moments, in your own home. No experience is necessary.

Margaret Clarke, Secretary, Pin Money Club, Dept. 112
Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, N. Y. C.

CAREER MEN...TYPING IS A BUSINESS ASSET

Today, the man who types has an advantage. Executives say typing saves time and energy ...brings promotions quicker. Find out how a Speedline Corona can help *you.* See any Corona dealer...mail coupon *today!*

$1.00 A WEEK TO OWN A CORONA
Plus small down payment

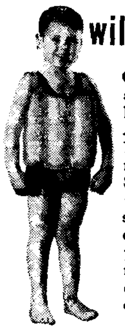
FREE DEMONSTRATION AT ALL DEALERS

SPEEDLINE CORONA

L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC
Desk 64, 705 E. Washington St., Syracuse, N. Y.
Please send me free folder describing Speedline Coronas.
Name__________
Address__________
City__________State__________

HOORAY FOR STAY-A-FLOAT I CAN SWIM!

Ta-pat-co "STAY-A-FLOAT" will keep your child SAFE



Children take to water "like ducks" and learn to swim almost before they know it—wearing Ta-pat-co STAY-A-FLOAT. This *approved life-save* belt allows free, unhampered movement—and your youngster *can't sink.* STAY-A-FLOAT has double safety straps in front. Patented leg and shoulder straps prevent slipping up or down. Kapok filled—nothing to puncture. 6 times more buoyant than cork! Small and medium sizes, $1.99.

Write For Free Folder

THE AMERICAN PAD & TEXTILE CO.
4 MAIN STREET, GREENFIELD, OHIO

make the most of their dollars, and to learn through practical experience how to make use of food in order to keep well.

If we relate the immediate problems of the child to the problems of the family as a whole, we will find ourselves concerned with housing, medical and dental care, education and recreation. We will be interested in wages and hours for labor, and we will try to figure out an adequate family income.

We are beginning to realize that what the family can do must be supplemented by what the community can do for its children. Population and income studies show that in many cases the ability of a community to supplement the family income and to contribute to a child's well-being is particularly low in the areas where we have the greatest number of children.

Where the local income falls short I think the state or even the nation should be called upon to make this equality of basic rights applicable to every child.

A Menace to All Workers

We are learning that rural slums may be quite as bad as city slums. We are learning that it is not because of the adult members of the family alone that we must do away with these slums. The children born and brought up in them are apt to be conditioned for the future by their earliest environment. What happens to our children is the concern of the whole nation because a democracy requires a standard of citizenship which no other form of government finds necessary. To be a citizen in a democracy a human being must be given a healthy start. He must have adequate food for physical growth and proper surroundings for mental and spiritual development. Under a dictatorship it may be sufficient to learn to read and write and to do certain things by rote, but in a democracy we must learn to reason and to think for ourselves. We must make our decisions on the basis of knowledge and reasoning power. In a democracy we must be able to visualize the life of the whole nation. When we vote for candidates for public office to be our representatives, we must decide on the qualities to be required of the men and women who are to hold public offices.

These men will not only decide what shall be done for us in the present day, but they will be laying the foundations on which our children will have to build.

Poor schools in our communities today mean poor citizens in these communities in a few years—men and women ill-prepared to earn their living, or to participate in government. A three-months school year in certain communities certainly does not give a child the same advantage he would have with a nine-months school year in another community.

One minority group of American children that I feel deserves particular attention are about five million Negroes, Indians, Mexicans and Orientals under sixteen years of age. They have all the handicaps of other children with the addition of a number of special handicaps of their own. Their families are usually in the lowest income groups and the restrictions put upon the opportunities offered them for health, for education, for recreation and later for employment, are very great because of prejudice and lack of understanding or appreciation of their needs and capabilities. This conference should set the example and perhaps start our thinking in a new way—in America good standards apply to all children regardless of race or creed or color.

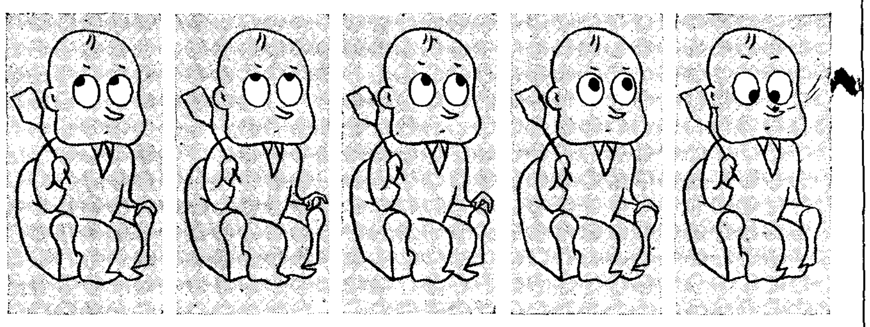
Child labor has frequently flourished in underprivileged groups. Child labor, of course, is a menace not only to other young people but to all workers. We have been handicapped by the fact that many people have thought that the regulation of child labor would mean interference in the home and prevention of ordinary home training in work habits. This, of course, is not child labor, and there is much child labor in this country which we should make every effort to control. We are concerned about the children before they are born, but we should follow them through every step of their development until the children are firmly on their feet and started in life as citizens of a democracy.

Our particular task in this conference has been to emphasize the fact that children in a democracy are all-important and that in leaving unsolved many economic and social problems, which touch the lives of children, we have jeopardized the future of democracy. We feel we are more advanced than many other nations in this respect, but after looking at some pictures of the health work in schools for German children I think we are not as intelligent in this field as the German people have been for years past. Long before the present regime, scientists in Germany paid special attention not only to the physical health of the child but to a completely rounded-out development which took into account all the new knowledge to be obtained in the field of medicine and psychology.

I have often heard people say they would rather have a democracy, even if it had to be inefficient, than regimented efficiency. We love our freedom, but must we of necessity have freedom coupled with stupidity? Is it not possible to face our situation and recognize the inequalities in the economic background of America's children, inequalities in educational opportunities, in health protection, in recreation and leisure-time activities and in opportunities for employment?

I began by telling you how inadequate I felt when I was bringing up my children. I feel the mistakes I made serve to give me a little more wisdom and understanding in helping people who are trying today to preserve our democracy. We cannot direct youth altogether, but we can give courage to the next generation and stand back of them so that they will feel our protection and good will.

I think we may find in 1950 that we have made strides far beyond our expectations.



FLY

CROCKETT JOHNSON

2 Precious "Crown Jewels"

FROM SEAGRAM'S TREASURE OF RARE WHISKIES

FAMOUS
SINCE 1857
Seagram's
Seven Crown
Blended Whiskey
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and full flavor — smooth and mellow
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, INC. LAWRENCEBURG, IND.
NINETY PROOF
FULL QUART

FAMOUS
SINCE 1857
Seagram's
Five Crown
Blended Whiskey
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and full flavor — smooth and mellow
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, INC. LAWRENCEBURG, IND.
NINETY PROOF
FULL QUART

DISTILLERS SINCE 1857

Seagram's 7 Crown

In this luxurious whiskey you get the full rich enjoyment of Seagram's traditionally smoother taste and finer flavor. Exclusive in character, exquisitely delicate in bouquet, Seagram's 7 Crown delights the most critical taste. It is "America's Finest" luxury whiskey.

60% grain neutral spirits. 90 Proof.

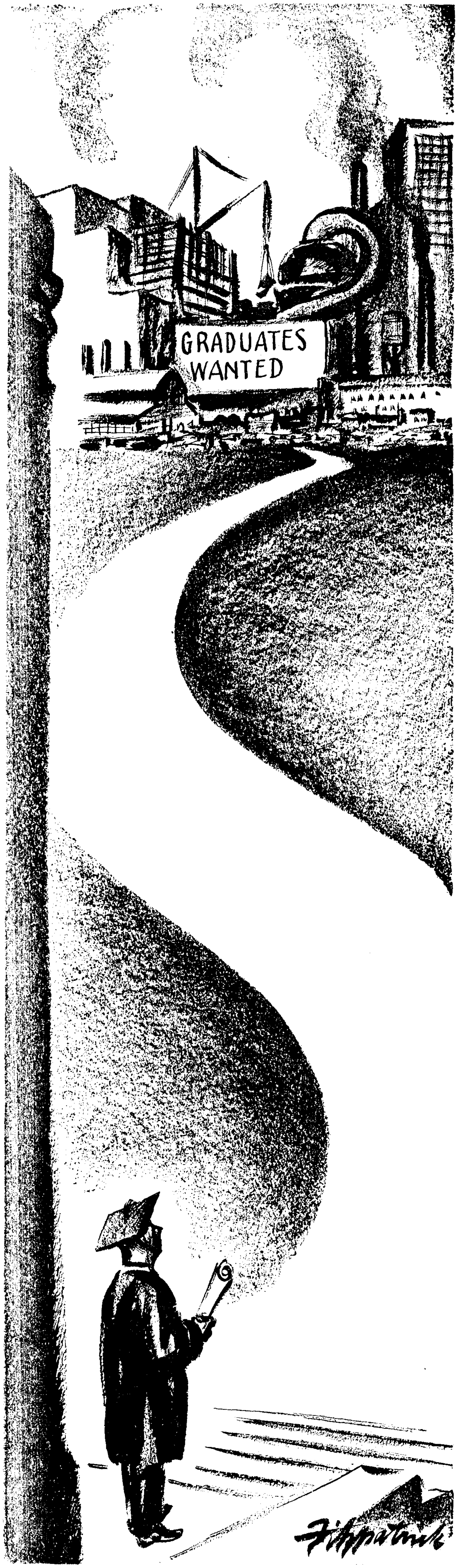
Seagram's 5 Crown

When you first sip this deliciously light whiskey, you understand what is meant by the "proud Seagram heritage of finer taste." Seagram's 5 Crown is pleasantly smooth and mild with an utterly distinctive flavor. It is "America's Finest" popular-priced whiskey.

72½% grain neutral spirits. 90 Proof.

Seagram-Distillers Corp., New York

Seagram *Fine Whiskies since 1857*



Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor • CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor • THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director

Best Job Prospects Since '29

VARIOUS college surveys indicate that graduates' chances for landing jobs in a hurry are better this year than they have been for ten Junes.

Yale, Columbia, M.I.T., Pitt, Minnesota, Iowa State, Alabama—all these colleges, to name only a few, report job calls from responsible concerns anywhere from 25% to 50% more numerous than a year ago.

It's all very encouraging—and breeds suspicion, incidentally, that the job situation is not as bad as the Democrats claim in the hope of inducing us to return them to Washington or the Republicans claim in the hope of inducing us to turn the Democrats out.

And it all furnishes a take-off point for some suggestions to any of our younger readers who may be wondering about the best way to hunt down a paying job.

Our advice would be, first and foremost, to try for the job you'd like best of all to have; or for a job which should lead to that job. Better discount heavily the statistics that show this or that trade or profession to be overcrowded. Maybe it is, generally speaking; but maybe it isn't as regards you personally. If you have a strong and unchokable hunch that you were cut out for such and such work, the chances are that your hunch is more trustworthy than any statistics.

Once you've decided on what you want to do, don't be either too lackadaisical or too intense in the search. Run down every possible lead, we mean; but don't give the impression of apologizing for wanting a job. On the other hand, nothing gripes an employer or personnel manager more than the "world owes me a living" attitude.

This business of job hunting, indeed, is more a business of finding your proper niche in life than of connecting with some cashier's cage. You'll find that niche eventually. Confucius said, "There is enough dew for every flower"—and here's all the luck in the world.

Let's Have Plan after Plan

WE'VE long admired Congressman George H. Tinkham (Rep., Mass.), not only for the beautiful beard he totes around but because he's a salty old son of a sea cook whose hates are as strong as his loves and who expresses his hates in language the most delightful. Any Congress would be better for at least half a dozen Tinkhams.

We do not think Mr. Tinkham made such a smart move, though, when he revealed the other day, with shudders you could almost hear, that the War Department actually has a detailed plan for the embarkation of American soldiers from the port of New York.

Mr. Tinkham saw this as indicating a devilish Roosevelt plot to drag us into war.

That interpretation, to talk like Mr. Tinkham for the moment, is cockeyed and crazy. The real scandal, the real thing for us to worry about, would be a failure on the War Department's part to have worked out such a plan long ago and to have kept it up to date.

That is what the War Department is for, among other things. Part of its job is to spend plenty of time, thought and money on things that we may never have to do at all, but which we shall have to do with all possible speed and efficiency if we get into another first-class fight.

We hope the War Department has detailed plans for embarking troops, not only from New York, but also from Boston, Norfolk, Savannah, New Orleans, Galveston, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Seattle-Tacoma. We also hope it has plans for defending the Texas border against Mexican invaders who will probably never arrive, and plans for United States invasions of Mexico and Canada that will most likely never occur.

We hope that the War Department, in conjunction with the Navy Department, has plans for fighting any other nation or combination of nations that we may conceivably have to fight, by land, sea, air, or all three. Also that it has plans for laying waste our coastal areas and manning the lines of the Appalachians or the Rockies in case we are ever invaded effectively, which we probably never shall be.

If the War Department hasn't worked out such plans, it is falling down on a big part of its job, and had better get busy. And Mr. Tinkham had better use his rare gifts to dig up smarter digs than this one at the Roosevelt administration. He's too valuable a servant to waste his time making boomerangs.

Civil Liberty vs. Criminal Libel

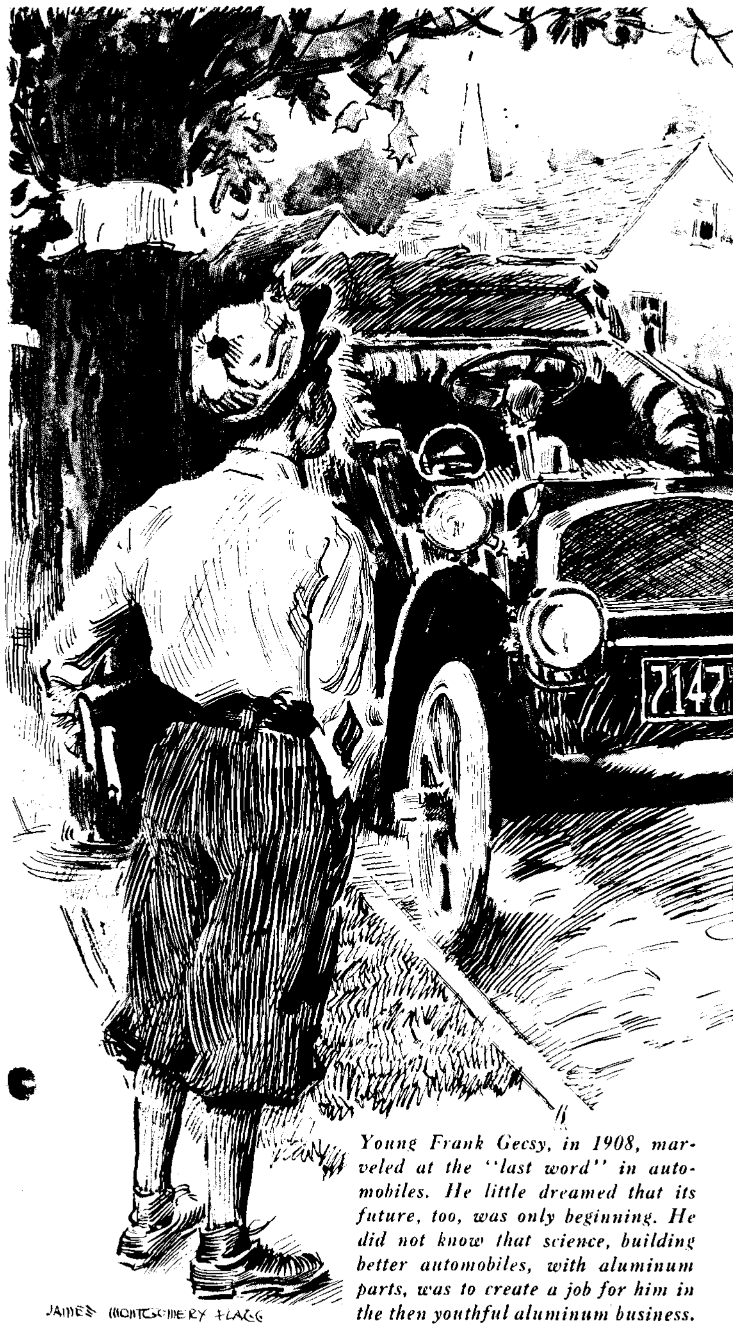
CLARENCE HATHAWAY, editor of the N. Y. Daily Worker (Communist), was convicted of criminal libel recently, and some people are worried for fear that civil liberties took a beating in this case. They didn't.

Hathaway was convicted on plain, ordinary charges of having used his alleged newspaper to smear the good name of a lady whom the Reds don't like. The same kind of performance would have landed a Republican, Democratic or any other kind of editor in the clink. Communist papers have been getting away with this kind of character-murder for years, usually because their funds are unreachable, or because their victims feel that you can't win a fight with a skunk. When one of these publications' editors is caught and convicted, there is no occasion for public outcry.

The hullabaloo in the Hathaway case is strictly synthetic. It is being kicked up by the Reds and their fellow travelers. Unless you believe in making Communists immune to the laws of libel to which all the rest of us are subject, it deserves no sympathy from you.

Frank Gecsy, worker in Aluminum

HIS STAR WAS HITCHED TO A HORSELESS CARRIAGE



Young Frank Gecsy, in 1908, marveled at the "last word" in automobiles. He little dreamed that its future, too, was only beginning. He did not know that science, building better automobiles, with aluminum parts, was to create a job for him in the then youthful aluminum business.

Today Frank Gecsy, a solid citizen of Cleveland, Ohio, is a valued worker in our foundry, where we make, among other things, aluminum alloy pistons for automobiles. And a fine second generation of Gecsys is growing up.

Every job in the aluminum industry is a made job, and Frank's was no exception. It was created just in time to be ready when he was ready to go to work.

Frank works in one of the plants where we cast molten aluminum into all sorts of useful things — automobile pistons, washing machine "dollies," and hundreds of other parts for all kinds of machines.

Plain unalloyed aluminum wouldn't have done for making these castings. Science had to develop special alloys before aluminum castings could be practical. And science had to discover many more alloys before the making of aluminum castings became enough of a business to create jobs for young fellows like Frank Gecsy.

Making new alloys isn't like mixing up a new cake and hoping for the best. A man may spend years, drawing upon all that is known about the behavior of metals melted together, in perfecting just one useful alloy.

But many men, banded together in a common search, provided with the finest equipment, and pooling their daily findings, are likely to multiply their results many fold. They look, so to speak, with many eyes through the same microscope; they peer into the same experimental furnace; they check the results of thousands of tests.

That sort of organized effort is one phase of the broad field called research.

In our own company we are spending millions of dollars in research. This means there will be more jobs created, just as Frank Gecsy's job was made.

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA

● *Actual color photograph—Fred Evans shows Farmer Barnes' prize leaf to a pretty visitor in tobaccoland.*

"Prettiest leaf I ever did see!"

"The Cream of the crop sure goes to Luckies," says Fred Evans, 18 years an independent tobacco buyer.

"Thanks to Uncle Sam," adds Mr. Evans, "there's been a world of difference in tobacco lately. With Government help, farmers in recent seasons have grown the finest crops in 300 years.

"And it's Luckies that buy up the choicer grades. I've seen them do it with my own two eyes—at thousands of tobacco sales.

"Knowing this, it's only natural for me to smoke Luckies myself. And that goes for most auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen. You see, we know Luckies get the Cream of the Crop!"

These finer tobaccos are aged 2 to 4 years, then further mellowed by "It's Toasted."

Try Luckies for a week. You'll see why... WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

Copyright 194[illegible] The American Tobacco Company

HAVE YOU TRIED A *LUCKY* LATELY?